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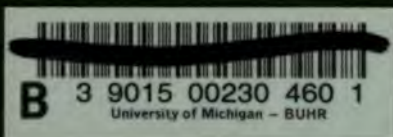
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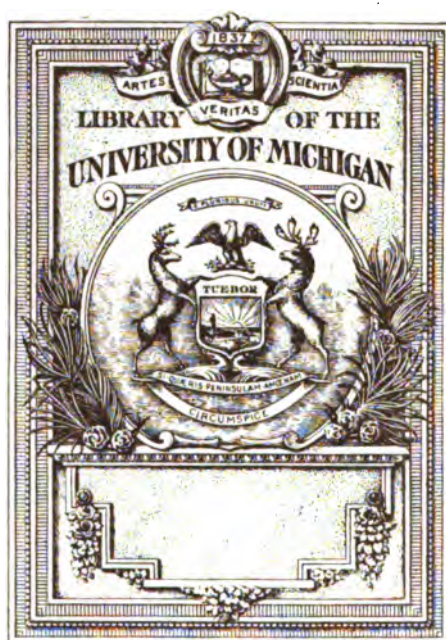
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A BOOK OF ENGLISH LITERATURE



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A BOOK OF ENGLISH LITERATURE



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TORONTO

A BOOK OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

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PART I

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PREFACE

IN preparing this volume, primarily intended for college courses in the development of English literature, the editors have tried to give to the most important men a representation more adequate than they have been accorded in previous volumes of the kind, and so comprehensive that whoever uses the book will find a considerable range of possible selection. In addition, the editors have included enough work by men of secondary importance to fill the gaps between the larger figures, and to make this text adequate for any survey of English literature from Chaucer to Meredith, save in the fields of drama and fiction. Fiction has been omitted for obvious reasons. The drama would have been excluded entirely, had it not been felt that some teachers would be glad of a specimen miracle play. An appendix containing brief biographies of the chief men represented, and bibliographical suggestions, may be of assistance to those who desire to use the volume without an accompanying history.

In certain respects the texts here presented have been standardized. Punctuation has been modernized; the spelling *-or* instead of *-our* for words such as *honor*, *labor*, etc., has been adopted; except in a few obvious instances, the full form of the weak past participle in *-ed* has been used throughout the volume.

The thanks of the editors are due to Professor R. E. Neil Dodge, of the University of Wisconsin, and Houghton Mifflin Company, for permission to use the *Cambridge* text of Spenser. Stevenson's *Aes Triplex* is taken from the *Thistle* edition, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, the authorized publishers of Stevenson's works. The debt of the editors to such standard works as Skeat's *Oxford Chaucer*, Child's *Ballads*, and Lucas's *Lamb*, will be recognized by all who use the book.

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A BOOK OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

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THE END OF THE MIDDLE AGES

GEOFFREY CHAUCER (1340-1400)

THE PROLOGUE

Whan that Aprille with his shoures sote
The droghte of Marche hath perced to the rote,

And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth;
Inspired hath in every holt¹ and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours y-ronne,
And smale fowles maken melodye,
That slepen al the night with open yē, 10
(So priketh hem nature in hir corages²):
Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages
(And palmers for to seken straunge strondes)

To ferne³ halwes,⁴ couthe⁵ in sondry londes;

And specially, from every shires ende 15
Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,
The holy blisful martir for to seke,
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seke.

Bifel that, in that seson on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay 20
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Caunterbury with ful devout corage,
At night was come in-to that hostelrye
Wel nyne and twenty in a companye,
Of sondry folk, by aventure⁶ y-falle⁷ 25
In felawshipe, and pilgrims were they alle,

That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde;
The chambres and the stables weren wyde,
And wel we weren esed atte beste.⁸
And shortly, whan the sonne was to reste,
So hadde I spoken with hem everichon, 31
That I was of hir felawshipe anon,
And made forward⁹ erly for to ryse,
To take our wey, ther as I yow devyse.

But natheles, whyl I have tyme and space, 35

¹ wood. ² hearts. ³ distant. ⁴ shrines. ⁵ known.
⁶ chance. ⁷ fallen. ⁸ "entertained in the best manner."
⁹ agreement.

Er that I ferther in this tale pace,
Me thinketh it acordaunt to resoun,
To telle yow al the condicioun
Of ech of hem, so as it semed me,
And whiche they weren, and of what degree; 40

And eek in what array that they were inne:

And at a knight than wol I first biginne.

A KNIGHT ther was, and that a worthy man,

That fro the tyme that he first bigan
To ryden out, he loved chivalrye, 45
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisye.

Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre,¹⁰
And therto hadde he riden (no man ferre¹¹)
As wel in Cristendom as hethenesse,
And ever honoured for his worthinesse. 50
At Alisaundre he was, whan it was wonne;
Ful ofte tyme he hadde the bord bigonne¹²

Aboven alle naciouns in Pruce.

In Lettow hadde he reysed¹³ and in Ruce,
No Cristen man so ofte of his degree. 55
In Gernade at the sege eek hadde he be
Of Algezir, and riden in Belmarye.

At Lyeys was he, and at Satalye,
Whan they were wonne; and in the Grete See

At many a noble aryve¹⁴ hadde he be. 60
At mortal batailles hadde he been fiftene,
And foughten for our feith at Tramissene
In listes thryes, and ay slayn his foo.
This ilke worthy knight hadde been also
Somtyme with the lord of Palatye, 65
Ageyn another hethen in Turkeye:
And evermore he hadde a sovereyn prys.¹⁵

And though that he were worthy, he was wys,

And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
He never yet no vileinye ne sayde 70
In al his lyf, un-to no maner wight.¹⁶
He was a verray parfit gentil knight.

¹⁰ war.

¹¹ farther.

¹² "he had been placed at the head of the table."

¹³ gone on an expedition.

¹⁴ disembarkation.

¹⁵ reputation.

¹⁶ no sort of person.

But for to tellen vow of his array.
His hors² were goode, but he was nat gay.
Of iustian he wored a gipoun² 75
A biscontered³ with his habergeoun⁴
For he was late y-come from his viage.⁵
And wente for to doon his pūgrimage.

With him ther was his some, a yong
SQUYER.

A knyght, and a lusty bacheler. 80
With lokkes crulle⁶ as they were leyd in
presse.

Of twenty year of age he was, I gesse.
Of his stature he was of evene lengthe.⁷
And wonderly deliver⁸ and greet of
strengthe.

And he had been somtyme in chivache.⁹
In Flaunders, in Artoys, and Picardye. 85
And born him wel, as of so litel space.¹⁰
In hope to stoden in his lady¹¹ grace.
Embowed¹² was he, as it were a mede¹³
A ful of fresshe flowers, whyte and rede, as
Smygne he was, or doytinge.¹⁴ al the day;
He was as fresh as is the mouth of May.
Short was his gowne, with sleeves longe and
wyde.

Wei coude he sitte on hors, and faire ryde.
He coude dances make and wel endyte,¹⁵ as
lute¹⁶ and oek dauce, and wel pertryve¹⁷
and wyte.

So hote¹⁸ he wode, that by nighterale¹⁹
He seep natore than dooth a nyghting-
ale.

Courtes he was, lady, and servisable.
And cam beven his fader at the table. 100

A YEMAN hadde he, and servants namy.
At that tyme, for him late²⁰ ryde so;
And he was clad in ote and band of grene.
A sheef of percock-awes brighte and kepe
Under his belt he bar ful thynnyng. 105

Wei coude he dresse his toun²¹ yemanly.
His armes charged night with feathers
lure.

And in his hand he bar a myghty bowe.
A ox-beeth²² hadde he, with a loun
visage.

Of wood-craft wei coude he al the usagure.
Upon his arm he bar a gay bracer.²³
And by his syde a swerd and a boket.
And in that oother syde a gay dagger.

armes mural. fowres fowres
ox-beeth ox-beeth ox-beeth
wood-craft wood-craft wood-craft
usagure usagure usagure
bracer bracer bracer
boket boket boket
dagger dagger dagger
loun loun loun
visage visage visage

Harnised²⁴ wel, and sharp as point of
spere;

A Cristofre²⁵ on his brest of silver shene. 115
An horn he bar, the bawdrik²⁶ was of grene;
A forster²⁷ was he, soothly, as I gesse.

Ther was also a Nonne, a PRIORESSE,
That of hir smylng was ful simple and
coy; 119

Hir gretteste ooth was but by sēynt Loy,
And she was cleped²⁸ madame Egentyne.
Ful wei she song the service divyne,
Entuned in hir nose ful semely;
And Frensh she spak ful faire and fetisly,²⁹
After the soke of Stratford atte Bowe, 125
For Frensh of Paris was to hir unknowe.
At mete wei y-taught was she with-alle;
She leet no morsel from hir lippes falle,
Ne wette hir fingers in hir sauce depe.
Wei coude she carie a morsel, and wel
kepe. 130

That no drope be felle up-on hir brest.
In curteisye was set ful moche hir lest.³⁰
Hir over lippe wyped she so chene,
That in hir cuppe was no ferthing sene
Of grece, whan she drucken hadde hir
draughte. 135

Ful semely after hir mete she raughte.³¹
And skerry³² she was of greet disport.³³
And ful pessaunt, and amiable of port,³⁴
And perked³⁵ hir³⁶ to countreite chere³⁷
Of court, and been establich³⁸ of manere. 140
And to ben bowden³⁹ dignite⁴⁰ of reverence.
But for to spoken of hir conscience,⁴¹
She was so charitable and so pitous,
She wode wepe, if that she sawe a mous
Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or
hiedde. 145

Of smale houndes had she, that she fedde
With rosted flesch, or milk and wastel
bred.⁴²

But sure weep she if any of hem were deed,
Or if men smoot it with a yerde smerte;
And it was conscience and tendre herte. 150
Ful semely hir wangel⁴³ poked⁴⁴ was;
Hir nose treys⁴⁵ her even greve as glas;
Hir mouth ful smal, and ther-to softe and
reed.

But skerry she hadde a fair forheed;
It was almost a square head, I trowe; 155

skerry skerry
wangel wangel
poked poked
treys treys
greve greve
forheed forheed
square head square head

For, hardily, she was nat undergrowe.
 Ful fetis¹ was hir cloke, as I was war.
 Of smal coral aboute hir arm she bar
 A peire² of bedes, gauded al with grene;
 And ther-on heng a broche of gold ful
 shene, 160
 On which ther was first write a crowned A,
 And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.

Another NONNE with hir hadde she,
 That was hir chapeleyne, and PREESTES
 thre.

A MONK ther was, a fair for the mais-
 trye,³ 165
 An out-rydere, that lovede venerye;⁴
 A manly man, to been an abbot able.
 Ful many a deyntee hors hadde he in
 stable:

And, whan he rood, men mighte his brydel
 here
 Gingen in a whistling wind as clere, 170
 And eek as loude as dooth the chapel-belle,
 Ther as this lord was keper of the celle.
 The reule of saint Maure or of saint Beneit,
 By-cause that it was old and som-del
 streit,⁵ 174

This ilke⁶ monk leet olde thinges pace,⁷
 And held after the newe world the space.
 He yaf⁸ nat of that text a pulled hen,
 That seith, that hunters been nat holy
 men;

Ne that a monk, whan he is cloisterlees,
 Is lykned til a fish that is waterlees; 180
 This is to seyn, a monk out of his cloistre.
 But thilke text held he nat worth an oistre.
 And I seyde, his opinioun was good.
 What sholde he studie, and make him-
 selven wood,⁹

Upon a book in cloistre alwey to poure, 185
 Or swinken¹⁰ with his handes, and laboure,
 As Austin bit? How shal the world be
 served?

Lat Austin have his swink to him reserved.
 Therfore he was a pricasour¹¹ aright;
 Grehoundes he hadde, as swifte as fowel
 in flight; 190

Of priking¹² and of hunting for the hare
 Was al his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.
 I seigh his sleeves purfild¹³ at the hond
 With grys,¹⁴ and that the fyneste of a
 lond;

And, for to festne his hood under his chin,

He hadde of gold y-wroght a curious pin:
 A love-knotte in the gretter ende ther was.
 His heed was balled, that shoon as any
 glas, 198

And eek his face, as he had been anoint.
 He was a lord ful fat and in good point;¹⁵
 His eyen stepe,¹⁶ and rollinge in his heed,
 That stemed¹⁷ as a forneys of a leed;¹⁸
 His botes souple, his hors in greet estat.
 Now certainly he was a fair prelat;
 He was nat pale as a for-pyned¹⁹ goost. 205
 A fat swan loved he best of any roost.

His palfrey was as broun as is a berye.
 A FRERE there was, a wantown and a
 merye,

A limitour,²⁰ a ful solempne²¹ man.
 In alle the ordres foure is noon that can²²
 So moche of daliaunce and fair langage. 211
 He hadde maad ful many a mariage
 Of yonge wommen, at his owne cost.
 Un-to his ordre he was a noble post.
 Ful wel biloved and famulier was he 215
 With frankeleyns²³ over-al in his contree,
 And eek with worthy wommen of the
 toun:

For he had power of confessioun,
 As seyde him-self, more than a curat,
 For of his ordre he was licentiat.²⁴ 220
 Ful swetely herde he confessioun,
 And plesaunt was his absolucioun;
 He was an esy man to yeve²⁵ penaunce
 Ther-as he wiste to han a good pitaunce;
 For unto a povre order for to yive 225
 Is signe that a man is wel y-shrive.
 For if he yaf, he dorste make avaunt,²⁶
 He wiste that a man was repentaunt.
 For many a man so hard is of his herte,
 He may nat wepe al-thogh him sore
 smerte. 230

Therfore, in stede of weping and preyeres,
 Men moot yeve silver to the povre freres.
 His tipet was ay farsed²⁷ full of knyves
 And pinnes, for to yeven faire wyves.
 And certainly he hadde a mery note; 235
 Wel coude he synge and pleyen on a rote.²⁸
 Of yeddinges²⁹ he bar utterly the prys.
 His nekke whyt was as the flour-de-lys;
 Ther-to he strong was as a champioun.
 He knew the tavernes well in every
 toun, 240

¹ handsome. ² string. ³ a superior sort of fellow.
⁴ hunting. ⁵ somewhat strict. ⁶ same. ⁷ go.
⁸ cared. ⁹ mad. ¹⁰ work. ¹¹ hard rider.
¹² riding. ¹³ trimmed. ¹⁴ gray fur.

¹⁵ in good condition. ¹⁶ glittering. ¹⁷ glowed.
¹⁸ fire under a cauldron. ¹⁹ wasted away.
²⁰ licensed beggar. ²¹ important. ²² knows.
²³ country gentlemen. ²⁴ licensed to hear confessions.
²⁵ give. ²⁶ boast. ²⁷ stuffed.
²⁸ a sort of fiddle. ²⁹ songs.

And everich hostiler and tappestere¹
 Bet² than a lazar³ or a beggestere;⁴
 For unto swich a worthy man as he
 Acorded nat, as by his facultee,⁵
 To have with seke lazars aqueyntaunce.²⁴⁵
 It is nat honest, it may nat avaunce⁶
 For to delen with no swich poraille,⁷
 But al with riche and sellers of vitaille.
 And over-al, ther as profit sholde aryse,
 Curteys he was, and lowly of servyse. ²⁵⁰
 Ther nas⁸ no man nowher so vertuous.
 He was the beste beggere in his hous;
 For thogh a widwe hadde noght a sho,
 So plesaunt was his *In principio*,⁹
 Yet wolde he have a ferthing, er he wente.
 His purchas¹⁰ was wel bettre than his
 rente.¹¹ ²⁵⁶
 And rage he coude as it were right a
 whelpe.

In love-dayes ther coude he mochel helpe.
 For ther he was nat lyk a cloisterer,
 With a thredbar cope, as is a povre scoler,
 But he was lyk a maister or a pope. ²⁶¹
 Of double worsted was his semi-cope,
 That rounded as a belle out of the presse.
 Somwhat he lipped, for his wantownesse, .
 To make his English swete up-on his
 tonge; ²⁶⁵
 And in his harping, whan that he had
 songe,

His eyen twinkled in his heed aright,
 As doon the sterres in the frosty night.
 This worthy limitour was cleped Huberd.

A MARCHANT was ther with a forked
 berd, ²⁷⁰

In mottelee, and hye on horse he sat,
 Up-on his heed a Flaundrish bever hat;
 His botes clasped faire and fetisly.
 His resons he spak ful solempnely;
 Souninge¹² alway thencrees of his winning.
 He wolde the see were kept¹³ for any
 thing ²⁷⁶

Bitwixe Middelburgh and Orewelle.
 Wel coude he in eschaunge sheeldes¹⁴ selle.
 This worthy man ful wel his wit bisette;¹⁵
 Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette,
 So estatly was he of his governaunce,¹⁶ ²⁸¹
 With his bargaynes, and with his chev-
 isaunce.¹⁷

¹ barmaid. ² better. ³ leper. ⁴ beggar woman.
⁵ considering his ability. ⁶ profit. ⁷ poor people.
⁸ was not.
⁹ the beginning of the Latin Gospel of St. John.
¹⁰ proceeds of his begging. ¹¹ regular income.
¹² tending towards. ¹³ guarded.
¹⁴ shields, French coins. ¹⁵ employed.
¹⁶ management. ¹⁷ dealings.

For sothe he was a worthy man with-alle,
 But sooth to seyn, I noot¹⁸ how men him
 calle.

A CLERK ther was of Oxenford also, ²⁸⁵
 That un-to logik hadde longe y-go.
 As lene was his hors as is a rake,
 And he nas nat right fat, I undertake;
 But loked holwe, and ther-to soberly.
 Ful thredbar was his overest courtepy;¹⁹ ²⁹⁰
 For he had geten him yet no benefyce,
 Ne was so worldly for to have offyce.
 For him was lever have at his beddes heed
 Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed,
 Of Aristotle and his philosophye, ²⁹⁵
 Than robes riche, or fithele,²⁰ or gay sau-
 trye.²¹

But al be that he was a philosophre,
 Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre;
 But al that he mighte of his freendes
 hente,²²

On bokes and on lerninge he it spente, ³⁰⁰
 And bisily gan for the soules preye
 Of hem that yaf him wher-with to scoleye.
 Of studie took he most cure and most
 hede.

Noght o word spak he more than was nede,
 And that was seyde in forme and rever-
 ence,²³ ³⁰⁵
 And short and quik, and ful of hy sen-
 tence.²⁴

Souninge²⁵ in moral vertu was his speche,
 And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly
 teche.

A SERGEANT OF THE LAWE, war²⁶ and wys,
 That often hadde been at the parvyys,²⁷ ³¹⁰
 Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.

Discreet he was, and of greet reverence:
 He semed swich, his wordes weren so wyse.
 Iustyce he was ful often in assyse,
 By patente, and by pleyn commissioun;³¹⁵
 For²⁸ his science, and for his heigh renoun,
 Of fees and robes hadde he many oon.

So greet a purchasour²⁹ was nowher noon.
 Al was fee simple to him in effect,
 His purchasing mighte nat been infect. ³²⁰
 Nowher so bisy a man as he ther nas,
 And yet he semed bisier than he was.
 In termes hadde he caas³⁰ and domes³¹ alle,
 That from the tyme of king William were
 falle.

¹⁸ know not. ¹⁹ outer coat. ²⁰ fiddle. ²¹ psaltery.
²² get. ²³ "with propriety and modesty."
²⁴ meaning. ²⁵ conducing to. ²⁶ cautious.
²⁷ church-porch. ²⁸ because of. ²⁹ conveyancer.
³⁰ cases. ³¹ judgments.

Therto he coude endyte, and make a thing,
Ther coude no wight pinche¹ at his
wryting; 326

And every statut coude he pleyn by rote.
He rood but hoornly in a medlee² cote
Girt with a ceint³ of silk, with barres
smaile;

Of his array telle I no lenger tale. 330

A FRANKLEYN was in his companye;
Whyt was his berd, as is the dayesye.
Of his complexioun he was sangwyn.⁴
Wel loved he by the morwe⁵ a sop⁶ in
wyn.⁶

To liven in delyt was ever his wone,⁷ 335
For he was Epicurus owne sone,
That heeld opinioun that pleyn delyt⁸
Was verrailly felicitee parfyt.

An housholdere, and that a greet, was he;
Seynt Iulian he was in his contree. 340

His breed, his ale, was alway after oon;⁹
A better envyned¹⁰ man was no-where noon.
With-oute bake mete was never his hous,
Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteuous,
It snewed in his hous of mete and drinke,
Of alle deyntees that men coude thinke. 346

After the sondry sesons of the year,
So chaunged he his mete and his soper.
Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in
mewe,¹¹

And many a breem¹² and many a luce¹³ in
stewe.¹⁴ 350

Wo was his cook, but-if his sauce were
Poynaunt and sharp, and redy al his gere.
His table dormant¹⁵ in his halle alway
Stood redy covered al the longe day.

At sessionouns ther was he lord and sire. 355
Ful ofte tyme he was knight of the shire.

An anlas¹⁶ and a gipser¹⁷ al of silk

Heng at his girdel, whyt as morne milk.

A shirreve hadde he been, and a countour;¹⁸

Was no-where such a worthy vavasour.¹⁹ 360

An HABERDASSHER and a CARPENTER,

A WEBBE,²⁰ a DYERE, and a TAPICER,²¹

Were with us eek, clothed in o²² liverce,

Of a solempne and greet fraternitee.

Ful fresh and newe hir gere apyked²³ was;

Hir knyves were y-chaped²⁴ noght with
bras, 366

¹ find fault with. ² of mixed colors. ³ girdle.

⁴ ruddy. ⁵ in the morning.

⁶ wine with bread in it. ⁷ custom.

⁸ joy. ⁹ of one quality. ¹⁰ stored with wine.

¹¹ coop. ¹² a sort of fish. ¹³ pike.

¹⁴ fish-pond. ¹⁵ permanent side table. ¹⁶ short dagger.

¹⁷ purse. ¹⁸ auditor. ¹⁹ landed gentleman.

²⁰ weaver. ²¹ upholsterer. ²² one.

²³ trimmed. ²⁴ capped.

But al with silver, wrought ful clene and
weel;

Hir girdles and hir pouches every-deel.

Wel semed ech of hem a fair burgeys,

To sitten in a yeldhalle²⁵ on a deys. 370

Everich, for the wisdom that he can,

Was shaply for to been an alderman.

For catel²⁶ hadde they y-nogh and rente,

And eek hir wyves wolde it wel assente;

And elles certain were they to blame. 375

It is ful fair to been y-clept "*ma dame*",

And goon to vigilyes al bifore,

And have a mantel royalliche y-bore.

A Cook they hadde with hem for the
nones.²⁷

To boille the chiknes with the mary-bones,

And poudre-marchant tart,²⁸ and galin-
gale.²⁹ 381

Wel coude he knowe a draughte of London
ale.

He coude roste, and sethe,³⁰ and broille,

and frye,

Maken mortreux,³¹ and wel bake a pye.

But greet harm was it, as it thoughte
me, 385

That on his shine a mormal³² hadde he;

For blankmanger,³³ that made he with the
beste.

A SHIPMAN was ther, woning fer by
weste:

For aught I woot, he was of Dertemouthe.

He rood up-on a rouncy,³⁴ as he couthe,³⁵

In a gowne of falding³⁶ to the knee. 391

A daggere hanging on a laas³⁷ hadde he

Aboute his nekke under his arm adoun.

The hote somer had maad his hewe al
broun;

And, certainly, he was a good felawe. 395

Ful many a draughte of wyn had he
y-drawe

From Burdeux-ward, whyl that the chap-
man³⁸ sleep.

Of nyce conscience took he no keep.³⁹

If that he faught, and hadde the hyer
hond,

By water⁴⁰ he sente hem hoom⁴⁰ to every
lond. 400

But of his craft⁴¹ to rekene wel his tydes,

His stremes⁴² and his daungers him bisydes.

²⁵ guild-hall. ²⁶ property. ²⁷ for the occasion.

²⁸ a sharp sort of flavoring. ²⁹ sweet cyperus.

³⁰ boil. ³¹ pottages. ³² sore.

³³ a sort of chicken compote. ³⁴ hackney.

³⁵ as well as he could. ³⁶ coarse cloth.

³⁷ string. ³⁸ super-cargo. ³⁹ cared nothing at all.

⁴⁰ he made the losers "walk the plank."

⁴¹ skill. ⁴² currents.

His herberwe¹ and his mone,² his lode-
menage,³
Ther nas noon swich from Hulle to
Cartage.
Hardy he was, and wys to undertake; 405
With many a tempest hadde his berd been
shake.
He knew wel alle the havenes, as they
were,
From Gootlond to the cape of Finistere,
And every cryke in Britayne and in
Spayne; 409
His barge y-cleped was the Maudelayne.
With us ther was a Doctour of PHISYK,
In al this world ne was ther noon him lyk
To speke of phisik and of surgerye;
For he was grounded in astronomye.
He kepte⁴ his pacient a ful greet del 415
In houres,⁴ by his magik naturel.
Wel coude he fortunen⁵ the ascendent
Of his images for his pacient.
He knew the cause of everich maladye,
Were it of hoot or cold, or moiste, or
drye, 420
And where engendred, and of what hu-
mour;
He was a verrey parfit practisour.
The cause y-knowe, and of his harm the
rote,⁶
Anon he yaf the seke man his bote.⁷
Ful redy hadde he his apothecaries, 425
To sende him drogges, and his letuaries,⁸
For ech of hem made other for to winne;
Hir frendschipe nas nat newe to biginne.
Wel knew he the olde Esculapius,
And Deiscorides, and eek Rufus; 430
Old Ypocras, Haly, and Galien;
Serapion, Razis, and Avicen;
Averrois, Damascien, and Constantyn;
Bernard, and Gatesden, and Gilbertyn.
Of his diete mesurable⁹ was he, 435
For it was of no superfluitee,
But of greet norissing and digestible.
His studie was but litel on the Bible.
In sangwin¹⁰ and in pers¹¹ he clad was al,
Lyned with taffata and with sendal,¹² 440
And yet he was but esy of dispence;¹³
He kepte that he wan in pestilence.
For gold in phisik is a cordial,
Therefore he lovede gold in special.

A good Wyf was ther of bisyde BATHE,
But she was som-del deef, and that was
scathe.¹⁴ 446
Of clooth-making she hadde swiche an
haunt,¹⁵
She passed hem of Ypres and of Gaunt.
In al the parisshe wyf ne was ther noon
That to the offering bifore hir sholde goon;
And if ther dide, certeyn, so wrooth was
she, 451
That she was out of alle charitee.
Hir coverchiefs¹⁶ ful fyne were of ground;¹⁷
I dorste swere they weyeden ten pound
That on a Sonday were upon hir heed. 455
Hir hosen weren of fyn scarlet reed,
Ful streite y-teyd, and shoes ful moiste¹⁸
and newe.
Bold was hir face, and fair, and reed of
hewe.
She was a worthy womman al hir lyve;
Housbondes at chirche-dore she hadde
fyve, 460
Withouten other companye in youthe;
But therof nedeth nat to speke as nouthe.¹⁹
And thryes hadde she been at Ierusalem;
She hadde passed many a straunge stream;
At Rome she hadde been, and at Boloigne,
In Galice at seint Iame, and at Coloigne.
She coude muche of wandring by the
weye. 467
Gat-tothed²⁰ was she, soothly for to seye.
Up-on an amblere esily she sat,
Y-wimpled²¹ wel, and on hir heed an hat 470
As brood as is a bokeler or a targe;
A foot-mantel²² aboute hir hipes large,
And on hir feet a paire of spores sharpe.
In felaweschip wel coude she laughe and
carpe.²³ 474
Of remedies of love she knew per-chaunce,
For she coude of that art the olde daunce.
A good man was ther of religioun,
And was a povre PERSOUN²⁴ of a toun;
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk, 480
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche;
His parissshens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversitee ful pacient; 484
And swich he was y-preved²⁵ ofte sythes.²⁶
Ful looth were him to cursen for his tythes,

¹ harbor.² position of the moon.³ pilotage.⁴ watched for his patient's favorable star.⁵ On the five following lines consult the notes.⁶ root, origin.⁷ remedy.⁸ remedies.⁹ temperate.¹⁰ red cloth.¹¹ blue cloth.¹² thin silk.¹³ expenditure.¹⁴ a pity.¹⁵ skill.¹⁶ head-dresses.¹⁷ texture.¹⁸ supple.¹⁹ at present.²⁰ with teeth far apart.²¹ her head well covered with a wimple.²² cloth to protect the skirt.²³ talk.²⁴ parish priest.²⁵ proved.²⁶ many a time.

But rather wolde he yeven, out of doute,
Un-to his povre parisshe aboute
Of his offring, and eek of his substaunce.
He coude in litel thing han suffisaunce. 490
Wyd was his parisshe, and houses fer

a-sonder,
But he ne lafte¹ nat for reyn ne thonder,
In siknes nor in meschief to visyte
The ferreste in his parisshe, muche² and
lyte,³

Up-on his feet, and in his hand a staf. 495
This noble ensample to his sheep he yaf,
That first he wroghte, and afterward he
taughte;

Out of the gospel he tho wordes caughte;
And this figure he added eek ther-to,
That if gold ruste, what shal iren do? 500
For if a preest be foul, on whom we truste,
No wonder is a lewed⁴ man to ruste;
And shame it is, if a preest take keep,⁵
A [spotted] shepherde and a clene sheep.
Wel oghte a preest ensample for to yive, 505
By his clenness, how that his sheep shold
live.

He sette nat his benefice to hyre,
And leet his sheep encombred in the
myre,

And ran to London, un-to sēynt Poules,
To seken him a chaunterie for soules, 510
Or with a bretherhed to been withholde;⁶
But dwelte at hoom, and kepte wel his
folde,

So that the wolf ne made it nat miscarie;
He was a shepherde and no mercenarie.
And though he holy were, and vertuous, 515
He was to sinful man nat despitous,⁷
Ne of his speche daungerous⁸ ne digne,⁹
But in his teching discreet and benigne.

To drawn folk to heven by fairnesse
By good ensample, this was his bisnesse:
But it were any persone obstinat, 521
What so he were, of heigh or lowe estat,
Him wolde he snibben¹⁰ sharply for the
nones.

A better preest I trowe that nowher noon
is.

He wayted after no pompe and reverence,
Ne maked him a spyced¹¹ conscience, 526
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taughte, and first he folwed it him-
selve.

¹ ceased not.² ignorant.³ merciles.⁴ reprove.⁵ high.⁶ pay attention to it.⁷ disdainful.⁸ over-ecrupulous.⁹ low.¹⁰ confined.¹¹ cornful.

With him ther was a PLOWMAN, was his
brother,
That hadde y-lad¹² of dong ful many a
fother;¹³ 530

A trewe swinkere¹⁴ and a good was he,
Livinge in pees and parfit charitee.

God loved he best with al his hole herte
At alle tymes, thogh him gamed¹⁵ or
smerte,¹⁶

And thanne his neighebour right as him-
selve. 535

He wolde thresshe, and ther-to dyke¹⁷ and
delve,

For Cristes sake, for every povre wight,
Withouten hyre, if it lay in his might.

His tythes payed he ful faire and wel,
Bothe of his propre swink¹⁸ and his catel. 540

In a tabard²⁰ he rood upon a mere. 541

Ther was also a Reve²¹ and a Millere,
A Somnour²² and a Pardoner also,
A Maunciple,²³ and my-self; ther were
namo.

The MILLER was a stout carl, for the
nones, 545

Ful big he was of braun, and eek of bones;
That proved wel, for over-al ther he cam,
At wrastling he wolde have alwey the
ram. 54

He was short-sholdred, brood, a thikke
knarre,²⁵

Ther nas no dore that he nolde²⁶ heve of
harre,²⁶ 550

Or breke it, at a renning, with his heed.
His berd as any sowe or fox was reed,
And ther-to brood, as though it were a
spade.

Up-on the cop²⁷ right of his nose he hade
A werte, and ther-on stood a tuft of heres,

Reed as the bristles of a sowes eres; 556
His nose-thirles²⁸ blake were and wyde.

A swerd and bokler bar he by his syde;
His mouth as greet was as a greet forneys.

He was a Iangler²⁹ and a goliardeys, 560
And that was most of sinne and harlotryes.

Wel coude he stelen corn, and tollen
thryes;

And yet he hadde a thombe of gold,
pardee.

A whyt cote and a blew hood wered he.

¹² carried in a cart.¹³ it pleased.¹⁴ labor.¹⁵ baillif.¹⁶ steward of a college.¹⁷ a sturdy fellow.¹⁸ top.¹⁹ load.²⁰ pained.²¹ property.²² summoner for an ecclesiastical court.²³ win the prize, a ram.²⁴ could not lift off its hinges.²⁵ talker.²⁶ laborer.²⁷ dig.²⁸ loose coat.²⁹ bufloon.

A baggepype wel coude he blowe and
sowne, 565
And therewithal he broghte us out of
towne.

A gentil MAUNCIPLE was ther of a tem-
ple,
Of which achatours¹ mighte take exemple
For to be wyse in bying of vitaille.
For whether that he payde, or took by
taille,² 570

Algate³ he wayted⁴ so in his achat,⁵
That he was ay biforn and in good stat.
Now is nat that of God a ful fair grace,
That swich a lewed⁶ mannes wit shal pace
The wisdom of an heep of lerned men? 575
Of maistres hadde he mo than thryes ten,
That were of lawe expert and curious;
Of which ther were a doseyn in that hous,
Worthy to been stiwardes of rente and
lond

Of any lord that is in Engelond, 580
To make him live by his propre good,
In honour dettelees,⁷ but he were wood,⁸
Or live as scarsly as him list desire;
And able for to helpen al a shire
In any cas that mighte falle or happe; 585
And yit this maunciple sette⁹ hir aller
cappe.⁹

The REVE was a sclendre colerik man,
His berd was shave as ny as ever he
can.

His heer was by his eres round y-shorn.
His top was dokked lyk a preest biforn. 590
Ful longe were his legges, and ful lene,
Y-lyk a staf, ther was no calf y-sene.
Wel coude he kepe a gerner¹⁰ and a binne;
Ther was noon auditour coude on him
winne.

Wel wiste he, by the droghte, and by the
reyn, 595
The yelding of his seed, and of his greyn.
His lordes sheep, his neet,¹¹ his dayerye,
His swyn, his hors, his stoor,¹² and his
pultrye,

Was hoolly in this reves governing,
And by his covenaut yaf the rekening, 600
Sin that his lord was twenty yeer of age;
Ther coude no man bringe him in arrerage.
Ther nas baillif, ne herde, ne other hyne,¹³
That he ne knew his sleighte¹⁴ and his
covyne;¹⁵ 604

They were adrad of him, as of the deeth.
His woning¹⁶ was ful fair up-on an heeth,
With grene treës shadwed was his place.
He coude better than his lord purchase.
Ful riche he was astored prively,
His lord wel coude he plesen subtilly, 610
To yeve and lene¹⁷ him of his owne good,
And have a thank, and yet a cote and
hood.

In youthe he lerned hadde a good mister;¹⁸
He was a wel good wrighte, a carpenter.
This reve sat up-on a ful good stot,¹⁹ 615
That was al pomely²⁰ grey, and highte Scot.
A long surcote of pers²¹ up-on he hade,
And by his syde he bar a rusty blade.
Of Northfolk was this reve, of which I telle,
Bisyde a toun men clepen Baldeswelle. 620
Tukked²² he was, as is a frere, aboute,
And evere he rood the hindreste of our
route.

A SOMNOUR was ther with us in that
place,
That hadde a fyr-reed cherubinnes face,

Wel loved he garleek, * oynons, and eek
lekes,
And for to drynken strong wyn, reed as
blood. 635
Thanne wolde he speke, and crye as he
were wood.

And whan that he wel dronken hadde the
wyn,
Than wolde he speke no word but Latyn.
A fewe termes hadde he, two or three,
That he had lerned out of som decree; 640
No wonder is, he herde it al the day;
And eek ye knowen wel, how that a Iay
Can clepen "Watte,"²³ as well as can the
pope.

But who-so coude in other thing him
grope,²⁴

Thanne hadde he spent al his philosophye;
Ay "*Questio quid iuris*," wolde he crye. 646
He was a gentil harlot²⁵ and a kynde;
A better felawe sholde men noght fynde.
He wolde suffre for a quart of wyn
A good felawe to have his [wikked sin] 650
A twelf-month, and excuse him atte fulle:
And prively a finch eek coude he pulle.
And if he fond owher²⁶ a good felawe,
He wolde techen him to have non awe,

¹ caterers. ² on credit. ³ always. ⁴ took precautions.
⁵ buying. ⁶ ignorant. ⁷ free from debt.
⁸ mad. ⁹ over-reached them all. ¹⁰ granary.
¹¹ cattle. ¹² stock. ¹³ servant. ¹⁴ trickery. ¹⁵ deceit.

¹⁶ house. ¹⁷ lend. ¹⁸ trade. ¹⁹ horse.
²⁰ dappled. ²¹ blue cloth. ²² tucked.
²³ jay can cry "Wat." ²⁴ "test him in any other point."
²⁵ rogue. ²⁶ anywhere.

In swich cas, of the erchedeknes curs, 655
But-if¹ a mannes soule were in his purs;
For in his purs he sholde y-punished be.
"Purs is the erchedeknes helle," seyde he.
But wel I woot he lyed right in dede;
Of cursing oghte ech gilty man him drede—
For curs wol slee, right as assoilling²
saveth— 661

And also war him³ of a *significavit*.
In daunger⁴ hadde he at his owne gyse⁵
The yonge girles⁶ of the diocyse,
And knew hir counseil, and was al hir
reed.⁷ 665

A gerland hadde he set up-on his heed,
As greet as it were for an ale-stake;
A bokeler hadde he maad him of a cake.

With him ther rood a gentil PARDONER
Of Rouncival, his freend and his compeer,
That streight was comen fro the court of
Rome. 671

Ful loude he song, "Com hider, love, to
me."

This somnour bar to him a stif burdoun,
Was never trompe of half so greet a soun.
This pardonere hadde heer as yelow as wex,
But smothe it heng, as doth a strike⁸ of
flex; 676

By ounces⁹ henge his lokkes that he hadde,
And ther-with he his shuldres over-
spradde;

But thinne it lay, by colpons¹⁰ oon and
oon;

But hood, for Iolitee, ne wered he noon, 680
For it was trussed up in his walet.

Him thoughte,¹¹ he rood al of the newe
Iet,¹²

Dischevele, save his cappe, he rood al bare.
Swiche glaringe eyen hadde he as an hare.
A vernicle hadde he sowed on his cappe. 685
His walet lay biforn him in his lappe,
Bret-ful¹³ of pardoun come from Rome al
hoot.

A voys he hadde as smal as hath a goot.
No berd hadde he, ne never sholde have,
As smothe it was as it were late
y-shave; 690

* * * * *

But of his craft, fro Berwik into Ware,
Ne was ther swich another pardonere.
For in his male¹⁴ he hadde a pilwe-beer, 15

¹ unless. ² absolution. ³ let him beware of.
⁴ in his jurisdiction. ⁵ way. ⁶ people.
⁷ adviser. ⁸ hank of flax. ⁹ small portions.
¹⁰ shreds. ¹¹ it seemed to him. ¹² fashion.
¹³ brim-full. ¹⁴ wallet. ¹⁵ pillow-case.

Which that, he seyde, was our lady veyl.¹⁶
He seyde, he hadde a gobet¹⁷ of the seyl 696
That seynt Peter hadde, whan that he
wente

Up-on the see, til Iesu Crist him hente.¹⁸
He hadde a croys of latoun,¹⁹ ful of stones,
And in a glas he hadde pigges bones. 700
But with thise reliques, whan that he fond
A povre person dwelling up-on lond,²⁰
Up-on a day he gat him more moneye
Than that the person got in monthes
tweye.

And thus with feyned flaterye and Iapes,²¹
He made the person and the peple his apes.
But trewely to tellen, atte laste, 707
He was in chirche a noble ecclesiaste.

Wel coude he rede a lessoun or a storie,
But alderbest²² he song an offertorie; 710
For wel he wiste, whan that song was
songe,

He moste preche, and wel affyle²³ his tonge,
To winne silver, as he ful wel coude;
Therefore he song so meriely and loude.

Now have I told you shortly, in a clause,
Thestat,²⁴ tharray, the nombre, and eek
the cause 716

Why that assembled was this companye
In Southwerk, at this gentil hostelrye,
That highte the Tabard, faste by the
Belle.

But now is tyme to yow for to telle 720

How that we baren us that ilke night,
Whan we were in that hostelrye alight.
And after wol I telle of our viage,

And al the remenaunt of our pilgrimage.
But first I pray yow, of your curteisye, 725
That ye narete²⁵ it nat my vileinye,²⁶

Thogh that I pleylnly speke in this matere,
To telle yow hir wordes and hir chere,²⁸
Ne thogh I speke hir wordes properly.²⁷

For this ye knowen al-so wel as I, 730

Who-so shal telle a tale after a man,
He moot reherce, as ny as ever he can,
Everich a²⁸ word, if it be in his charge,

Al speke he²⁹ never so rudeliche and large,³⁰
Or elles he moot telle his tale untrewe, 735
Or feyne thing, or fynde wordes newe.

He may nat spare, al-though he were his
brother;

He moot as wel seye o word as another.

¹⁶ the Virgin Mary's veil. ¹⁷ piece. ¹⁸ took.
¹⁹ brass. ²⁰ in the country. ²¹ sharpen. ²² the estate.
²³ tricks. ²⁴ best of all. ²⁵ ascribe it not to my ill breeding. ²⁶ behavior.
²⁷ literally. ²⁸ every. ²⁹ freely.
³⁰ although he speak.

Crist spak him-self ful brode in holy writ,
And wel ye woot, no vileinye is it. 740
Eek Plato seith, who-so that can him rede,
The wordes mote be cosin to the dede.

Also I prey yow to foryeve it me,
Al have I nat set folk in hir degree¹
Here in this tale, as that they sholde
stonde; 745

My wit is short, ye may wel understonde.
Greet chere made our hoste us everichon,
And to the soper sette he us anon;
And served us with vitaille at the beste.
Strong was the wyn, and wel to drinke us
leste.² 750

A semely man our hoste was with-alle
For to han been a marshal in an halle;
A large man he was with eyen stepe,³
A fairer burgeys is ther noon in Chepe:
Bold of his speche, and wys, and wel
y-taught, 755

And of manhod him lakkede right naught.
Eek therto he was right a mery man,
And after soper pleyen⁴ he bigan,
And spak of mirthe amonges othere
thinges, 759

Whan that we hadde maad our rekeninges;
And seyde thus: "Now, lordinges, trewely
Ye been to me right welcome hertely:
For by my trouthe, if that I shal nat lye,
I ne saugh⁵ this yeer so mery a companye
At ones⁶ in this herberwe⁷ as is now. 765
Fayn wolde I doon yow mirthe, wiste I
how.

And of a mirthe, I am right now bithoght,
To doon yow ese,⁸ and it shal coste noght.

Ye goon to Caunterbury; God yow
spede,

The blisful martir quyte yow your mede.⁹
And wel I woot, as ye goon by the weye,⁷⁷¹
Ye shapen yow to talen¹⁰ and to pleye;
For trewely, confort ne mirthe is noon
To ryde by the weye doumb as a stoon;
And therfore wol I maken yow disport, 775
As I seyde erst, and doon yow som confort.
And if yow lyketh alle, by oon assent,
Now for to stonden at my Iugement,
And for to werken as I shal yow seye,
To-morwe, whan ye ryden by the weye,⁷⁸⁰
Now, by my fader soule, that is deed,
But ye be merye, I wol yeve yow myn
heed.

¹ proper rank.² make merry.³ inn.⁴ reward you duly.⁵ it pleased us.⁶ have not seen.⁷ entertain you.⁸ plan to talk.⁹ glittering.¹⁰ one time.

Hold up your hond, withoute more speche."

Our counseil was nat longe for to seche;
Us thoughte it was noght worth to make it
wys,¹¹ 785

And graunted him with-outen more avys,¹²
And bad him seye his verdit, as him leste.
"Lordinges," quod he, "now herkneth
for the beste;

But tak it not, I prey yow, in desdeyn;
This is the poynt, to speken short and
pleyn, 790
That ech of yow, to shorte with your
weye,¹³

In this viage, shal telle tales tweye,
To Caunterbury-ward, I mene it so,
And hom-ward he shal tellen othere two,
Of aventures that whylom¹⁴ han bifalle. 795
And which of yow that bereth him best of
alle,

That is to seyn, that telleth in this cas
Tales of best sentence¹⁵ and most solas,¹⁶
Shal han a soper at our aller cost.¹⁷
Here in this place, sitting by this post, 800
Whan that we come agayn fro Caunter-
bury.

And for to make yow the more mery,
I wol my-selven gladly with yow ryde,
Right at myn owne cost, and be your gyde.
And who-so wol my Iugement withseye 805
Shal paye al that we spenden by the weye.
And if ye vouche-sauf that it be so,
Tel me anon, with-outen wordes mo,
And I wol erly shape me¹⁸ therfore."

This thing was graunted, and our othes
swore 810

With ful glad herte, and preyden him also
That he wold vouche-sauf for to do so,
And that he wolde been our governour,
And of our tales Iuge and reportour,
And sette a soper at a certeyn prys; 815
And we wold reuled been at his devys,¹⁹
In heigh and lowe; and thus, by oon assent,
We been accorded to his Iugement.
And ther-up-on the wyn was fet²⁰ anon;
We dronken, and to reste wente echon, 820
With-outen any lenger tarynge.

A-morwe, whan that day bigan to
springe,

Up roos our host, and was our aller cok,²¹
And gadrede us togidre, alle in a flok,

¹¹ deliberate about it.¹² make the journey short.¹³ meaning.¹⁴ the expense of us all.¹⁵ according to his decision.¹⁶ cock of us all.¹⁷ consideration.¹⁸ formerly.¹⁹ amusement.²⁰ get myself ready.²¹ brought.

And forth we riden, a litel more than
pas,¹ 825

Un-to the watering of seint Thomas.

And there our host bigan his hors areste,²
And seyde; "Lordinges, herkneth if yow
leste.

Ye woot your forward,³ and I it yow re-
corde.⁴

If even-song and morwe-song acorde, 830

Lat se now who shal telle the firste tale.

As ever mote I drinke wyn or ale,

Who-so be rebel to my lugement

Shal paye for al that by the weye is
spent.

Now draweth cut, er that we ferrer⁵
twinne,⁶ 835

He which that hath the shortest shal be-
ginne.

Sire knight," quod he, "my maister and
my lord,

Now draweth cut, for that is myn acord.⁷

Cometh neer," quod he, "my lady prior-
esse;

And ye, sir clerk, lat be your shamfast-
nesse,⁸ 840

Ne studieth noght; ley hond to, every
man."

Anon to drawen every wight bigan,

And shortly for to tellen, as it was,

Were it by aventure,⁹ or sort,¹⁰ or cas,¹¹

The sothe¹² is this, the cut fil to the knight,
Of which ful blythe and glad was every
wight; 846

And telle he moste his tale, as was resoun,

By forward and by composicioun,¹³

As ye han herd; what nedeth wordes
mo?

And when this goode man saugh it was so,

As he that wys was and obedient 851

To kepe his forward by his free assent,

He seyde: "Sin¹⁴ I shal beginne the
game,

What, welcome be the cut, a¹⁵ Goddes
name!

Now lat us ryde, and herkneth what I
seye." 855

And with that word we riden forth our
weye;

And he bigan with right a mery chere¹⁶

His tale anon, and seyde in this manere.

¹ a little faster than a walk.

² agreement.

³ farther.

⁴ modesty.

⁵ chance.

⁶ since.

⁷ depart.

⁸ accident.

⁹ truth.

¹⁰ in.

¹¹ stop.

¹² remind you of it.

¹³ judgment.

¹⁴ destiny.

¹⁵ compact.

¹⁶ countenance.

THE NUN'S PRIEST'S TALE

*Here biginneth the Nonne Preestes Tale of
the Cok and Hen, Chauntecleer and
Pertelote.*

A povre widwe somdel stope¹⁷ in age,
Was whylom dwelling in a narwe cotage,
Bisyde a grove, stondyng in a dale.

This widwe, of which I telle yow my tale,

Sin thilke¹⁸ day that she was last a wyf, 5

In pacience ladde a ful simple lyf,

For litel was hir catel¹⁹ and hir rente;²⁰

By housbondrye, of such as God hir sente,
She fond²¹ hir-self, and eek hir doghtren
two.

Three large sowes hadde she, and namo, 10

Three kyn, and eek a sheep that highte
Malle.

Ful sooty was hir bour,²² and eek hir halle,

In which she eet ful many a sclendre meel.

Of poynaunt sauce hir neded never a deel.

No deyntee morsel passed thurgh hir
throte; 15

Hir dyete was accordant to²³ hir cote.

Repleccioun²⁴ ne made hir never syk;

Attempre²⁵ dyete was al hir phisyk,

And exercyse, and hertes suffisaunce.²⁶

The goute lette²⁷ hir no-thing for to
daunce, 20

Napoplexye²⁸ shente²⁹ nat hir heed;

No wyn ne drank she, neither whyt ne
reed;

Hir bord was served most with whyt and
blak,

Milk and broun breed, in which she fond
no lak,

Seynd³⁰ bacoun, and somtyme an ey³¹ or
tweye, 25

For she was as it were a maner deye.³²

A yerd she hadde, enclosed al aboute

With stikkes, and a drye dich with-oute,

In which she hadde a cok, hight Chaunte-
cleer,

In al the land of crowing nas³³ his peer. 30

His vois was merier than the mery orgon

On messe-dayes that in the chirche gon;

Wel sikerer³⁴ was his crowing in his logge,³⁵
Than is a klokke, or an abbey orlogge.³⁶

By nature knew he ech ascensioun 35

Of equinoxial in thilke toun;

¹⁷ advanced.

¹⁸ provided for.

¹⁹ over-eating.

²⁰ hindered.

²¹ broiled.

²² was not.

²³ that.

²⁴ bed-chamber.

²⁵ a temperate.

²⁶ nor apoplexy.

²⁷ egg.

²⁸ more certain.

²⁹ chattels.

³⁰ in keeping with.

³¹ contentment.

³² injured.

³³ sort of dairywoman.

³⁴ lodge.

³⁵ income.

³⁶ clock.

For whan degrees fiftene were ascended,
 Thanne crew he, that it mighte nat ben
 amended.¹

His comb was redder than the fyn coral,
 And batailed,² as it were a castel-wal. 40
 His bile³ was blak, and as the leet⁴ it
 shoon;

Lyk asur were his legges, and his toon;⁵
 His nayles whytter than the lillie flour,
 And lyk the burned gold was his colour.
 This gentil cok hadde in his governaunce 45
 Sevene hennies, for to doon al his plesaunce,
 Whiche were his sustres and his para-
 mours,

And wonder lyk to him, as of colours.
 Of whiche the faireste hewed on hir
 throte

Was cleped⁶ faire damoysele Pertelote. 50
 Curteys she was, discreet, and debonaire,
 And compaignable, and bar himself so
 faire,

Syn thilke day that she was seven night
 old,

That trewely she hath the herte in hold⁷
 Of Chauntecleer loken⁸ in every lith,⁹ 55
 He loved hir so, that wel was him ther-
 with.

But such a Ioye was it to here hem singe,
 Whan that the brighte sonne gan to
 springe,

In swete accord, "My lief is faren¹⁰ in
 londe."

For thilke tyme, as I have understonde, 60
 Bestes and briddes coude speke and singe.

And so bifel, that in a daweninge,¹¹
 As Chauntecleer among his wyves alle
 Sat on his perche, that was in the halle,
 And next him sat this faire Pertelote, 65
 This Chauntecleer gan gronen in his throte,
 As man that in his dreem is drecched¹²
 sore.

And whan that Pertelote thus herde him
 rore,

She was agast, and seyde, "O herte dere,
 What eyleth yow, to grone in this manere?
 Ye been a verray¹³ sleper, fy for shame!"⁷¹
 And he answerde and seyde thus, "ma-
 dame,

I pray yow, that ye take it nat agrief:
 By god, me mette¹⁴ I was in swich mes-
 chief

Right now, that yet myn herte is sore
 afright.

Now god," quod he, "my sweven¹⁵ rede¹⁶
 aright,

And keep my body out of foul prisoun!
 Me mette, how that I romed up and down
 Withinne our yerde, wher as I saugh a
 beste,

Was lyk an hound, and wolde han maad
 areste 80

Upon my body, and wolde han had me
 deed.

His colour was bitwixe yelwe and reed;
 And tipped was his tail, and bothe his eres,
 With blak, unlyk the remenant of his
 heres;

His snowte smal, with glowinge eyen
 tweye. 85

Yet of his look for fere almost I deye;
 This caused me my groning, doutelees."
 "Avoy!" quod she, "fy on yow, hert-
 elees!

Allas!" quod she, "for, by that god above,
 Now han ye lost myn herte and al my love;
 I can nat love a coward, by my feith. 91

For certes, what so any womman seith,
 We alle desyren, if it mighte be,

To han housbondes hardy, wyse, and free,¹⁷
 And secree, and no nigard, ne no fool, 95

Ne him that is agast of every tool,¹⁸
 Ne noon avauntour,¹⁹ by that god above!

How dorste ye seyn for shame unto your
 love,

That any thing mighte make yow aferd?
 Have ye no mannes herte, and han a berd?
 Allas! and conne ye been agast of swevenis?
 No-thing, god wot, but vanitee, in sweven
 is. 102

Swevenes engendren of²⁰ replecciouns,
 And ofte of fume,²¹ and of complecciouns,²²
 Whan humours been to habundant in a
 wight. 105

Certes this dreem, which ye han met to-
 night,

Cometh of the grete superfluitee
 Of youre rede²³ colera,²⁴ pardee,
 Which causeth folk to dreden in here
 dremes

Of arwes,²⁵ and of fyr with rede lemes,²⁶ 110
 Of grete bestes, that they wol hem byte,
 Of contek,²⁷ and of whelpes grete and lyte;

¹ improved. ² indented.

³ toes. ⁴ named.

⁵ locked. ⁶ limb.

⁷ troubled. ⁸ true.

⁹ bill.

¹⁰ possession, safe-keeping.

¹¹ gone.

¹² dreamed.

¹³ jet.

¹⁴ dawn.

¹⁵ dream.

¹⁶ explain.

¹⁷ generous.

¹⁸ arrows.

¹⁹ explain.

²⁰ are caused by.

²¹ vapor.

²² temperaments.

²³ red.

²⁴ cholera.

²⁵ flames.

²⁶ strife.

²⁷ weapon.

²⁸ vapor.

²⁹ cholera.

³⁰ flames.

³¹ strife.

Right as the humour of malencolye
 Causeth ful many a man, in sleep, to crye,
 For fere of blake beres,¹ or boles² blake,
 Or elles, blake develes wole hem take. 116
 Of othere humours coude I telle also,
 That werken many a man in sleep ful wo;
 But I wol passe as lightly as I can.

Lo Catoun, which that was so wys a
 man, 120
 Seyde he nat thus, ne do no fors of³
 dremes?

Now, sire," quod she, "whan we flee fro
 the bemes,

For Goddes love, as tak som laxatyf;
 Up peril of my soule,⁴ and of my lyf,
 I counseille yow the beste, I wol nat
 lye, 125

That both of colere, and of malencolye
 Ye purge yow; and for ye shul nat tarie,
 Though in this toun is noon apotecarie,
 I shal my-self to herbes techen yow,
 That shul ben for your hele,⁵ and for your
 prow;⁶ 130

And in our yerd tho herbes shal I finde,
 The whiche han of here propretee, by
 kinde,⁷

To purgen yow binethe, and eek above.
 Forget not this, for goddes owene love!
 Ye been ful colerik of compleccioun. 135

Ware⁸ the sonne in his ascencioun
 Ne fynde yow nat repleet of humours
 hote;

And if it do, I dar wel leye a grote,
 That ye shul have a fevere terciane,
 Or an agu, that may be youre bane.⁹ 140

A day or two ye shul have digestyves
 Of wormes, er ye take your laxatyves,
 Of lauriol, centaure, and fumetere,
 Or elles of ellebor, that groweth there,
 Of catapuce, or of gaytres beryis,¹⁰ 145
 Of erbe yve,¹¹ growing in our yerd, that
 mery is;

Pekke hem up right as they growe, and
 ete hem in.

Be mery, housbond, for your fader kin!
 Dredeth no dreem; I can say yow namore."

"Madame," quod he, "graunt mercy of
 your lore. 150

But natheles, as touching daun¹² Catoun,
 That hath of wisdom such a greet renoun,

Though that he bad no dremes for to
 drede,

By god, men may in olde bokes rede
 Of many a man, more of auctoritee 155

Than ever Catoun was, so moot I thee,¹³
 That al the revers seyn of his sentence,

And han wel founden by experience,
 That dremes ben significaciouns,

As wel of Ioye as tribulaciouns 160
 That folk enduren in this lyf present.

Ther nedeth make of this noon argument;
 The verray preve¹⁴ sheweth it in dede.

Oon of the grettest auctours that men
 rede

Seith thus, that whylom two felawes¹⁵
 wente 165

On pilgrimage, in a full good intente;
 And happed so, they come into a toun,

Wher as ther was swich congregacioun
 Of peple, and eek so streit¹⁶ of herber-
 gage,¹⁷ 169

That they ne founde as muche as o¹⁸ cotage,
 In which they bothe mighte y-logged be.

Wherfor thay mosten, of necessitee,
 As for that night, departen compaignye;

And ech of hem goth to his hostelrye,
 And took his logging as it wolde falle. 175

That oon of hem was logged in a stalle,
 Fer in a yerd, with oxen of the plough;

That other man was logged wel y-nough,
 As was his aventure,¹⁹ or his fortune,

That us governeth alle as in commune.²⁰ 180
 And so bifel, that, long er it were day,

This man mette²¹ in his bed, ther-as he
 lay,

How that his felawe gan up-on him calle,
 And seyde, 'allas! for in an oxes stalle

This night I shal be mordred ther²² I lye.
 Now help me, dere brother, er I dye; 186

In alle haste, com to me,' he sayde.
 This man out of his sleep for fere abrayde;²³

But whan that he was wakned of his sleep,
 He turned him, and took of this no keep;²⁴

Him thoughte his dreem nas but a vanitee.
 Thus twyes in his sleping dremed he. 192

And atte thridde tyme yet his felawe
 Cam, as him thoughte, and seide 'I am now

slawe;²⁵
 Bihold my bloody woundes, depe and

wyde! 195
 Arys up erly in the morwe-tyde,

¹ bears. ² bulls. ³ pay no attention to.
⁴ by my soul. ⁵ healing. ⁶ profit.
⁷ nature. ⁸ take care lest. ⁹ death.
¹⁰ berries of the gay-tree. ¹¹ ground ivy.
¹² dominus, lord.

¹³ may I prosper. ¹⁴ proof. ¹⁵ companions. ¹⁶ little.
¹⁷ lodging. ¹⁸ one. ¹⁹ chance.
²⁰ commonly. ²¹ dreamed. ²² where.
²³ started. ²⁴ thought, care. ²⁵ slain.

And at the west gate of the toun,' quod he,

'A carte ful of donge ther shaltow¹ see,
In which my body is hid ful prively;
Do thilke carte aresten boldely. 200

My gold caused my mordre, sooth to sayn;'

And tolde hym every poynt how he was slayn,

With a ful pitous face, pale of hewe.

And truste wel, his dreem he fond ful trewe;

For on the morwe, as sone as it was day, 205
To his felawes in² he took the way;
And whan that he cam to this oxes stalle,
After his felawe he bigan to calle.

The hostiler answered hym anon,
And seyde, 'sire, your felawe is agon, 210
As sone as day he wente out of the toun.'
This man gan fallen in suspecioun,
Remembring on his dremes that he mette,
And forth he goth, no lenger wolde he lette,³

Unto the west gate of the toun, and fond
A dong-carte, as it were to donge lond, 216

That was arrayed in that same wyse
As ye han herd the dede man devyse;

And with an hardy herte he gan to crye
Vengeaunce and Iustice of this felonye:—

'My felawe mordred is this same night, 221
And in this carte he lyth gapinge upright.⁴

I crye out on the ministres,' quod he,
'That sholden kepe and reulen this citee;
Harrow! allas! her lyth my felawe slayn!'

What sholde I more unto this tale sayn? 226
The peple out-sterte, and cast the cart to grounde,

And in the middel of the dong they founde
The dede man that mordred was al newe.

O blisful god, that art so Iust and trewe!
Lo, how that thou biwreyest⁵ mordre
alway! 231

Mordre wol out, that se we day by day.
Mordre is so watsum⁶ and abhominable

To god, that is so Iust and resonable,
That he ne wol nat suffre it heled⁷ be; 235

Though it abyde a yeer, or two, or three,
Mordre wol out, this⁸ my conclusioun.

And right anon, ministres of that toun
Han hent the carter, and so sore him
pyned,⁹

And eek the hostiler so sore engnyed,¹⁰ 240

¹ shalt thou. ² inn. ³ delay. ⁴ on his back.
⁵ revealest. ⁶ heinous. ⁷ concealed. ⁸ this is.
⁹ tortured. ¹⁰ racked.

That thay biknewe¹¹ hir wikkednesse
anoon,

And were an-hanged by the nekke-boon.
Here may men seen that dremes been to drede.

And certes, in the same book I rede,
Right in the nexte chapitre after this, 245
(I gabbe¹² nat, so have I Ioye or blis),
Two men that wolde han passed over see,

For certeyn cause, in-to a fer contree,
If that the wind ne hadde been contrarie,
That made hem in a citee for to tarie, 250
That stood ful mery upon an haven-syde.
But on a day, agayn¹³ the even-tyde,
The wind gan chaunge, and blew right as hem leste.

Iolif and glad they wente un-to hir reste,
And casten hem¹⁴ ful erly for to saille; 255
But to that oo¹⁵ man fel a greet mer-vaille.

That oon of hem, in sleping as he lay,
Him mette a wonder dreem, agayn the
day;

Him thoughte a man stood by his beddes
syde,

And him comaunded, that he sholde
abyde, 260

And seyde him thus, 'if thou to-morwe
wende,

Thou shalt be dreynt,¹⁶ my tale is at an
ende.'

He wook, and tolde his felawe what he
mette,

And preyde him his viage for to lette;¹⁷
As for that day, he preyde him to abyde.

His felawe, that lay by his beddes syde, 266
Gan for to laughe, and scorned him ful
faste.

'No dreem,' quod he, 'may so myn herte
agaste,¹⁸

That I wol lette for to do my thinges.¹⁹
I sette not a straw by thy dreminges, 270

For swevenes been but vanitees and
Iapes.²⁰

Men dreme al-day of owles or of apes,
And eke of many a mase²¹ therewithal;

Men dreme of thing that nevere was ne
shal.

But sith²² I see that thou wolt heer abyde,
And thus for-sleuthen²³ wilfully thy tyde,

¹¹ acknowledged. ¹² lie. ¹³ towards. ¹⁴ planned.
¹⁵ one. ¹⁶ drowned. ¹⁷ delay. ¹⁸ jests.
¹⁹ terrify. ²⁰ business. ²¹ waste.
²² bewilderment. ²³ since.

God wot it reweth me;¹ and have good day.²⁷⁷

And thus he took his leve, and wente his way.

But er that he hadde halfe his cours y-seyled,

Noot I nat why, ne what mischaunce it eyled,²⁸⁰

But casuelly² the shippes botme rente, And ship and man under the water wente

In sighte of othere shippes it byside, That with hem seyled at the same tyde.

And therfor, faire Pertelote so dere,²⁸⁵ By swiche ensamples olde maistow³ lere⁴

That no man sholde been to recchelees⁵ Of dremes, for I sey thee, doutelees,

That many a dreem ful sore is for to drede. Lo, in the lyf of seint Kenelm, I rede,²⁹⁰

That was Kenulphus sone, the noble king Of Mercenrike,⁶ how Kenelm mette a thing;

A lyte⁷ er he was mordred, on a day, His mordre in his avisioun he say.⁸

His norice⁹ him expounded every del²⁹⁵ His sweven, and bad him for to kepe him wel

For¹⁰ traisoun; but he nas but seven yeer old,

And therefore litel tale¹¹ hath he told¹² Of any dreem, so holy was his herte.

By god, I hadde lever¹³ than my sherte³⁰⁰ That ye had rad his legende, as have I.

Dame Pertelote, I sey yow trewely, Macrobeus, that writ the avisioun

In Affrike of the worthy Cipiou, Affermeth dremes, and seith that they

been³⁰⁵ Warning of thinges that men after seen.

And forther-more, I pray yow loketh wel In the olde testament, of Daniel,

If he held dremes any vanitee. Reed eek of Ioseph, and ther shul ye see³¹⁰

Wher¹⁴ dremes ben somtyme (I sey nat alle)

Warning of thinges that shul after falle. Loke of Egypt the king, daun Pharao,

His bakere and his boteler also,³¹⁴ Wher they ne felte noon effect in dremes.

Who so wol seken actes¹⁵ of sondry remes¹⁶ May rede of dremes many a wonder thing.

¹ I am sorry.

⁴ learn.

⁷ little.

¹⁰ for fear of.

¹² rather.

¹⁶ records.

² accidentally.

⁶ careless.

⁹ saw.

¹¹ importance.

¹³ placed.

¹⁴ whether.

³ mayest thou.

⁸ Mercia.

⁹ nurse.

¹⁵ realms.

Lo Cresus, which that was of Lyde¹⁷ king, Mette he nat that he sat upon a tree,

Which signified he sholde anhangen be?³²⁰ Lo heer Andromacha, Ectores wyf,

That day that Ector sholde lese¹⁸ his lyf, She dremed on the same night biforn,

How that the lyf of Ector sholde be lorn,¹⁹ If thilke day he wente in-to bataille;

She warned him, but it mighte nat availle; He wente for to fighte nathelees,

But he was slayn anon of Achilles. But thilke tale is al to long to telle,

And eek it is ny²⁰ day, I may nat dwelle.³³⁰ Shortly I seye, as for conclusioun,

That I shal han of this avisioun Adversitee; and I seye forther-more,

That I ne telle of laxatyves no store,²¹ For they ben venimous, I woot it wel;

I hem defye, I love hem never a del.²² Now let us speke of mirthe, and stinte²³

al this; Madame Pertelote, so have I blis,²⁴

Of o thing God hath sent me large grace;²⁵ For whan I see the beautee of your face,³⁴⁰

Ye ben so scarlet-reed about your yën,²⁶ It maketh al my drede for to dyen;

For, also siker²⁷ as *In principio*, *Mulier est hominis confusio*;

Madame, the sentence²⁸ of this Latin is— Womman is mannes Ioye and al his blis;³⁴⁶

* * * * *

I am so ful of Ioye and of solas³⁵⁰ That I defye bothe sweven and dreem.²⁹

And with that word he fley³⁰ doun fro the beam,

For it was day, and eek his hennes alle; And with a chuk he gan hem for to calle,

For he had founde a corn, lay in the yerd. Royal he was, he was namore aferd;³⁵⁶

* * * * *

He loketh as it were a grim leoun; And on his toos he rometh up and doun,³⁶⁰

Him deynd not to sette his foot to grounde.

He chukketh, whan he hath a corn y-founde,

And to him rennen thanne his wyves alle.

Thus royal, as a prince is in his halle,

¹⁷ Lydia.

²¹ take no faith in.

²⁴ as I hope for heaven.

²⁷ as surely as.

¹⁸ lose.

²² never a bit.

²⁵ favor.

²⁸ meaning.

¹⁹ lost.

²³ cease

²⁶ eyes.

²⁹ flew.

²⁰ almost.

²¹ cease

²² eyes.

²³ flew.

Leve I this Chauntecleer in his pasture;³⁶⁵
And after wol I telle his aventure.

Whan that the month in which the
world bigan,
That highte March, whan god first maked
man,

Was complet, and y-passed were also,
Sin March bigan, thritty dayes and two,
Bifel that Chauntecleer, in al his pryde,³⁷¹
His seven wyves walking by his syde,
Caste up his eyen to the brighte sonne,
That in the signe of Taurus hadde y-ronne
Twenty degrees and oon, and somewhat
more;

And knew by kynde,¹ and by noon other
lore,²

That it was pryde,³ and crew with blisful
stevene.⁴

"The sonne," he sayde, "is clomben up on
hevene

Fourty degrees and oon, and more, y-wis.⁵
Madame Pertelote, my worldes blis, ³⁸⁰
Herkneth thise blisful briddes how they
sing,

And see the fresshe floures how they
springe;

Ful is myn hert of revel and solas."

But sodeinly him fil a sorweful cas,⁶

For ever the latter ende of loye is wo. ³⁸⁵

God woot that worldly loye is sone ago,⁷

And if a rethor⁸ coude faire endyte,

He in a chronique sauffy⁹ mighte it write,
As for a sovereyn notabilitee.¹⁰

Now every wys man, lat him herkne me;

This storie is al-so trewe, I undertake, ³⁹¹

As is the book of Launcelot de Lake,

That wommen holde in ful gret reverence.

Now wol I torne agayn to my sentence.

A col-fox,¹¹ ful of sly iniquitee, ³⁹⁵

That in the grove hadde woned¹² yeres
three,

By heigh imaginacioun forn-cast,¹³

The same night thurgh-out the hegges¹⁴
brast¹⁵

Into the yerd, ther Chauntecleer the faire

Was wont, and eek his wyves, to repaire;

And in a bed of wortes¹⁶ stille he lay, ⁴⁰¹

Til it was passed undern¹⁷ of the day,

Wayting his tyme on Chauntecleer to falle,

As gladly doon thise homicydes alle,

That in awayt ligen¹⁸ to mordre men. ⁴⁰⁵
O false mordre, lurking in thy den!

O newe Scariot, newe Genilon!

False dissimilour,¹⁹ O Greek Sinon,

That broghtest Troye al outrely²⁰ to sorwe!

O Chauntecleer, acursed be that morwe,⁴¹⁰

That thou into that yerd flough fro the
bemes!

Thou were ful wel y-warned by thy dremes,

That thilke day was perilous to thee.

But what that god forwot²¹ mot nedes²²
be,

After the opinioun of certeyn clerkis. ⁴¹⁵

Witnesse on him²³ that any perfit clerk is,

That in scole is gret altercacioun

In this matere, and greet disputisoun,

And hath ben of an hundred thousand
men.

But I ne can not bulte it to the bren,²⁴ ⁴²⁰

As can the holy doctour Augustyn,

Or Boece, or the bishop Bradwardyn,

Whether that goddes worthy forwiting

Streyneth²⁵ me nedely²⁶ for to doon a
thing,

(Nedely clepe I simple necessitee); ⁴²⁵

Or elles, if free choys be graunted me

To do that same thing, or do it noght,

Though god forwot it, er that it was
wroght;

Or if his witing streyneth nevere a del

But by necessitee condicionel. ⁴³⁰

I wol not han to do of swich matere;

My tale is of a cok, as ye may here,

That took his counseil of his wyf, with
sorwe,

To walken in the yerd upon that morwe

That he had met the drem, that I yow
tolde. ⁴³⁵

Wommennes counseils been ful ofte
colde;²⁷

Wommannes counseil broghte us first to
wo,

And made Adam fro paradys to go,

Ther as he was ful mery, and wel at ese.

But for I noot, to whom it mighte displese,

If I counseil of wommen wolde blame, ⁴⁴¹

Passe over, for I seyde it in my game.²⁸

Rede auctours,²⁹ wher they trete of swich
matere,

And what thay seyn of wommen ye may
here.

¹ nature.

² teaching.

³ nine o'clock A. M.

⁴ voice.

⁵ certainly.

⁶ a sad accident befell him.

⁷ gone.

⁸ rhetorician.

⁹ safely.

¹⁰ wonder.

¹¹ black fox.

¹² lived.

¹³ premeditated.

¹⁴ hedges.

¹⁵ burst.

¹⁶ herbs.

¹⁷ the middle of the forenoon.

¹⁸ lie.

¹⁹ dissembler.

²⁰ absolutely.

²¹ foresees.

²² necessarily.

²³ let him witness it.

²⁴ sift the matter.

²⁵ constrains.

²⁶ necessarily.

²⁷ baneful.

²⁸ authors.

Thise been the cokkes wordes, and nat
myne; 445

I can noon harm of no womman divyne.¹

Faire in the sond,² to bathe hir merily,
Lyth Pertelote, and alle hir sustres by,
Agayn the sonne; and Chauntecleer so
free

Song merier than the mermayde in the
see;

For Physiologus seith sikerly, 451
How that they singen wel and merily.

And so bifel, that as he caste his yē,
Among the wortes,³ on a boterflye,
He was war of this fox that lay ful lowe. 455
No-thing ne liste him thanne for to crowe,
But cryde anon, "cok, cok," and up he
sterste,

As man that was affrayed in his herte.

For naturelly a beest desyareth flee

Fro his contrarie, if he may it see, 460

Though he never erst⁴ had seyn it with his
yē.

This Chauntecleer, whan he gan him
espye,

He wolde han fled, but that the fox anon
Seyde, "Gentil sire, alas! wher wol ye
gon?

Be ye affrayed of me that am your freend?

Now certes, I were worse than a feend, 466

If I to yow wolde harm or vileinye.

I am nat come your counseil⁵ for tespye;⁶

But trewely, the cause of my cominge

Was only for to herkne how that ye singe.

For trewely ye have as mery a stevene,⁷ 471

As eny aungel hath, that is in hevене;

Therwith ye han in musik more felinge

Than hadde Boece, or any that can singe.

My lord your fader (god his soule blesse!)

And eek your moder, of hir gentillesse, 476

Han in myn hous y-been, to my gret ese,⁸

And certes, sire, ful fayn wolde I yow plesse.

But for men speke of singing, I wol saye,

So mote I brouke⁹ wel myn eyen¹⁰ tweye, 480

Save yow, I herde never man so singe,

As dide your fader in the morweninge;

Certes, it was of herte, al that he song.

And for to make his voys the more strong,

He wolde so payne him,¹¹ that with both

his yēn¹⁰ 485

He moste¹² winke, so loude he wolde
cryen,

And stonden on his tiptoon¹³ therwithal,
And strecche forth his nekke long and smal.

And eek he was of swich discrecioun,

That ther nas no man in no regioun 490

That him in song or wisdom mighte passe.

I have weel rad in daun Burnel the Asse,

Among his vers, how that ther was a cok,

For that a preestes sone yaf him a knok

Upon his leg, whyl he was yong and nyce,

He made him for to lese¹⁴ his benefyce. 496

But certeyn, ther nis no comparisoun

Bitwix the wisdom and discrecioun

Of youre fader, and of his subtiltee.

Now singeth, sire, for seinte¹⁵ charitee, 500

Let see, conne ye your fader countre-
fete?"¹⁶

This Chauntecleer his winges gan to bete,¹⁷

As man that coude his tresoun nat espye,

So was he ravished with his flaterye.

Allas! ye lordes, many a fals flatour¹⁸ 505

Is in your courtes, and many a losen-
geour,¹⁹

That plesen yow wel more, by my feith,

Than he that soothfastnesse²⁰ unto yow
seith.

Redeth Ecclesiaste of flaterye;

Beth²¹ war,²² ye lordes, of hir trecherye. 510

This Chauntecleer stood hye up-on his
toos,

Strecching his nekke, and heeld his eyen
cloos,

And gan to crowe loude for the nones;

And daun Russel the fox sterste up at
ones,²³

And by the gargat²⁴ hente²⁵ Chauntecleer,

And on his bak toward the wode him

beer,²⁶ 516

For yet ne was ther no man that him
sewed.²⁷

O destinee, that mayst nat ben eschewed!²⁸

Allas, that Chauntecleer fleigh fro the
bemes!

Allas, his wyf ne roghte²⁹ nat of dremes! 520

And on a Friday fil al this meschaunce.

O Venus, that art goddesse of plesaunce,³⁰

Sin that thy servant was this Chauntecleer,

And in thy service dide al his poweer,

More for delyt, than world to multiplie,

Why woldestow³¹ suffre him on thy day to
dye? 526

¹ declare.

² sand.

³ herba.

⁴ before.

¹³ tip-toes.

¹⁴ lose.

¹⁵ holy.

¹⁶ imitate.

¹⁷ flap.

⁵ secrets.

⁶ to spy out.

⁷ voice.

⁸ pleasure.

¹⁸ flatterer.

¹⁹ deceiver.

²⁰ truth.

²¹ be.

⁹ have the use of.

¹⁰ eyes.

¹¹ needed to.

²² wary.

²³ at once.

²⁴ throat.

²⁵ seized.

¹² take such pains.

²⁶ bore.

²⁷ followed.

²⁸ avoided.

²⁹ wouldst thou.

³⁰ cared.

³¹ delight.

O Gaufred, dere mayster soverayn,
 That, whan thy worthy king Richard was
 slayn
 With shot, compleynedest his deth so sore,
 Why ne hadde I¹ now thy sentence² and
 thy lore,³ 530
 The Friday for to chide, as diden ye?
 (For on a Friday soothly slayn was he.)
 Than wolde I shewe yow how that I coude
 pleyne⁴
 For Chauntecleres drede,⁵ and for his
 peyne.⁶
 Certes, swich⁷ cry ne lamentacioun 535
 Was never of ladies maad, whan Ilioun
 Was wonne, and Pirrus with his streite⁸
 swerd,
 Whan he hadde hent⁹ king Priam by the
 berd,
 And slayn him (as saith us *Eneydos*),
 As maden alle the hennes in the clos,¹⁰ 540
 Whan they had seyn of Chauntecleer the
 sighte.
 But sovereynly dame Pertelote shrighthe,
 Ful louder than dide Hasdrubales wyf,
 Whan that hir housbond hadde lost his lyf,
 And that the Romayns hadde brend¹¹
 Cartage. 545
 She was so ful of torment and of rage,
 That wilfully into the fyr she sterte,¹²
 And brende hir-selven with a stedfast
 herte.
 O woful hennes, right so cryden ye,
 As, whan that Nero brende the citee 550
 Of Rome, cryden senatoures wyves,
 For that hir housbondes losten alle hir
 lyves;
 Withouten gilt this Nero hath hem slayn.
 Now wol I torne to my tale agayn.
 This sely¹³ widwe, and eek hir doghtres
 two, 555
 Herden thise hennes crye and maken wo,
 And out at dores sterten thay anoon,
 And syen¹⁴ the fox toward the grove goon,
 And bar upon his bak the cok away; 559
 And cryden, "Out! harrow! and weylaway!
 Ha, ha, the fox!" and after him they ran,
 And eek with staves many another man;
 Ran Colle our dogge, and Talbot, and
 Gerland,
 And Malkin, with a distaf in hir hand;

¹ had I not.⁴ such.⁷ enclosure.¹³ simple.² learning.⁵ fear.⁸ drawn.¹¹ burned.³ knowledge.⁶ grief.⁹ seized.¹² leaped.¹⁴ saw.

Ran cow and calf, and eek the verray
 hogges, 565
 So were they fered for¹⁵ berking of the
 dogges
 And shouting of the men and wimmen eke,
 They ronne so, hem thoughte hir herte
 breke.
 They yelleden as feendes doon¹⁶ in helle;
 The dokes cryden as¹⁷ men wolde hem
 quelle;¹⁸ 570
 The gees for fere flowen over the trees;
 Out of the hyve cam the swarm of bees;
 So hidous was the noyse, a! *benedicite!*
 Certes, he Iakke Straw, and his meynee,¹⁹
 Ne maden²⁰ never shoutes half so shrille,
 Whan that they wolden any Fleming kille,
 As thilke day was maad upon the fox. 577
 Of bras thay broghten bemes,²¹ and of
 box,²²
 Of horn, of boon, in whiche they blewe and
 pouped,²³
 And therwithal they shryked and they
 houped;²⁴ 580
 It semed as that heven sholde falle.
 Now, gode men, I pray yow herkneth
 alle!
 Lo, how fortune turneth sodeinly
 The hope and pryde eek of hir enemy!
 This cok, that lay upon the foxes bak, 585
 In al his drede, un-to the fox he spak,
 And seyde, "sire, if that I were as ye,
 Yet sholde I seyn (as wis²⁵ god helpe me),
 'Turneth agayn, ye proude cherles alle!
 A verray pestilence up-on yow falle! 590
 Now am I come un-to this wodes syde,
 Maugree your heed,²⁶ the cok shal heer
 abyde;
 I wol him ete in feith, and that anon.'"
 The fox answerde, "in feith, it shal be
 don,"—
 And as he spak that word, al sodeinly 595
 This cok brak²⁷ from his mouth deliverly,²⁸
 And heighe²⁹ up-on a tree he fleigh anon.
 And whan the fox saugh that he was
 y-gon,
 "Allas!" quod he, "O Chauntecleer, alas!
 I have to yow," quod he, "y-doon trespass,
 In-as-muche as I maked yow aferd, 601
 Whan I yow hente, and broghte out of the
 yerd;

¹⁵ frightened by.¹⁶ did not make.¹⁷ puffed.¹⁸ in spite of your head; in spite of all you can do.²¹ broke.²⁰ do.²³ trumpets.²⁴ whooped.²⁵ surely.²⁶ nimble.²⁷ as if.²⁸ kill.²⁹ box-wood.³⁰ surely.³¹ high.

But, sire, I dide it in no wikke¹ entente;
Com doun, and I shal telle yow what I
mente.

I shal seye sooth to yow, god help me so."
"Nay than," quod he, "I shrewe² us bothe
two, 606

And first I shrewe my-self, bothe blood and
bones,

If thou bigyle me ofter than ones.

Thou shalt namore, thurgh thy flaterye
Do me to³ singe and winke with myn
yē. 610

For he that winketh, whan he sholde see,
Al wilfully, god lat him never thee!"⁴

"Nay," quod the fox, "but god yeve⁵ him
meschaunce,⁶

That is so undiscreet of governaunce,⁷
That iangleth⁸ whan he sholde holde his
pees." 615

Lo, swich it is for to be reccheles,⁹
And negligent, and truste on flaterye.

But ye that holden this tale a folye,¹⁰
As of a fox, or of a cok and hen,

Taketh the moralitee, good men. 620

For seint Paul seith, that al that writen is,
To¹¹ our doctryne¹² it is y-write, y-wis.

Taketh the fruyt, and lat the chaf be stille.

Now, gode god, if that it be thy wille,
As seith my lord, so make us alle good men;
And bringe us to his heighe blisse. Amen.

THE PARDONER'S TALE

Heere bigynneth the Pardoner's Tale

In Flaundres whylom was a companye
Of yonge folk, that haunteden¹³ folye, 136

As ryot, hasard,¹⁴ stewes,¹⁵ and tavernes,
Wher-as, with harpes, lutes, and giternes,¹⁶

They daunce and pleye at dees bothe day
and night,

And ete also and drinken over hir might,
Thurgh which they doon the devel
sacrifyse 141

With-in that develes temple, in cursed
wyse,

By superfluitee abhominable;

Hir othes been so gret and so dampnable,
That it is grisly for to here hem swere; 145

Our blissed lordes body they to-tere,¹⁷

Hem thoughte¹⁸ Iewes rente him noght
ynough;

And ech of hem at otheres sinne lough.

And right anon than comen tombesteres¹⁹

Fetys²⁰ and smale, and yonge fruyteteres,²¹

Singers with harpes [eek, and] wafereres,²²

Whiche been the verray develes officeres

To kindle and blowe the fyr of [luxurye],

That is annexed un-to glotonye;

The holy writ take I to my witnesse, 155

That luxurie is in wyn and dronkenesse.

* * * * *

Herodes (who so wel the stories soughte)

Whan he of wyn was replet at his feste, 161

Ryght at his owene table he yaf his heste²³

To sleen the Baptist John ful giltelees.

Senek²⁴ seith eek a good word doutelees;

He seith, he can no difference finde 165

Bitwix a man that is out of his minde

And a man which that is dronkelewe,²⁵

But that woodnesse,²⁶ yfallen in a shrewe,²⁷

Persevereth lenger than doth dronken-
esse.

O glotonye, ful of cursednesse, 170

O cause first of our confusioun,

O original of our dampnacioun,

Til Crist had boght us with his blood
agayn!

Lo, how dere, shortly for to sayn,

Aboght²⁸ was thilke cursed vileinye; 175

Corrupt was al this world for glotonye!

Adam our fader, and his wyf also,

Fro Paradys to labour and to wo

Were driven for that vyce, it is no drede;²⁹

For why! that Adam fasted, as I rede, 180

He was in Paradys; and whan that he

Eet of the fruyt defended³⁰ on the tree,

Anon he was out-cast to wo and payne.

O glotonye, on thee wel oghte us pleyne!³¹

O, wiste a man how many maladyes 185

Folwen of excesse and of glotonyes,

He wolde been the more mesurable³²

Of his diete, sittinge at his table.

Allas! the shorte throte, the tendre mouth,

Maketh that, Est and West, and North

and South, 190

In erthe, in eir, in water men to-swinke³³

To gete a gloutoun deyntee mete and
drinke!

¹ wicked.

² curse.

³ make me.

⁴ prosper.

⁵ give.

⁶ bad luck.

⁷ self-control.

⁸ prattles.

⁹ careless.

¹⁰ silly thing.

¹¹ for.

¹² teaching.

¹³ practised.

¹⁴ gambling.

¹⁵ brothels.

¹⁶ guitars.

¹⁷ tear in pieces.

¹⁸ it seemed to them.

¹⁹ dancing girls.

²⁰ graceful.

²¹ fruit sellers.

²² confectioners.

²³ command.

²⁴ Seneca.

²⁵ a drunkard.

²⁶ madness.

²⁷ wretch.

²⁸ bought.

²⁹ without doubt.

³⁰ forbidden.

³¹ complain.

³² temperate.

³³ labor hard.

Of this matere, O Paul, wel canstow trete,
 "Mete un-to wombe,¹ and wombe eek
 un-to mete,
 Shal god destroyen bothe," as Paulus
 seith. 195

Allas! a foul thing is it, by my feith,
 To seye this word, and fouler is the dede,
 Whan man so drinketh of the whyte and
 rede,

That of his throte he maketh his privee,
 Thurgh thilke cursed superfluitee. 200

The apostel weping seith ful pitously,
 "Ther walken many of whiche yow told
 have I,

I seye it now weping with pitous voys,
 That they been enemys of Cristes croys,²
 Of whiche the ende is deeth, wombe¹ is her
 god." 205

* * * * *

How gret labour and cost is thee to
 fynde!³

Thise cokes, how they stampe, and
 streyne,⁴ and grinde, 210

And turnen substaunce in-to accident,
 To fulfille al thy likerous⁵ talent!⁶

Out of the harde bones knokke they
 The mary,⁷ for they caste noght a-wey
 That may go thurgh the golet softe and
 swote,⁸ 215

Of spicerye, of leef, and bark, and rote⁹
 Shal been his sauce ymaked by delyt,
 To make him yet a newer appetyt.

But certes, he that haunteth swich
 delyces¹⁰

Is deed, whyl that he liveth in tho vyces.
 A [cursed] thing is wyn, and dronken-
 esse 221

Is ful of stryving¹¹ and of wrecchednesse.
 O dronke man, disfigured is thy face,
 Sour is thy breeth, foul artow to embrace,
 And thurgh thy dronke nose semeth the
 soun¹² 225

As though thou seydest ay "Sampsoun,
 Sampsoun,"

And yet, god wot, Sampsoun drank never
 no wyn.

Thou fallest, as it were a stiked swyn;
 Thy tonge is lost, and al thyn honest
 cure,¹³

For dronkenesse is verray sepulture 230

¹ belly. ³ cross. ⁵ maintain. ⁴ labor.
⁶ dainty. ⁸ appetite. ⁷ marrow. ⁸ sweetly.
⁹ root. ¹⁰ pleasures. ¹¹ strife. ¹² sound.
¹³ care for honorable reputation.

Of mannes wit and his discrecioun.

In whom that drinke hath dominacioun,
 He can no conseil kepe, it is no drede.

Now kepe yow fro the whyte and fro the
 rede,

And namely fro the whyte wyn of Lepe,²³⁵
 That is to selle in Fishstrete or in Chepe.
 This wyn of Spayne crepeth subtilly

In othere wyne, growing faste by,

Of which ther ryseth swich fumositee,¹⁴

That whan a man hath dronken draughtes
 three, 240

And weneth¹⁵ that he be at hoom in Chepe,
 He is in Spayne, right at the toun of
 Lepe,

Nat at the Rochel, ne at Burdeux toun;
 And thanne wol he seye, "Sampsoun,
 Sampsoun."

But herkneth, lordings, o word, I yow
 preye, 245

That alle the sovereyn actes, dar I seye,

Of victories in the olde testament,

Thurgh verray¹⁶ god, that is omnipotent,
 Were doon in abstinence and in preyere;
 Loketh the Bible, and ther ye may it lere.

Loke, Attila, the grete conquerour, 251
 Deyde¹⁷ in his sleep, with shame and dis-
 honour,

Bleding ay at his nose in dronkenesse;
 A capitayn shoulde live in sobernesse.

And over al this, avyseth yow¹⁸ right wel 255
 What was comaunded un-to Lamuel—

Nat Samuel, but Lamuel, seye I—

Redeth the Bible, and finde it expresly

Of wyn-yeving¹⁹ to hem that han Iustyse;
 Namore of this, for it may wel suffyse. 260

And now that I have spoke of glotonye,
 Now wol I yow defenden²⁰ hasardrye.²¹

Hasard is verray moder of lesinges,²²

And of deceite, and cursed forsweringes,²³
 Blaspheme of Crist, manslaughtre, and
 wast²⁴ also 265

Of catel²⁵ and of tyme; and forthermo,

It is repreve²⁶ and contrarie of honour

For to ben holde²⁷ a commune hasardour.

And ever the hyer he is of estaat,

The more is he holden desolaat.²⁸ 270

If that a prince useth hasardrye,

In alle governaunce and policye

He is, as by commune opinoun,

Yholde the lasse in reputacioun.

¹⁴ confusing fumes. ¹⁵ thinks. ¹⁶ the true.
¹⁷ died. ¹⁸ consider. ¹⁹ giving. ²⁰ forbid.
²¹ gambling. ²² lies. ²³ perjury. ²⁴ waste.
²⁵ wealth. ²⁶ a reproach. ²⁷ known as. ²⁸ shunned.

Stilbon, that was a wys embassadour,²⁷⁵
 Was sent to Corinthe, in ful greet honour,
 Fro Lacidomie, to make hir alliaunce.
 And whan he cam, him happede, par
 chaunce,
 That alle the grettest that were of that
 lond,
 Pleyinge atte hasard he hem fond. 280
 For which, as sone as it mighte be,
 He stal¹ him hoom¹ agayn to his contree,
 And seyde, "Ther wol I nat lese² my
 name;

Ne I wol nat take on me so greet defame,³
 Yow for to allye un-to none hasardours. 285
 Sendeth othere wyse embassadours;
 For, by my trouthe, me were lever⁴ dye,
 Than I yow sholde to hasardours allye.
 For ye that been so glorious in honours
 Shul nat allyen yow with hasardours 290
 As by my wil, ne as by my tretee."
 This wyse philosopre thus seyde he.

Loke eek that to the king Demetrius
 The king of Parthes, as the book seith
 us,

Sente him a paire of dees⁵ of gold in scorn,
 For he hadde used hasard ther-biforn; 296
 For which he heeld his glorie or his renoun
 At no value or reputacioun.

Lordes may fynden other maner play
 Honeste ynough to dryve the day away. 300

Now wol I speke of othes false and grete
 A word or two, as olde bokes trete.

Gret swering is a thing abhominable,
 And fals swering is yet more reprevable.
 The heighe god forbad swering at al, 305
 Witnesse on Mathew; but in special
 Of swering seith the holy Ieremye,

"Thou shalt seye sooth⁶ thyn othes, and
 nat lye,

And swere in dome,⁷ and eek in right-
 wisesse;"

But ydel swering is a cursednesse. 310
 Bihold and see, that in the firste table
 Of heighe goddes hestes⁸ honourable,
 How that the seconde heste of him is
 this—

"Tak nat my name in ydel⁹ or amis."

Lo, rather he forbedeth swich swering 315
 Than homicyde or many a cursed thing;
 I seye that, as by ordre, thus it stondeth;
 This known, that¹⁰ his hestes under-
 stondeth,

¹ returned. ² lose. ³ dishonor. ⁴ I would rather.
⁵ dice. ⁶ truthfully. ⁷ judgment.
⁸ commandments. ⁹ in vain. ¹⁰ those who.

How that the second heste of god is that.
 And forther over, I wol thee telle al plat,¹¹
 That vengeance shal nat parten¹² from his
 hous, 321

That of his othes is to outrageous.

"By goddes precious herte, and by his
 nayles,

And by the blode of Crist, that it is in
 Hayles,

Seven is my chaunce, and thyn is cink¹³
 and treye;¹⁴ 325

By goddes armes, if thou falsly pleye,
 This dagger shal thurgh-out thyn herte
 go"—

This fruyt cometh of the bicched¹⁵ bones
 two,

Forswering, ire, falsnesse, homicyde.

Now, for the love of Crist that for us dyde,
 Leveth your othes, bothe grete and smale;
 But, sirs, now wol I telle forth my tale. 332

Thise ryoutoures three, of whiche I telle,
 Longe erst er pryme¹⁶ rong of any belle,
 Were set hem in a taverne for to drinke; 335
 And as they satte, they herde a belle clinke
 Biforn a cors, was caried to his grave;

That oon of hem gan callen to his knave,
 "Go bet,"¹⁷ quod he, "and axe redily,

What cors is this that passeth heer forby;
 And look that thou reporte his name
 wel." 341

"Sir," quod this boy, "it nedeth
 neveradel.¹⁸

It was me told, er ye cam heer, two houres;
 He was, pardee, an old felawe¹⁹ of youres;
 And sodeynly he was yslayn to-night, 345
 For-dronke,²⁰ as he sat on his bench
 upright;

Ther cam a privee theef, men clepeth²¹
 Deeth,

That in this contree al the peple sleeth,
 And with his spere he smoot his herte
 atwo, 349

And wente his way with-outen wordes mo.
 He hath a thousand slayn this pestilence:
 And, maister, er ye come in his presence,
 Me thinketh that it were necessarie

For to be war of swich an adversarie:

Beth redy for to mete him evermore. 355

Thus taughte me my dame, I sey namore."

"By seinte Marie," seyde this taverne,

"The child seith sooth,²² for he hath slayn
 this year,

¹¹ plainly. ¹² depart. ¹³ five. ¹⁴ three. ¹⁵ cursed.
¹⁶ nine o'clock A. M. ¹⁷ quickly. ¹⁸ there is no need of it.
¹⁹ companion. ²⁰ dead drunk. ²¹ name. ²² truth.

Henne¹ over a myle, with-in a greet village,
Both man and womman, child and hyne,²
and page. 360

I trowe his habitacioun be there;
To been avysed³ greet wisdom it were,
Er that he dide a man a dishonour."
"Ye, goddes armes," quod this ryotour,
"Is it swich peril with him for to mete? 365
I shal him seke by wey and eek by strete,
I make avow to goddes digne⁴ bones!
Herkneth, felawes, we three been al ones,⁵
Lat ech of us holde up his hond til other,
And ech of us bicomen othes brother, 370
And we wol sleen this false traytour Deeth;
He shal be slayn, which that so many
sleeth,
By goddes dignitee, er it be night."

Togidres han thise three her trouthes
plight,
To live and dyen ech of hem for other, 375
As though he were his owene yboren⁶
brother.

And up they sterte al dronken, in this rage,
And forth they goon towards that village,
Of which the taverner had spoke biforn,
And many a grisly ooth than han they
sworn, 380
And Cristes blessed body they to-rente—
"Deeth shal be deed, if that they may him
hente."⁷

When they han goon nat fully half a
myle,
Right as they wolde han troden over a
style,
An old man and a povre with hem mette.
This olde man ful mekely hem grette, 386
And seyde thus, "now, lordes, god yow
see!"⁸

The proudest of thise ryoutoures three
Answerde agayn, "what? carl,⁹ with sory
grace,"¹⁰

Why artow¹¹ al forwrapped¹² save thy face?
Why lyvestow so longe in so greet age?"¹³ 391

This olde man gan loke¹⁴ in his visage,
And seyde thus, "for I ne can nat finde
A man, though that I walked in-to Inde,
Neither in citee nor in no village, 395
That wolde chaunge his youthe for myn
age;

And therefore moot¹⁴ I han myn age stille,
As longe time as it is goddes wille.

¹ hence. ² servant. ³ forewarned. ⁴ honorable.
⁵ of one mind. ⁶ born. ⁷ seize.
⁸ protect. ⁹ churl. ¹⁰ bad luck to you.
¹¹ art thou. ¹² wrapped up. ¹³ looked. ¹⁴ must.

Ne deeth, allas! ne wol nat han my lyf;
Thus walke I, lyk a resteleees caityf, 400
And on the ground, which is my modres
gate,

I knokke with my staf, bothe erly and late,
And seye, 'leve¹⁵ moder, leet me in!
Lo, how I vanish, flesh, and blood, and
skin!

Allas! whan shul my bones been at reste?
Moder, with yow wolde I chaunge my
cheste, 406
That in my chambre longe tyme hath be,
Ye! for an heyre clowt¹⁶ to wrappe me!
But yet to me she wol nat do that grace,
For which ful pale and welked¹⁷ is my
face. 410

But, sirs, to yow it is no curteisye
To speken to an old man vileinye,
But¹⁸ he trespasse in worde, or elles in
dede.

In holy writ ye may your-self wel rede, 414
'Agayns¹⁹ an old man, hoor upon his heed,
Ye sholde aryse, wherfor I yeve yow reed,²⁰
Ne dooth un-to an old man noon harm
now,

Namore than ye wolde men dide to-yow
In age, if that ye so longe abyde;
And god be with yow, wher²¹ ye go²² or
ryde. 420

I moot go thider as I have to go."
"Nay, olde cherl, by god, thou shalt nat
so,"

Seyde this other hasardour anon,
"Thou partest nat so lightly, by seint
Iohn!

Thou spak right now of thilke traitour
Deeth, 425
That in this contree alle our frendes sleeth.
Have heer my trouthe, as thou art his
aspye,²³

Tel wher he is, or thou shalt it abyde,²⁴
By god, and by the holy sacrament!
For soothly thou art oon of his assent,²⁵ 430
To sleen us yonge folk, thou false theef!"
"Now, sirs," quod he, "if that yow be so
leef²⁶

To finde Deeth, turne up this croked wey,
For in that grove I lafte him, by my fey,
Under a tree, and ther he wol abyde; 435
Nat for²⁷ your boost²⁸ he wol him no-thing
hyde.

¹⁵ dear. ¹⁶ hair cloth. ¹⁷ withered. ¹⁸ unless.
¹⁹ before. ²⁰ advice. ²¹ whether. ²² walk.
²³ spy. ²⁴ rue. ²⁵ conspiracy. ²⁶ eager.
²⁷ on account of. ²⁸ boasting.

See ye that ook? right ther ye shul him
finde.

God save yow, that boghte agayn man-
kinde,

And yow amende!"—thus seyde this olde
man.

And everich of thise ryotoures ran, 440
Til he cam to that tree, and ther they
founde

Of florins fyne of golde ycoyned rounde
Wel ny an eighte¹ busshels, as hem
thoughte.

No lenger thanne after Deeth they soughte,
But ech of hem so glad was of that sighte,
For that the florins been so faire and
brighte, 446

That doun they sette hem by this precious
hord.

The worst of hem he spak the firste word.
"Brethren," quod he, "tak kepe² what
I seye;

My wit is greet, though that I bourde³
and pleye. 450

This tresor hath fortune un-to us given,
In mirthe and lolitee our lyf to liven,
And lightly as it comth, so wol we spende.
Ey! goddes precious dignitee! who wende⁴
To-day, that we sholde han so faire a
grace? 455

But mighte this gold be caried fro this
place

Hoom to myn hous, or elles un-to youres—
For wel ye woot that al this gold is oures—
Than were we in heigh felicitee.

But trewely, by daye it may nat be; 460
Men wolde seyn that we were theves
stronge,

And for our owene tresor doon us honge.⁵
This tresor moste ycaried be by nighte

As wysly and as slyly as it mighte. 464
Wherefore I rede that cut among us alle
Be drawe, and lat se wher the cut wol falle;
And he that hath the cut with herte blythe
Shal renne to the toune, and that ful
swythe,⁶

And bringe us breed and wyn ful prively.
And two of us shul kepen subtilly 470

This tresor wel; and, if he wol nat tarie,
Whan it is night, we wol this tresor carie
By oon assent, wher-as us thinketh⁷ best."
That oon of hem the cut broughte in his
fest,⁸

And bad hem drawe, and loke wher it
wol falle; 475

And it fil on the youngest of hem alle;
And forth toward the toun he wente anon.

And al-so sone as that he was gon;
That oon of hem spak thus un-to that
other:

"Thou knowest wel thou art my sworne-
brother, 480

Thy profit wol I telle thee anon.

Thou woost wel that our felawe is agon;
And heer is gold, and that ful greet plentee,

That shal departed been among us thre.
But natheles, if I can shape it so 485

That it departed were among us two,
Hadde I nat doon a frendes torn to thee?"

That other answerde, "I noot⁹ how that
may be;

He woot¹⁰ how that the gold is with us
tweye;

What shal we doon, what shal we to him
seye?" 490

"Shal it be conseil?"¹¹ seyde the firste
shrewe,¹²

"And I shal tellen thee, in wordes fewe,
What we shal doon, and bringe it wel
aboute."

"I graunte," quod that other, "out of
doute,

That, by my trouthe, I wol thee nat
biwreye."¹³ 495

"Now," quod the firste, "thou woost
wel we be tweye,

And two of us shul strenger be than oon.
Look whan that he is set, and right anon

Arys, as though thou woldest with him
pleye;

And I shal ryve him thurgh the sydes
tweye 500

Why! that thou strogelest with him as in
game,

And with thy dagger look thou do the
same;

And than shal al this gold departed be,
My dere freend, bitwixen me and thee;

Than may we bothe our lustes al fulfille,⁵⁰⁵
And pleye at dees right at our owene
wille."

And thus acorded¹⁴ been thise shrewes
tweye

To sleen the thridde, as ye han herd me
seye.

¹ eight.

² have us hanged.

³ note of.

⁴ quickly.

⁵ jest.

⁶ it seems best.

⁷ thought.

⁸ hat.

⁹ know not.

¹⁰ scoundrel.

¹¹ knows.

¹² betray.

¹³ a secret.

¹⁴ agreed.

This yongest, which that wente un-to
the toun,
Ful ofte in herte he rolleth up and doun 510
The beautee of thise florins newe and
brihte.
"O lord!" quod he, "if so were that I
mighte
Have al this tresor to my-self allone,
Ther is no man that liveth under the
trone¹
Of god, that sholde live so mery as I!" 515
And atte laste the feend, our enemy,
Putte in his thought that he shold poyson
beye,²
With which he mighte sleen his felawes
tweye;
For why³ the feend fond him in swich
lyvinge,
That he had leve⁴ him to sorwe bringe, 520
For this was outrelly⁵ his ful entente
To sleen hem bothe, and never to repente.
And forth he gooth, no lenger wolde he
tarie,
Into the toun, un-to a pothecarie,
And preyed him, that he him wolde
selle 525
Som poyson, that he mighte his rattes
quelle;⁶
And eek ther was a polcat in his hawe,⁷
That, as he seyde, his capouns hadde
yslawe,
And fayn he wolde wreke⁸ him, if he
mighte,
On vermin, that destroyed him by nighte.
The pothecarie answerde, "and thou
shalt have 531
A thing that, al-so god my soule save,
In al this world ther nis no creature,
That ete or dronke hath of this confiture⁹
Noght but the mountance¹⁰ of a corn of
whete, 535
That he ne shal his lyf anon forlete;¹¹
Ye, sterve¹² he shal, and that in lasse whyle
Than thou wolt goon a paas¹³ nat but a
myle;
This poyson is so strong and violent."
This cursed man hath in his hond
yhent¹⁴ 540
This poyson in a box, and sith he ran
In-to the nexte strete, un-to a man,
And borwed of him large botels three;
And in the two his poyson poured he;

¹ throne. ² buy. ³ because. ⁴ permission. ⁵ entirely.
⁶ kill. ⁷ yard. ⁸ avenge. ⁹ mixture. ¹⁰ amount.
¹¹ lose. ¹² die. ¹³ at a foot pace. ¹⁴ seized.

The thridde he kepte clene for his drinke.
For all the night he shoop him¹⁵ for to
swinke¹⁶ 546
In caryinge of the gold out of that place.
And whan this ryoutour, with sory grace,
Had filled with wyn his grete botels three,
To his felawes agayn repaireth he. 550
What nedeth it to sermone¹⁷ of it more?
For right as they had cast his deeth bfore,
Right so they han him slayn, and that
anon.
And whan that this was doon, thus spak
that oon,
"Now lat us sitte and drinke, and make us
merie, 555
And afterward we wol his body berie."
And with that word it happed him, par
cas,¹⁸
To take the botel ther the poyson was,
And drank, and yaf his felawe drinke
also,
For which anon they storven¹⁹ bothe two.
But, certes, I suppose that Avicen 561
Wroot never in no canon,²⁰ ne in no fen,²⁰
Mo²¹ wonder²² signes of empoisoning
Than hadde thise wrecches two, er hir
ending.
Thus ended been thise homicydes two, 565
And eek the false empoysoner also.

O cursed sinne, ful of cursednesse!
O traytours homicyde, o wikkednesse!
O glotonye, luxurie, and hasardrye!
Thou blasphemour of Crist with vileinye
And othes grete, of usage²³ and of pryde! 571
Allas! mankynde, how may it bityde,
That to thy creatour which that thee
wroghte,
And with his precious herte-blood thee
boghte,
Thou art so fals and so unkinde, allas! 575
Now, goode men, god forgeve yow your
trespas,
And ware yow²⁴ fro the sinne of avaryce.
Myn holy pardoun may yow alle waryce,²⁵
So that ye offre nobles or sterlinges,
Or elles silver broches, spones, ringes. 580
Boweth your heed under this holy bulle!
Cometh up, ye wyves, offreth of your
wolle!²⁶
Your name I entre heer in my rolle anon;
In-to the blisse of hevene shul ye gon;

¹⁵ planned. ¹⁶ labor. ¹⁷ speak. ¹⁸ by chance.
¹⁹ died. ²⁰ See notes. ²¹ more. ²² wonderful.
²³ habit. ²⁴ keep you. ²⁵ cure. ²⁶ wool.

I yow assoille, by myn heigh power, 585
Yow that wol offre, as clene and eek as
cleer

As ye were born; and, lo, sirs, thus I
preche.

And Iesu Crist, that is our soules leche,
So graunte yow his pardon to receyve;
For that is best; I wol yow nat deceyve. 590

But sirs, o word forgat I in my tale;
I have reliks and pardon in my male,¹
As faire as any man in Engelond,
Whiche were me yeven by the popes
hond.

If any of yow wol, of devocioun, 595
Offren, and han myn absolucioun,
Cometh forth anon, and kneleth heer
adoun,

And mekely receyveth my pardoun:
Or elles, taketh pardon as ye wende,
Al newe and fresh, at every tounes ende,
So that ye offren alwey newe and newe 601
Nobles and pens, which that be gode and
trewe.

It is an honour to everich that is heer,
That ye mowe have a suffisant pardoneer
Tassoille² yow, in contree as ye ryde, 605
For aventures which that may bityde.
Peraventure ther may falle oon or two
Doun of his hors, and breke his nekke
atwo.

Look which a seuretee is it to yow alle
That I am in your felaweship yfalle, 610
That may assoille yow, both more³ and
lasse,⁴

Whan that the soule shal fro the body
passe.

I rede⁵ that our host heer shal biginne,
For he is most envoluped in sinne. 614
Com forth, sir hoste, and offre first anon,
And thou shalt kisse the reliks everichon,⁶
Ye, for a grotel unbokel anon thy purs.

BALADE DE BON CONSEYL

Fle fro the prees,⁷ and dwelle with soth-
fastnesse,⁸

Suffyce unto thy good, though hit be smal;
For hord hath hate, and clymbing tikel-
nesse,⁹

Prees hath envye, and wele¹⁰ blent¹¹ overal;
Savour¹² no more than thee bihove shal; 5

¹ wallet. ² to absolve. ³ high. ⁴ low.
⁵ advise. ⁶ each one. ⁷ the crowd. ⁸ truth.
⁹ uncertainty. ¹⁰ wealth. ¹¹ blinds. ¹² have relish for.

Werk wel thy-self, that other folk canst
rede;¹³

And trouthe shal deliver, hit is no drede.

Tempest thee noght al croked to redresse,
In trust of hir that turneth as a bal;

Gret reste¹⁴ stant¹⁵ in litel besinesse, 10
And eek be war to sporne¹⁶ ageyn an al;
Stryve noght, as doth the crokke with
the wal.

Daunte¹⁷ thyself, that dauntest otheres
dede;

And trouthe shal deliver, hit is no drede.

That thee is sent, receyve in buxumnesse,¹⁵
The wrastling for this world axeth¹⁸ a fal.
Her nis non hom, her nis but wilderness;
Forth, pilgrim, forth! Forth, beste, out
of thy stal!

Know thy countree; lok up, thank God of
al;

Hold the hye-way, and lat thy gost¹⁹ thee
lede! 20

And trouthe shal deliver, hit is no drede.

ENVOY

Therefore, thou Vache, leve²⁰ thyn old
wrecchednesse;

Unto the world leve now to be thral;
Crye Him mercy that of His hy goodnesse
Made thee of noght, and in especial 25

Draw unto Him, and pray in general
For thee, and eek for other, hevenlich
mede;²¹

And trouthe shal deliver, hit is no drede.

THE COMPLAINT OF CHAUCER TO HIS EMPTY PURSE

To you, my purse, and to non other wight²²
Compleyne I, for ye be my lady dere!

I am so sory, now that ye be light;

For certes, but²³ ye make me hevye chere,²⁴

Me were as leef be leyd up-on my bere; 5

For whiche un-to your mercy thus I crye:
Beth²⁵ hevye ageyn, or elles mot I dye!

Now voucheth sauf this day, or²⁶ hit be
night,

That I of you the blisful soun may here,
Or see your colour lyk the sonne bright, 10

¹³ advise. ¹⁴ peace. ¹⁵ resides. ¹⁶ kick.
¹⁷ subdue. ¹⁸ asks. ¹⁹ spirit. ²⁰ cease.
²¹ reward. ²² person. ²³ unless. ²⁴ appearance.
²⁵ be. ²⁶ before.

That of yelownesse hadde never pere.
Ye be my lyf, ye be myn hertes stere,¹
Quene of comfort and of good companye:
Beth hevvy ageyn, or elles mot I dye!

Now purs, that be to me my lyves light, ¹⁵
And saveour, as doun² in this worlde here,
Out of this toun help me through your
might,

Sin that ye wole nat been my tresorere;
For I am shave as nye³ as any frere.⁴
But yit I pray un-to your curtesye: ²⁰
Beth hevvy ageyn, or elles mot I dye!

LENVOY DE CHAUCER

O conquerour of Brutes Albioun!
Which that by lyne and free eleccioun
Ben⁵ verray king, this song to you I sende;
And ye, that mowen⁶ al myn harm
amende, ²⁵
Have mynde up-on my supplicacioun!

ANONYMOUS

PIERS THE PLOWMAN

From the PROLOGUE

In a somer sesun · whon softe was the
sonne,
I schop⁷ me in-to a schroud⁸ · a scheep⁹
as I were;

In habite of an hermite · unholy of werkes,
Wende¹⁰ I wyde in this world · wondres to
here.

Bote on a May mornynge · on Malverne
hulles¹¹ ⁵

Me bi-fel¹² a ferly¹³ · of fairy,¹⁴ me thoughte.
I was wery, forwandred,¹⁵ · and went me
to reste

Under a brod banke · bi a bourne¹⁶ syde,
And as I lay and leonede¹⁷ · and lokede on
the watres,

I slumberde in a slepyng · hit sownede¹⁸ so
murie. ¹⁹ ¹⁰

Thenne gon²⁰ I meeten²¹ · a marvelous
swevene,²²

That I was in a wilderness · wuste²³ I
never where;

And as I beheold into the est · an heigh²⁴
to the sonne,

- | | | | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------|----------------------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| ¹ guide. | ² down. | ³ close. | ⁴ friar. | ⁵ art. |
| ⁶ have power to. | ⁷ clothed. | ⁸ garment. | | |
| ⁹ shepherd. | ¹⁰ went. | ¹¹ hills. | | |
| ¹² happened. | ¹³ wonder. | ¹⁴ enchantment. | | |
| ¹⁵ tired with wandering. | ¹⁶ brook. | ¹⁷ leaned. | | |
| ¹⁸ sounded. | ¹⁹ merry. | ²⁰ did. | | |
| ²¹ dream. | | ²² dream. | | |
| ²³ knew. | | ²⁴ on high. | | |

I sauh²⁵ a tour on a toft²⁶ · trielich²⁷
ymaked;²⁸

A deop dale bineothe · a dongeon ther-inne,
With deop dich and derk · and dredful
of siht. ²⁹ ¹⁶

A feir feld ful of folk · fond I ther bitwene,
Of alle maner of men · the mene³⁰ and the
riche,

Worthinge³¹ and wandringe · as the world
asketh. ³²

Summe putten hem³³ to the plow · and
pleiden³⁴ ful selde;³⁵ ²⁰

In settingg³⁶ and in sowyng · swonken³⁷
ful harde,

And wonnen that theos³⁸ wasturs³⁹ · in
glotonye distruen. ⁴⁰

And summe putten hem to pruide⁴¹ · ap-
parayld⁴² hem ther-after,

In continuaunce⁴³ of clothinge · comen dis-
gised.

To preyere⁴⁴ and to penaunce · putten
hem monye, ⁴⁵ ²⁵

For love of ur⁴⁶ lorde · lyveden⁴⁷ ful streite,
In hope for to have · hevenriche⁴⁸ blisse;

As ancre⁴⁹ and hermytes · that holdeth
hem⁵⁰ in heore⁵¹ celles,

Coveyte not in cuntre⁵² · to cairen⁵³ aboute,
For non likerous⁵⁴ lyfode⁵⁵ · heore licam⁵⁶

to plesse. ³⁰
And summe chosen chaffare⁵⁷ · to cheeven⁵⁸

the bettere,
As hit semeth to owre siht · that suche
men thryveth;

And summe murthes⁵⁹ to maken · as mun-
strals cunne. ⁶⁰

And get gold with here gle⁶¹ · giltyles I trowe.
Bote japers⁶² and jangelers,⁶³ · Iudas chil-
dren, ³⁵

Founden⁶⁴ hem fantasyes⁶⁵ · and fooles
hem maaden,

And habbeth wit at heor wille⁶⁶ · to
worchen⁶⁷ gif hem luste;

That⁶⁸ Poul precheth of hem · I dar not
preoven⁶⁹ heere;

- | | | |
|---|--------------------------------|--|
| ²⁵ saw. | ²⁶ cleared space. | ²⁷ choicely. |
| ²⁸ made. | ²⁹ sight. | ³⁰ poor. |
| ³¹ working. | ³² requires. | ³³ gave themselves. |
| ³⁴ played. | ³⁵ seldom. | ³⁶ planting. |
| ³⁷ labored. | ³⁸ these. | ³⁹ wasters. |
| ⁴⁰ destroy. | ⁴¹ pride. | ⁴² clothed. |
| ⁴³ outward appearance. | ⁴⁴ prayer. | ⁴⁵ lived. |
| ⁴⁶ many. | ⁴⁷ our. | |
| ⁴⁸ happiness of the kingdom of heaven. | | |
| ⁴⁹ nuns. | ⁵⁰ keep themselves. | ⁵¹ their. |
| ⁵² wander. | ⁵³ luxurious. | ⁵⁴ diet. |
| ⁵⁵ trade. | ⁵⁶ prosperous. | ⁵⁷ country. |
| ⁵⁸ know how. | | ⁵⁸ body. |
| ⁵⁹ buffoons. | ⁶⁰ feigned. | ⁶¹ amusements. |
| ⁶² at command. | | ⁶² glee. |
| ⁶³ what. | | ⁶³ tricks. |
| | | ⁶⁴ work if it pleased them. |
| | | ⁶⁵ prove, explain. |

Qui loquitur turpiloquium · is Luciferes
hyne.
Bidders¹ and beggers · faste aboute eoden,²
Til heor bagges and heor belies · weren
bretful ycrammed;³ 41
Feyneden hem⁴ for heore foode · foughten
atte⁵ ale;
In glotonye, God wot, · gon heo⁶ to
bedde,
And ryseth up with ribaudye⁷ · this rober-
des⁸ knaves;
Sleep and sleuthe · suweth⁹ hem evere. 45
Pilgrimes and palmers · plihten¹⁰ hem
togederes
For to seche¹¹ Seint Jame · and seintes at
Roome;
Wenten forth in heore wey · with mony
wyse tales,
And hadden leve to lyen · al heore lyf aftir.

* * * * *

I fond there freres · all the foure ordres, 55
Preching the peple · for profyt of heore
wombes,¹²
Glosynge¹³ the Gospel · as hem¹⁴ good
liketh,¹⁴
For covetyse¹⁵ of copes · construeth¹⁶ hit
ille;
For monye¹⁷ of this maistres · mowen¹⁸
clothen hem at lyking,¹⁹
For moneye²⁰ and heore marchaundie²¹ ·
meeten oft togedere. 60

* * * * *

Ther prechede a pardoner · as²² he a
prest were, 65
And brought forthe a bulle · with bis-
schopes seles,
And seide that himself mighte · asoylen²³
hem alle
Of falsnesse and fastinge · and of vowes
y-broken.
The lewede²⁴ men leved²⁵ him wel · and
lyked his wordes,
And comen up knelynge · and cussedene²⁶
his bulle; 70
He bonchede²⁷ hem with his brevet²⁸ · and
blered heore eiyen,²⁹

¹ beggars. ² went. ³ crammed. ⁴ shammed.
⁵ at the. ⁶ they. ⁷ ribaldry. ⁸ these robber.
⁹ seek. ¹⁰ bellies. ¹¹ follow. ¹² plighted.
¹³ as it pleased them. ¹⁴ interpreting. ¹⁵ covetousness. ¹⁶ construe.
¹⁷ many. ¹⁸ may. ¹⁹ as they please. ²⁰ money.
²¹ money. ²² merchandise. ²³ as if. ²⁴ shrive.
²⁵ ignorant. ²⁶ believed. ²⁷ kissed. ²⁸ eyes.
²⁹ banged. ³⁰ letter of indulgence.

And rauhte³⁰ with his ragemon³¹ · ringes
and broches.
Thus ye giveth oure³² gold · glotonye to
helpen,
And leveth hit to losels³³ · that lecherie
haunten.³⁴
Weore the bisschop y-blessed · and worth
bothe his eres,³⁵ 75
His seel shulde not be sent · to deceyve
the peple.
Ac³⁷ hit is not bi³⁶ the bisschop · that
the boye precheth;
Bote³⁷ the parisch prest and he · parten
the selver
That the poraille³⁸ of the parisch · schold
have yif thei nere.³⁹

ANONYMOUS

NOAH'S FLOOD

THE WATERLEADERS AND DRAWERS OF DEE

*First God, sitting in some high place, or in
clouds, if it can be done, speaks to Noah,
• standing with all his family outside the
ark.*

GOD. I, God, that all the world have
wrought,
Heaven and earth, and all of nought,
I see my people in deed and thought
Are foully set in sin.
My spirit shall not remain in any man 5
That through fleshly liking is my fone,⁴⁰
But till six score years be gone,
To look if they will blynne.⁴¹

Man that I made I will destroy,
Beast, man, and fowl that fly, 10
For on earth they do me annoy,
The folk that are thereon;
It harms me so hurtfully,
The malice now that does multiply,
That sore it grieveth me inwardly 15
That ever I made man.

Therefore, Noah, my servant free,
That righteous man art, as I see,
A ship soon thou shalt make thee
Of trees dry and light; 20

³⁰ reached, got. ³¹ bull. ³² your.
³³ rascals. ³⁴ practise. ³⁵ ears.
³⁶ all the fault of. ³⁷ but.
³⁸ poor people. ³⁹ if it were not for them.
⁴⁰ foe. ⁴¹ cease.

Little chambers therein do thou make,
And binding pitch also do thou take:
Within and without do thou not slake¹
To annoint it with all thy might.

Three hundred cubits it shall be long, 25
And fifty of breadth, to make it strong,
Of height fifty, the measure do thou
fonge:²

Thus measure it about.
One window work by thy wit,
One cubit of length and breadth make it; 30
Upon the side a door shall sit,
For to come in and out.

Eating places do thou make also,
Three roofed chambers, one or two,
For with water I think to flow³ 35
Man that I did make;
Destroyed all the world shall be,
Save thou, thy wife, thy sons three,
And all their wives also with thee,
Shall saved be for their sake. 40

NOAH. Ah, Lord, I thank thee loud and
still,
That to me art in such will,
And sparest me and my house to spill,⁴
As now I soothly find;
Thy bidding, Lord, I shall fulfil, 45
And never more thee grieve nor grill,⁵
That such grace hast sent me till,
Among all mankind.

Have done, you men and women all!
Help, for aught that may befall, 50
To make this ship, chamber and hall,
As God hath bidden us do.
SHEM. Father, I am already bowne.⁶
An axe I have, by my crown,
As sharp as any in all this town, 55
For to go thereto.

HAM. I have a hatchet wonder keen
To bite well, as may be seen;
A better ground, as I ween,
Is not in all this town. 60
JAPHET. And I can well make a pin,
And with this hammer knock it in;
Go and work without more din,
And I am ready bowne.

NOAH'S WIFE. And we shall bring timber
too, 65

For we may nothing else do:
Women be weak to undergo
Any great travail.

SHEM'S WIFE. Here is a good hackstock,⁷
On this you may hew and knock; 70
Shall none be idle in this flock,
Nor now may no man fail.

HAM'S WIFE. And I will go to gather
slich⁸

The ship for to clean and pitch:
Annointed it must be every stitch,⁹ 75
Board, tree and pin.

JAPHET'S WIFE. And I will gather chips
here

To make a fire for you in fere,¹⁰
And for to dight¹¹ your dinner
Against you come in. 80

*Then they make signs as though they were
working with various implements.*

NOAH. Now in the name of God I will
begin

To make the ship that we shall go in,
That we be ready for to swim
At the coming of the flood:
These boards I join here together 85
To keep us safe from the weather,
That we may row both hither and thither,
And safe be from this flood.

Of this tree will I make the mast,
Tied with cables that will last, 90
With a sailyard for each blast,
And each thing in their kind;
With topcastle and bowsprit,
With cords and ropes I have all meet
To sail forth at the next weete:¹² 95
This ship is at an end.

*Then Noah and all his family again make
signs of working with various imple-
ments.*

Wife, in this castle we shall be kept;
My children and thou I would in leapt.
NOAH'S WIFE. In faith, Noah, I had as
lief thou slept.
For all thy frankish fare, 100

¹ be not slack.
⁴ destroy.

² take.
⁵ vex.

³ flood.
⁶ prepared.

⁷ chopping-block.
¹⁰ all together.

⁸ pitch.
¹¹ prepare.

⁹ stick.
¹² wet weather.

I will not do after thy rede.¹

NOAH. Good wife, do now as I thee bid.

NOAH'S WIFE. By Christ! not ere I see
more need,
Though thou stand all the day and stare.

NOAH. Lord, that women be crabbed aye,
And never are meek, that dare I say; 106
This is well seen by me today

In witness of you each one.
Good wife, let be all this bere²
That thou makest in this place here, 110
For all they ween thou art master—
And so thou art, by St. John!

God. Noah, take thou thy company,
And in the ship hie that you be,
For none so righteous man to me 115
Is now on earth living.
Of clean beasts do thou with thee take
Seven and seven, ere thou slake,
He and she, make to make,³
Quickly in do thou bring. 120

Of beasts unclean, two and two,
Male and female, without mo;⁴
Of clean fowls seven also,
The he and she together;
Of fowls unclean, two and no more, 125
As I of beasts said before,
That shall be saved through my lore,
Against I send the weather.

Of all meats that must be eaten
Into the ship look there be gotten, 130
For that no way may be forgotten,
And do all this bydene,⁵
To sustain man and beast therein,
Aye till this water cease and blynne.
This world is filled full of sin, 135
And that is now well seen.

Seven days be yet coming,
You shall have space them in to bring;
After that is my liking
Mankind for to annoy: 140
Forty days and forty nights
Rain shall fall for their unrights,
And what I have made through my
might,
Now think I to destroy.

¹ counsel.
⁴ more.

² noise.

³ mate.
⁵ quickly.

NOAH. Lord, at your bidding I am bayne,⁶
Since none other your grace will gain, 146
It will I fulfil fain,

For gracious I thee find.
A hundred winters and twenty
This ship making tarried have I, 150
If through amendment any mercy
Would fall unto mankind.

Have done, you men and women all!
Hie you, lest this water fall.
That each beast were in his stall, 155
And into the ship brought!
Of clean beasts seven shall be,
Of unclean two, this God bade me.
This flood is nigh, well may we see;
Therefore tarry you not. 160

Then Noah shall enter the ark, and his family shall exhibit and name all the animals depicted on sheets of parchment, and after each one has spoken his part, he shall go into the ark, except Noah's wife. The animals depicted ought to correspond to the descriptions; and thus let the first son begin.

SHEM. Sir, here are lions, leopards in,
Horses, mares, oxen, and swine,
Goats, calves, sheep, and kine,
Here sitting thou mayst see.
HAM. Camels, asses, men may find, 165
Buck, doe, hart, and hind,
And beasts of all manner of kind
Here be, as thinks me.

JAPHET. Take here cats, and dogs too,
Otter, fox, fulmart⁷ also, 170
Hares hopping gaily can go,
Have cowle here for to eat.

NOAH'S WIFE. And here are bears, wolves
set,
Apes, owls, marmoset,
Weasels, squirrels, and ferret; 175
Here they eat their meat.

SHEM'S WIFE. Yet more beasts are in this
house:
Here cats make it full crowse,⁸
Here a rat, here a mouse,
They stand nigh together. 180

⁶ ready.

⁷ skunk.

⁸ jolly.

HAM'S WIFE. And here are fowls, less and more:

Hérons, cranes, and bittour,¹
Swans, peacocks; and them before
Meat for this weather.

JAPHET'S WIFE. Here are cocks, kites,
crows, 185

Rooks, ravens, many rows;

Ducks, curlews: whoever knows
Each one in his kind?

And here are doves, ducks, drakes,
Redshanks, running through the lakes; 190
And each fowl that language makes
In this ship men may find.

NOAH. Wife, come in! why standest thou here?

Thou art ever froward, that dare I swear.
Come in, on God's half!² time it were, 195
For fear lest that we drown.

NOAH'S WIFE. Yea, sir, set up your sail,
And row forth with evil hail!
For without any fail

I will not out of this town. 200

Unless I have my gossips every one

One foot further I will not gone;³

They shall not drown, by St. John!

If I may save their life!

They loved me full well, by Christ! 205

Unless thou wilt let them in thy chest,

Row forth, Noah, whither thou list,
And get thee a new wife.

NOAH. Shem, son, lo! thy mother is
wraw:⁴

Forsooth, such another I do not know! 210

SHEM. Father, I shall fetch her in, I
trow,

Without any fail.

Mother, my father after thee sent,
And bids thee into yonder ship wend.

Look up and see the wind, 215
For we be ready to sail.

NOAH'S WIFE. Son, go again to him and
say

I will not come therein today.

NOAH. Come in, wife, in twenty devils'
way!

Or else stand there without. 220

HAM. Shall we all fetch her in?

NOAH. Yea, sons, in Christ's blessing
and mine!

I would you hied you betime,
For of this flood I am in doubt.⁵

THE GOOD GOSSIPS. [*They sing.*]

The flood comes in full fleeting fast, 225

On every side it spreadeth full far;

For fear of drowning I am aghast,

Good gossip, let us draw near.

And let us drink ere we depart,

For oftentimes we have done so; 230

For at a draught thou drink'st a quart,

And so will I do, ere I go.

JAPHET. Mother, we pray you altogether,
For we are here, your own children,

Come into the ship for fear of the weather,
For his love that you bought. 236

NOAH'S WIFE. That will I not for all your
call,

Unless I have my gossips all.

SHEM. In faith, mother, yet you shall,

Whether you will or not! 240
[*Then she will go.*]

NOAH. Welcome, wife, into this boat!

NOAH'S WIFE. And have thou that for
thy mote!⁶

[*She deals Noah a blow.*]

NOAH. Aha, marry, this is hot!

It is good to be still.

Ah, children, methinks my boat removes!

Our tarrying here hugely me grieves; 246
Over the land the water spreads—

God do as he will!

Ah, great God that art so good,

He that works not thy will is wood?⁷ 250

Now all this world is in a flood,

As I see well in sight;

This window I will shut anon,

And into my chamber will I gone,

Till this water, so great one, 255

Be slakèd through thy might.

*Then let Noah shut the window of the ark,
and let them, remaining within for a
short time, sing the psalm "Save me,
O God;" then let Noah open the win-
dow and look around.*

¹ bittorn.

² go—an infinitive.

³ for God's sake.

⁴ angry.

⁵ fear.

⁶ chatter.

⁷ mad.

Now forty days are fully gone.
 Send a raven I will anon,
 To see if anywhere, earth, tree, or stone,
 Be dry in any place; 260
 And if this fowl come not again,
 It is a sign, sooth to sayne,¹
 That dry it is on hill or plain,
 And God hath done some grace.

*Then let him send out the raven, and taking
 a dove in his hands, let him speak.*

Ah, Lord, wherever this raven be, 265
 Somewhere is dry, well I see.
 But yet a dove, by my loyalty,
 After I will send.
 Thou wilt turn again to me,
 * * * * *
 For of all fowls that may fly, 270
 Thou art most meek and hend.²

*Then he shall put forth the dove, and there
 shall be on the ship another dove bearing
 an olive branch in her mouth, which
 someone shall let down from the mast
 by a cord into Noah's hand, and
 afterwards let Noah speak.*

Ah, Lord, blessed be thou aye,
 That me hast comforted thus today!
 By this sight I may well say
 This flood begins to cease: 275
 My sweet dove to me brought has
 A branch of olive from some place;
 This betokeneth God has done us some
 grace,
 And is a sign of peace.

Ah, Lord, honored may thou be! 280
 All earth dries now, I see,
 But yet till thou commandest me,
 Hence will I not hie.
 All this water is away;
 Therefore as soon as I may, 285
 Sacrifice I shall do in fay³
 To thee devoutly.

God. Noah, take thy wife anon,
 And thy children every one;
 Out of the ship thou shalt gone 290
 And they all with thee;

Beasts and all that can fly
 Out anon they shall hie,
 On earth to grow and multiply;
 I will that it so be. 295

NOAH. Lord, I thank thee, through thy
 might,
 Thy bidding shall be done in hight,⁴
 And as fast as I may dight
 I will do thee honor,
 And to thee offer sacrifice. 300
 Therefore comes in all wise,
 For of these beasts that be his
 Offer I will this store.

*Then coming out of the ark with all his
 family Noah shall take his animals
 and fowls and make an offering, and
 sacrifice.*

Lord God in majesty,
 That such grace hast granted me 305
 Where all was lost, safe to be,
 Therefore now I am bowne,
 My wife, my children, my company,
 With sacrifice to honor thee,
 With beasts, fowls, as thou mayst see, 310
 Which I offer here right soon.

God. Noah, to me thou art full able,⁵
 And thy sacrifice acceptable,
 For I have found thee true and stable;
 On thee must I now mind.⁶ 315
 Curse earth will I no more
 For man's sin that grieves me sore,
 For of youth man full yore
 Has been inclined to sin.

You shall now grow and multiply, 320
 And earth again you shall edify;
 Each beast and fowl that may fly
 Shall be afraid of you;
 And fish in sea that may flytte⁷
 Shall sustain you, I you behite;⁸ 325
 To eat of them do not let,⁹
 That clean be you may know.

Whereas you have eaten before
 Grass and roots since you were born,
 Of clean beasts, less and more, 330
 I give you leave to eat;

¹ say.² gentle.³ faith.⁴ haste.
⁷ swim.⁶ pleasing.
⁸ promise.⁹ think.
⁹ hesitate.

Save blood and flesh both in fere¹
 Of wrong dead carrion that is here:
 Eat not of that in no manner,
 For that aye shall you let.² 335

Manslaughter also you shall flee,
 For that is not pleasant to me.
 That sheds blood, he or she,
 Anywhere amongst mankind,
 That blood foully shed shall be, 340
 And vengeance have that men shall see.
 Therefore beware now all ye,
 You fall not in that sin.

A foreword³ now with thee I make,
 And all thy seed for thy sake, 345
 From such vengeance for to slake,
 For now I have my will;
 Here I promise thee a hest:⁴
 That man, woman, fowl nor beast
 With water, while the world shall last, 350
 I will no more spill.⁵

My bow between you and me
 In the firmament shall be,
 For very token that you may see
 That such vengeance shall cease; 355
 That man nor woman shall never more
 Be wasted by water, as before;
 But for sin, that grieveth me sore,
 Therefore this vengeance was.

Where clouds in the welkin been⁶ 360
 That same bow shall be seen,
 In token that my wrath and teen⁷
 Shall never thus wreaked be;
 The string is turned toward you,
 And toward me is bent the bow, 365
 That such weather shall never show,
 And this promise I thee.

My blessing now I give thee here,
 To thee, Noah, my servant dear,
 For vengeance shall no more appear. 370
 And now, farewell, my darling dear.

THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH POPULAR BALLADS

EDWARD

1. "Why dois your brand sae drap wi
 bluid,

Edward, Edward.

¹ together.
⁴ assurance.

² leave alone.
⁵ destroy.

⁶ be.

³ covenant.
⁷ anger.

Why dois your brand sae drap wi
 bluid,

And why sae sad gang yee O?"
 "O I hae killed my hauke sae guid,
 Mither, mither,
 O I hae killed my hauke sae guid,
 And I had nae mair bot⁸ hee O."

2. "Your haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,
 Edward, Edward,
 Your haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,
 My deir son I tell thee O."
 "O I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
 Mither, mither,
 O I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
 That erst was sae fair and frie O."

3. "Your steid was auld, and ye hae got
 mair,
 Edward, Edward,
 Your steid was auld, and ye hae got
 mair,
 Sum other dule⁹ ye drie¹⁰ O."
 "O I hae killed my fadir deir,
 Mither, mither,
 O I hae killed my fadir deir,
 Alas, and wae is mee O!"

4. "And whatten penance wul ye drie for
 that,
 Edward, Edward,
 And whatten penance will ye drie for
 that?
 My deir son, now tell me O."
 "Ile set my feit in yonder boat,
 Mither, mither,
 Ile set my feit in yonder boat,
 And Ile fare ovir the sea O."

5. "And what wul ye doe wi your towirs
 and your ha,
 Edward, Edward?
 And what wul ye doe wi your towirs
 and your ha,
 That were sae fair to see O?"
 "Ile let thame stand tul they down fa,
 Mither, mither,
 Ile let thame stand tul they down fa,
 For here nevir mair maun¹¹ I bee O."

6. "And what wul ye leive to your bairns
 and your wife,
 Edward, Edward?

⁸ but.

⁹ grief.

¹⁰ suffer.

¹¹ must.

And what wul ye leive to your bairns
and your wife,
Whan ye gang ovir the sea O?"
"The warldis room, late them beg
thrae¹ life,

Mither, mither,
The warldis room, late them beg thrae
life,
For thame nevir mair wul I see O."

7. "And what wul ye leive to your ain
mither deir,

Edward, Edward?
And what wul ye leive to your ain
mither deir?

My deir son, now tell me O."
"The curse of hell frae me sall ye beir,
Mither, mither,
The curse of hell frae me sall ye beir,
Sic counsels ye gave to me O."

KEMP OWYNE

1. Her mother died when she was young,
Which gave her cause to make great
moan;
Her father married the warst woman
That ever lived in Christendom.

2. She servèd her with foot and hand,
In every thing that she could dee,²
Till once, in an unlucky time,
She threw her in ower Craigy's sea.

3. Says, "Lie you there, dove Isabel,
And all my sorrows lie with thee;
Till Kemp Owyne come ower the sea,
And borrow³ you with kisses three
Let all the world do what they will,
Oh borrowed shall you never be!"

4. Her breath grew strang, her hair grew
lang,
And twisted thrice about the tree,
And all the people, far and near,
Thought that a savage beast was
she.

5. These news did come to Kemp Owyne,
Where he lived, far beyond the sea;
He hasted him to Craigy's sea,
And on the savage beast lookd he.

¹ through.² do.³ rescue.

6. Her breath was strang, her hair was
lang,
And twisted was about the tree,
And with a swing she came about:
"Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss
with me.

7. "Here is a royal belt," she cried,
"That I have found in the green sea;
And while your body it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I vow my belt your death shall be."

8. He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal belt he brought him wi;
Her breath was strang, her hair was
lang,
And twisted twice about the tree,
And with a swing she came about:
"Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss
with me.

9. "Here is a royal ring," she said,
"That I have found in the green sea;
And while your finger it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I swear my ring your death shall be."

10. He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal ring he brought him wi;
Her breath was strang, her hair was
lang,
And twisted ance about the tree,
And with a swing she came about:
"Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss
with me.

11. "Here is a royal brand," she said,
"That I have found in the green sea;
And while your body it is on,
Drawn shall your blood never be;
But if you touch me, tail or fin,
I swear my brand your death shall
be."

12. He stepped in, gave her a kiss,
The royal brand he brought him wi;
Her breath was sweet, her hair grew
short,
And twisted nane about the tree,
And smilingly she came about,
As fair a woman as fair could be.

SIR PATRICK SPENS

1. The king sits in Dumferling toune,
Drinking the blude-reid wine:
"O whar will I get guid sailor,
To sail this schip of mine?"
2. Up and spak an eldern knicht,
Sat at the kings richt kne:
"Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor,
That sails upon the se."
3. The king has written a braid letter,
And signd it wi his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the sand.
4. The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauchèd he;
The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The teir blinded his ee.
5. "O wha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me,
To send me out this time o' the yeir,
To sail upon the se!
6. "Mak hast, mak haste, my mirry men
all,
Our guid schip sails the morne:"
"O say na sae, my master deir,
For I feir a deadlie storme.
7. "Late, late yestreen I saw the new
moone,
Wi the auld moone in hir arme,
And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
That we will cum to harme."
8. O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
To weet their cork-heild schoone;
Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,
Thair hats their swam aboone.¹
9. O lang, lang may their ladies sit,
Wi thair fans into their hand,
Or eir² they se Sir Patrick Spence
Cum sailing to the land.
10. O lang, lang may the ladies stand,
Wi thair gold kems in their hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
For they'll se thame na mair.

¹ above.² before.

11. Haf owre, haf owre to Aberdour,
It's fiftie fadom deip,
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
Wi the Scots lords at his feit.

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

1. There lived a wife at Usher's Well,
And a wealthy wife was she;
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them oer the sea.
2. They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely ane,
When word came to the carline³ wife
That her three sons were gane.
3. They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely three,
When word came to the carlin wife
That her sons she'd never see.
4. "I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor fashes⁴ in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me,
In earthly flesh and blood."
5. It fell about the Martinmass,
When nights are lang and mirk,⁵
The carlin wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o the birk.⁶
6. It neither grew in syke⁷ nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheugh,⁸
But at the gates o Paradise,
That birk grew fair eneugh.
* * * * *
7. "Blow up the fire, my maidens,
Bring water from the well;
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well."
8. And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide,
And she's taen her mantle her about
Sat down at the bed-side.
* * * * *
9. Up then crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the gray;
The eldest to the youngest said,
" 'Tis time we were away."

³ peasant. ⁴ storms. ⁵ dark. ⁶ birch. ⁷ trench. ⁸ furrow.

10. The cock he hadna craw'd but once,
And clappd his wings at a',
When the youngest to the eldest said,
"Brother, we must awa.
11. "The cock doth crawl, the day doth
daw,
The channerin¹ worm doth chide;
Gin² we be mist out o our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.
12. "Fare ye weel, my mother dear!
Fareweel to barn and byre!³
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass
That kindles my mother's fire!"

ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GIS-
BORNE

1. When shawes⁴ beene sheene,⁵ and
shradd⁶ full fayre,
And leeves both large and longe,
Itt is merry, walking in the fayre
fforrest,
To heare the small birds songe.
2. The woodweele⁷ sang, and wold not
cease,
Amongst the leaves a lyne:⁸
And it is by two wight⁹ yeomen,
By deare God, that I meane.
- * * * * *
3. "Me thought they did mee beate
and binde,
And tooke my bowe mee froe;
If I bee Robin alive in this lande,
I'll be wrocken¹⁰ on both them
towe."
4. "Sweavens¹¹ are swift, master," quoth
John,
"As the wind that blowes ore a hill;
Ffor if itt be never soe lowde this
night,
To-morrow it may be still."
5. "Buske¹² yee, bowne¹³ yee, my merry
men all,
Ffor John shall goe with mee;
For I'll goe seeke yond wight yeomen
In greenwood where the¹⁴ bee."

¹ impatient.⁴ thickets.⁷ woodlark.⁹ sturdy.¹² make ready.² if.⁵ beautiful.⁸ of the linden tree.¹⁰ avenged.¹³ dress yourselves.³ stable.⁶ copces.¹¹ dreams.¹⁴ they.

6. The cast on their gowne of greene,
A shooting gone are they,
Untill they came to the merry green-
wood,
Where they had gladdest bee;
There were they ware of [a] wight
yeoman,
His body leaned to a tree.
7. A sword and a dagger he wore by his
side,
Had beene many a man's bane,
And he was cladd in his capull-hyde,¹⁵
Topp, and tayle, and mayne.
8. "Stand you still, master," quoth
Litle John,
"Under this trusty tree,
And I will goe to yond wight yeoman,
To know his meaning trulye."
9. "A, John, by me thou setts noe store,
And that's a farley¹⁶ thinge;
How oft send I my men beffore,
And tarry my-selfe behinde?"
10. "It is noe cunning a knave to ken,
And a man but heare him speake;
And itt were not for bursting of my
bowe,
John, I wold thy head breake."
11. But often words they breeden bale;¹⁷
That parted Robin and John;
John is gone to Barn[e]sdale,
The gates¹⁸ he knowes eche one.
12. And when hee came to Barnesdale,
Great heavynesse there hee hadd;
He ffound two of his fellows
Were slaine both in a slade,¹⁹
13. And Scarlett a-fooote flyinge was,
Over stockes and stone,
For the sheriffe with seven score men
Fast after him is gone.
14. "Yett one shoote I'll shoote," sayes
Litle John,
"With Crist his might and mayne;
I'll make yond fellow that flyes soe
fast
To be both glad and ffaine."

¹⁵ horse-hide. ¹⁶ wonderful. ¹⁷ evil. ¹⁸ ways. ¹⁹ valley.

15. John bent up a good veiwe¹ bow,
And fetteled² him to shoote;
The bow was made of a tender boughe,
And fell downe to his foote.
16. "Woe worth thee, wicked wood," sayd
Litle John,
"That ere thou grew on a tree!
Ffor this day thou art my bale,
My boote³ when thou shold bee!"
17. This shoote it was but looselye shott,
The arrowe flew in vaine,
And it mett one of the sheriffes men;
Good William a Trent was slaine.
18. It had beene better for William a
Trent
To hange upon a gallowe
Then for to lye in the greenwoode,
There slaine with an arrowe.
19. And it is sayd, when men be mett,
Six can doe more then three:
And they have tane Litle John,
And bound him fast to a tree.
20. "Thou shalt be drawn by dale and
downe," quoth the sheriffe,
"And hanged hye on a hill;"
"But thou may ffayle," quoth Litle
John,
"If itt be Christ's owne will."
21. Let us leave talking of Litle John,
For hee is bound fast to a tree,
And talke of Guy and Robin Hood
In the green woode where they bee.
22. How these two yeomen together they
mett,
Under the leaves of lyne,
To see what marchandise⁴ they made
Even at that same time.
23. "Good morrow, good fellow," quoth
Sir Guy;
"Good morrow, good ffellow," quoth
hee;
"Methinkes by this bow thou beares
in thy hand,
A good archer thou seems to bee."
24. "I am wilfull of my way," quoth Sir
Guye,
"And of my morning tyde:"
"I'le lead thee through the wood,"
quoth Robin,
"Good ffellow, I'le be thy guide."
25. "I seeke an outlaw," quoth Sir Guye,
"Men call him Robin Hood;
I had rather meet with him upon a day
Than forty pound of golde."
26. "If you tow mett, itt wold be seene
whether were better
Afore yee did part awaye;
Let us some other pastime find,
Good ffellow, I thee pray.
27. "Let us some other masteryes make,
And wee will walke in the woods
even;
Wee may chance mee[t] with Robin
Hooode
Att some unsett steven."⁵
28. They cutt them downe the summer
shroggs⁶
Which grew both under a bryar,
And sett them three score rood in
twin,⁷
To shoote the prickes full neare.
29. "Leade on, good ffellow," sayd Sir
Guye,
"Lead on, I doe bidd thee:"
"Nay, by my faith," quoth Robin
Hood,
"The leader thou shalt bee."
30. The first good shoot that Robin ledd,
Did not shoote an inch the pricke
ffroe;
Guy was an archer good enough,
But he cold neere shoote soe.
31. The second shoote Sir Guy shott,
He shott within the garlande;
But Robin Hooode shott it better than
hee,
For he clove the good pricke-
wande.

¹ yew.² made ready.³ help.⁴ dealing.⁵ time not fixed.⁶ rods.⁷ apart.

32. "Gods blessing on thy heart!" sayes
Guye,
"Goode fellow, thy shooting is
goode;
For an thy hart be as good as thy
hands,
Thou were better than Robin Hood.
33. "Tell me thy name, good fellow,"
quoth Guy,
"Under the leaves of lyne:"
"Nay, by my faith," quoth good
Robin,
"Till thou have told me thine."
34. "I dwell by dale and downe," quoth
Guye,
"And I have done many a curst
turne;
And he that calles me by my right
name,
Calles me Guye of good Gysborne."
35. "My dwelling is in the wood," sayes
Robin;
"By thee I set right nought;
My name is Robin Hood of Barnes-
dale,
A fellow thou has long sought."
36. He that had neither beene a kithe nor
kin
Might have seene a full fayre sight,
To see how together these yeomen
went,
With blades both browne and
bright;
37. To have seene how these yeomen to-
gether foug[ht]
Two howers of a summer's day;
Itt was neither Guy nor Robin Hood
That flettled¹ them to flye away.
38. Robin was reacheles on² a roote,
And stumbled at that tyde,
And Guy was quicke and nimble
with-all,
And hitt him ore the left side.
39. "Ah, deere Lady!" sayd Robin
Hooe,
"Thou art both mother and may!"³
I thinke it was never mans destinye
To dye before his day."
40. Robin thought on Our Lady deere,
And soone leapt up againe,
And thus he came with an awkwarde⁴
stroke;
Good Sir Guy hee has slayne.
41. He tooke Sir Guys head by the hayre,
And stuck itt on his bowes end:
"Thou hast beene traytor all thy liffe,
Which thing must have an ende."
42. Robin pulled forth an Irish kniffe,
And nicked Sir Guy in the fface,
That hee was never on a woman borne
Cold tell who Sir Guye was.
43. Saies, "Lye there, lye there, good Sir
Guye,
And with me be not wrothe;
If thou have had the worse stroakes at
my hand,
Thou shalt have the better cloathe."
44. Robin did off his gowne of greene,
Sir Guye hee did it throwe;
And hee put on that capull-hyde
That cladd him topp to toe.
45. "The bowe, the arrowes, and litle
horne,
And with me now I'le beare;
For now I will goe to Barne[s]dale,
To see how my men doe fiare."
46. Robin sette Guyes horne to his mouth,
A lowd blast in it he did blow;
That beheard the sheriffe of Notting-
ham,
As he leaned under a lowe.⁵
47. "Hearken! hearken!" sayd the sheriffe,
"I heard noe tydings but good;
For yonder I heare Sir Guyes horne
blowe,
For he hath slaine Robin Hooe.
48. "For yonder I heare Sir Guyes horne
blow,
Itt blowes soe well in tyde,
For yonder comes that wighty yeo-
man,
Cladd in his capull-hyde.

¹ prepared.² careless of.³ maid.⁴ backhanded.⁵ hill.

49. "Come hither, thou good Sir Guy,
Aske of mee what thou wilt have:"
"I'le none of thy gold," sayes Robin
Hood,
"Nor I'le none of itt have."
50. "But now I have slaine the master,"
he sayd,
"Let me goe strike the knave;
This is all the reward I aske,
Nor noe other will I have."
51. "Thou art a madman," said the
shiriffe,
"Thou sholdest have had a knights
fee;
Seeing thy asking [hath] beene soe
badd,
Well granted it shall be."
52. But Litle John heard his master
speake,
Well he knew that was his steven;¹
"Now shall I be loset," quoth Litle
John,
"With Christ's might in heaven."
53. But Robin hee hyed him towards Litle
John,
Hee thought hee wold loose him
belive;²
The sheriffe and all his companye
Fast after him did drive.
54. "Stand abacke! stand abacke!" sayd
Robin;
"Why draw you mee soe neere?
Itt was never the use in our cuntrye
One's shrift another shold heere."
55. But Robin pulled forth an Irysh kniffe,
And losed John hand and ffoote,
And gave him Sir Guyes bow in his
hand,
And bade it be his boote.³
56. But John tooke Guyes bow in his
hand—
His arrowes were rawstye⁴ by the
roote;
The sherriffe saw Litle John draw a
bow
And fettle him to shoote. .

57. Towards his house in Nottingham
He fled ful fast away,
And soe did all his companye,
Not one behind did stay.
58. But he cold neither soe fast goe,
Nor away soe fast runn,
But Litle John, with an arrow broade,
Did cleave his heart in twinn.

ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH AND BURIAL

1. When Robin Hood and Little John
Down a down a down a down
Went oer yon bank of broom
Said Robin Hood bold to Little
John,
"We have shot for many a pound."
Hey, etc.
2. "But I am not able to shoot one shot
more,
My broad arrows will not flee;
But I have a cousin lives down below,
Please God, she will bleed me."
3. Now Robin he is to fair Kirkly gone,
As fast as he can win;
But before he came there, as we do
hear,
He was taken very ill.
4. And when he came to fair Kirkly-hall,
He knockd all at the ring,
But none was so ready as his cousin
herself
For to let bold Robin in.
5. "Will you please to sit down, cousin
Robin," she said,
"And drink some beer with me?"
"No, I will neither eat nor drink,
Till I am blooded by thee."
6. "Well, I have a room, cousin Robin,"
she said,
"Which you did never see,
And if you please to walk therein,
You blooded by me shall be."
7. She took him by the lily-white hand,
And led him to a private room,
And there she blooded bold Robin
Hood,
While one drop of blood would run
down.

¹ voice.² quickly.³ help.⁴ soiled.

8. She blooded him in a vein of the arm,
And locked him up in the room;
Then did he bleed all the live-long day,
Until the next day at noon.
9. He then bethought him of a casement
there,
Thinking for to get down;
But was so weak he could not leap,
He could not get him down.
10. He then bethought him of his bugle-
horn,
Which hung low down to his knee;
He set his horn unto his mouth,
And blew out weak blasts three.
11. Then Little John, when hearing him,
As he sat under a tree,
"I fear my master is now near dead,
He blows so wearily."
12. Then Little John to fair Kirkly is gone,
As fast as he can dree;
But when he came to Kirkly-hall,
He broke locks two or three:
13. Until he came bold Robin to see,
Then he fell on his knee;
"A boon, a boon," cries Little John,
"Master, I beg of thee."
14. "What is that boon," said Robin
Hood,
"Little John, [thou] begs of me?"
"It is to burn fair Kirkly-hall,
And all their nunnery."
15. "Now nay, now nay," quoth Robin
Hood,
"That boon I'll not grant thee;
I never hurt woman in all my life,
Nor men in woman's company."
16. "I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
Nor at mine end shall it be;
But give me my bent bow in my hand,
And a broad arrow I'll let flee,
And where this arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave digged be."
17. "Lay me a green sod under my head,
And another at my feet;

And lay my bent bow by my side,
Which was my music sweet;
And make my grave of gravel and
green,
Which is most right and meet.

18. "Let me have length and breadth
enough,
With a green sod under my head;
That they may say, when I am dead,
Here lies bold Robin Hood."
19. These words they readily granted him,
Which did bold Robin please:
And there they buried bold Robin
Hood,
Within the fair Kirkleys.

THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT

1. The Persë owt off Northombarlonde,
and avowe to God mayd he
That he would hunte in the mown-
tayns
off Chyviat within days thre,
In the magger of¹ doughtë Dogles,
and all that ever with him be.
2. The fattiste hartes in all Cheviat
he sayd he wold kyll, and cary them
away:
"Be my feth," sayd the dougheti
Doglas agayn,
"I wyll let² that hontyng yf that I
may."
3. Then the Persë owt off Banborowe
cam,
with him a myghtee meany,³
With fifteen hondrith archares bold
off blood and bone;
the⁴ wear chosen owt of shyars thre.
4. This begane on a Monday at morn,
in Cheviat the hillys so he;⁵
The chylde may rue that ys unborn,
it wos the more pittë.
5. The dryvars thorowe the woodës went,
for to reas the dear;
Bomen byckarte⁶ uppone the bent⁷
with ther browd aros cleare.

¹ despite.
² high.

³ hinder.
⁴ hunted.

⁵ crowd.
⁷ field.

⁶ they.

6. Then the wyld¹ thorowe the woodës
went,
on every syde shear;²
Greahondës thorowe the grevis³
glent,⁴
for to kyll thear dear.
7. This begane in Chyviat the hyls
abone,⁵
yerly on a Monnyn-day;
Be that⁶ it drewe to the oware off
none,⁷
a hondrith fat hartës ded ther lay.
8. The⁸ blewe a mort⁹ uppone the bent,
the semblyde¹⁰ on sydis¹¹ shear;
To the querry then the Persë went,
to se the brytlynge¹² off the deare.
9. He sayd, "It was the Duglas promys,
this day to met me hear;
But I wyste he wolde faylle, vera-
ment;"
a great oth the Persë swear.
10. At the laste a squyar off Northomber-
londe
lokyde at his hand full ny;
He was war a the doughetie Doglas
commynge,
with him a myghttë meany.
11. Both with spear, bylle, and brande,
yt was a myghtti sight to se;
Hardyar men, both off hart nor hande,
wear not in Cristiantë.
12. The wear twenti hondrith spear-men
good,
withoute any feale;
The wear borne along be the watter a
Twyde,
yth¹³ bowndës of Tividale.
13. "Leave of the brytlyng of the dear,"
he sayd,
"and to your boys¹⁴ lock ye tayk
good hede;
For never sithe ye wear on your
mothars borne
had ye never so mickle nede."
14. The dougheti Dogglas on a stede,
he rode alle his men beforne;
His armor glytteryde as dyd a glede,¹⁵
a boldar barne¹⁶ was never born.
15. "Tell me whos men ye ar," he says,
"or whos men that ye be:
Who gave youe leave to hunte in this
Chyviat chays,
in the spyt of myn and of me."
16. The first mane that ever him an
answear mayd,
yt was the good lord Persë:
"We wyll not tell the whoys men
we ar," he says,
"nor whos men that we be;
But we wyll hounte hear in this chays,
in the spyt of thyne and of the.
17. "The fattiste hartës in all Chyviat
we have kyld, and cast to carry
them away."
"Be my troth," sayd the doughetë
Dogglas agay[n],
"therfor the ton¹⁷ of us shall de this
day."
18. Then sayd the doughetë Doglas
unto the lord Persë:
"To kyll alle thes giltles men,
alas, it wear great pittë!
19. "But, Persë, thowe art a lord of lande,
I am a yerle callyd within my contrë;
Let all our men uppone a parti stande,
and do the battell off the and of
me."
20. "Nowe Cristes cors on his crowne,"
sayd the lord Persë,
"who-so-ever ther-to says nay!
Be my troth, doughetë Doglas," he
says,
"thow shalt never se that day,
21. "Nethar in Ynglonde, Skottlonde, nar
France,
nor for no man of a woman born,
But, and fortune be my chance,
I dar met him, on man for on."

¹ deer. ² several. ³ groves. ⁴ darted. ⁵ above.
⁶ by the time that. ⁷ hour of noon. ⁸ they.
⁹ a blast of the horn announcing the deer's death.
¹⁰ met. ¹¹ hillsides. ¹² butchering. ¹³ in the. ¹⁴ bows.

¹⁵ coal of fire.¹⁶ man.¹⁷ one.

22. Then bespayke a squyar off Northom-
barlonde,
Richard Wytharyngton was his
nam:
"It shall never be told in Sothe-
Ynglonde," he says,
"to Kyng Herry the Fourth for
sham.
23. "I wat youe byn great lordes twaw,
I am a poor squyar of lande:
I wylle never se my captayne fyght on
a fylde,
and stande my selffe and loocke on,
But whylle I may my weppone welde,
I wylle not [fayle] both hart and
hande."
24. That day, that day, that dredfull day!
the first fit¹ here I fynde;
And youe wyll here any mor a the
hountyng a the Chyviat,
yet ys ther mor behynde.
25. The Yngglyshe men hade ther bowys
yebent,
ther hartes wer good yenoughe;
The first off arros that the shote off,
seven skore spear-men the sloughe.²
26. Yet byddys the yerle Doglas uppon
the bent,
a captayne good yenoughe,
And that was sene verament,
for he wrought hom both woo and
wouche.³
27. The Dogglas partyd his ost in thre,
lyk a cheffe cheften off pryde;
With suar⁴ spears off myghttē tre,
the cum in on every syde:
28. Thrughe our Yngglyshe archery
gave many a wounde fulle wyde;
many a doughetē the garde⁵ to dy,
which ganyde them no pryde.
29. The Ynglyshe men let ther boÿs be,
and pulde owt brandes that wer
bryghte;
It was a hevy syght to se
bryght swordes on basnites⁶ lyght.
30. Thorowe ryche male and myneyeple,⁷
many sterne⁸ the strocke done⁹
streght;
Many a freyke¹⁰ that was fulle fre,
ther undar foot dyd lyght.
31. At last the Duglas and the Persē met,
lyk to captayns of myght and of
mayne;
The swapte¹¹ togethar tylle the both
swat,¹²
with swordes that wear of fyn
myllan.¹³
32. Thes worthē freckys for to fyght,
ther-to the wear fulle fayne,
Tylle the bloode owte off thear
basnetes sprete
as ever dyd heal¹⁴ or ra[y]n.
33. "Yelde the, Persē," sayde the Doglas,
"and i feth I shalle the brynge
Wher thowe shalte have a yerls wagis
of Jamy our Skottish kyng.
34. "Thou shalte have thy ransom fre,
I hight¹⁵ the hear this thinge;
For the manfullyste man yet art
thowe
that ever I conqueryd in filde
fighttynge."
35. "Nay," sayd the lord Persē,
"I tolde it the beforne,
That I wolde never yeldyde be
to no man of a woman born."
36. With that ther cam an arrowe hastily,
forthe off a myghttē wane;¹⁶
Hit hathe strekene the yerle Duglas
in at the brest-bane.
37. Thorowe lyvar¹⁷ and longēs bathe¹
the sharpe arrowe ys gane,
That never after in all his lyffe-days
he spayke mo wordēs but ane:
That was, "Fyghte ye, my myrry
men, whylls ye may,
for my lyff-days ben gan."
38. The Persē leanyde on his brande,
and sawe the Duglas de;
He tooke the dede mane by the hande,
and sayd, "Wo ys me for the!

¹ division of the story, chapter.⁴ trusty.² slew.³ made.⁵ harm.⁶ helmets.⁷ gauntlet.¹¹ smote.¹² bid.⁸ stern men.¹³ sweated.¹⁴ number.⁹ down.¹⁰ Milan steel.¹¹ liver.¹² bold man.¹³ hail.¹⁴ both.

39. "To have savyde thy lyffe, I wolde
have partyde with
my landes for years thre,
For a better man, of hart nare of
hande,
was nat in all the north contrë."
40. Off all that se a Skottishe knyght,
was callyd Ser Hewe the Monggom-
byrry;
He sawe the Duglas to the deth was
dyght,
he spendyd¹ a spear, a trusti tre.
41. He rod uppone a corsiare
throughe a hondrith archery:
He never stynttyde,² nar never
blane,³
tylle he cam to the good lord Persë.
42. He set uppone the lorde Persë
a dynte that was full soare;
With a suar spear of a myghttë tre
clean thorow the body he the Persë
ber,
43. A the tothar syde that a man myght se
a large cloth-yard and mare:
Towe bettar captayns wear nat in
Cristiantë
then that day slan wear ther.
44. An archar off Northomberlonde
say⁴ slean was the lord Persë;
He bar a bende bowe in his hand,
was made off trusti tre.
45. An arow, that a cloth-yarde was lang,
to the harde stele halyde⁵ he;
A dynt that was both sad and soar
he sat⁶ on Ser Hewe the Monggom-
byrry.
46. The dynt yt was both sad and sar,
that he of Monggomberry sete;
The swane-fethars that his arrowe bar
with his hart-blood the wear wete.
47. Ther was never a freake wone⁷ foot
wolde fle,
but still in stour⁸ dyd stand,
Heawyng on yche othar, whylle the
myghte dre,⁹
with many a balfull brande.
48. This battell begane in Chyviat
an owar befor the none,
And when even-songe bell was rang,
the battell was nat half done.
49. The tocke . . . on ethar hande¹⁰
be the lyght off the mone;
Many hade no strenght for to stande,
in Chyviat the hillys abon.
50. Of fifteen hondrith archars of Yng-
londe
went away but seventi and thre;
Of twenti hondrith spear-men of
Skotlonde,
but even five and fifti.
51. But all wear slayne Cheviat within;
the hade no streng[th]e to stand on
hy;
The chylde may rue that ys unborne,
it was the mor pittë.
52. Thear was slayne, withe the lord
Persë,
Sir Johan of Agerstone,
Ser Rogar, the hinde¹¹ Hartly,
Ser Wyllyam, the bolde Hearone.
53. Ser Jorg, the worthë Loumle,
a knyghte of great renowen,
Ser Raff, the ryche Rugbe,
with dyntes wear beaten dowene.
54. For Wetharryngton my harte was
wo,
that ever he slayne shulde be;
For when both his leggis wear hewyne
in to,¹²
yet he knyled and fought on hys
kny.
55. Ther was slayne, with the dougheti
Duglas,
Ser Hewe the Monggombyrry,
Ser Davy Lwdale, that worthë was,
his sistars son was he.
56. Ser Charls a Murrë in that place,
that never a foot wolde fle;
Ser Hewe Maxwelle, a lorde he was,
with the Doglas dyd he dey.

¹ placed in rest.⁴ saw.
⁷ one.² stopped.⁶ drew.
⁸ fight.³ hesitated.⁵ shot.
⁹ hold out.¹⁰ The line is unintelligible.¹¹ courteous.¹² two.

57. So on the morrowe the mayde them
byears
off birch and hasell so g[r]ay;
Many wedous, with wepyng tears,
cam to fache ther makys¹ away.
58. Tivydale may carpe² off care,
Northombarlond may mayk great
mon,
For towe such captayns as slayne wear
thear,
on the March-parti³ shall never be
non.
59. Word ys commen to Eddenburrowe,
to Jamy the Skottische kyng,
That dougheti Douglas, lyff-tenant of
the Marches,
he lay sleane Chyviot within.
60. His handdës dyd he weal⁴ and wryng,
he sayd, "Alas, and woe ys me!
Such an othar captayn Skotland
within,"
he sayd, "ye-feth shuld never be."
61. Worde ys commyn to lovly Londone,
till the fourth Harry our kyng,
That lord Persë, leyff-tenante of the
Marchis,
he lay slayne Chyviat within.
62. "God have merci on his solle," sayde
Kyng Harry,
"good Lord, yf thy will it be!
I have a hondrith captayns in Yng-
londe," he sayd,
"as good as ever was he:
But, Persë, and I brook⁵ my lyffe,
thy deth well quyte shall be."
63. As our noble kyng mayd his avowe,
lyke a noble prince of renowen,
For the deth of the lord Persë
he dyde the battell of Hombyll-
down;
64. Wher syx and thrittë Skottische
knyghtes
on a day wear beaten down:
Glendale glytteryde on ther armor
bryght,
over castille, towar, and town.

¹ mates, husbands.
⁴ clench.

² talk.

³ the border-lands.
⁵ enjoy.

65. This was the hontynge off the Cheviat,
that tear begane this spurn,⁶
Old men that knowen the grownde
well yenoughe
call it the battell of Otterburn.
66. At Otterburn begane this spurne
uppon a Monnynday;
Ther was the doughtë Douglas sleane,
the Persë never went away.
67. Ther was never a tym on the Marche-
partës
sen the Douglas and the Persë met,
But yt ys mervele and the rede blude
ronne not,
as the reane⁷ doys in the stret.
68. Jhesue Crist our balys⁸ betel⁹
and to the blys us bryngel
Thus was the hountynge of the Chiv-
yat:
God sent us allë good endying!

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL

- Hie upon Hielands
And low upon Tay
Bonnie George Campbell
Rade out on a day.
Saddled and bridled 5
And gallant rade he;
Hame came his gude horse,
But never cam he!
- Out cam his auld mither
Greeting fu' sair,¹⁰ 10
And out cam his bonnie bride
Rivin'¹¹ her hair.
Saddled and bridled
And booted rade he;
Toom¹² hame cam the saddle, 15
But never cam he!
- "My meadow lies green,
And my corn is unshorn;
My barn is to big,¹³
And my babie's unborn." 20
Saddled and bridled
And booted rade he;
Toom hame cam the saddle,
But never cam he!

⁶ This line is unintelligible.

⁹ relieve.

¹¹ tearing.

⁷ rain.

¹⁰ weeping sorely.

¹² to be built.

⁸ misfortunes.

SIR THOMAS MALORY (1400?-1470)

From LE MORTE DARTHUR

PREFACE OF WILLIAM CAXTON

After that I had accomplished and finished divers histories, as well of contemplation as of other historial and worldly acts of great conquerors and princes, and also certain books of ensamples and doctrine, many noble and divers gentlemen of this realm of England came and demanded me many and oftentimes, wherefore that I have not do made and imprint the noble history of the Saint Greal and of the [10 most renowned Christian king, first and chief of the three best Christian, and worthy, king Arthur, which ought most to be remembered among us Englishmen tofore all other Christian kings; for it is notoriously known through the universal world that there be nine worthy and the best that ever were, that is to wit three Paynims, three Jews, and three Christian men. As for the Paynims they were [20 tofore the Incarnation of Christ, which were named, the first Hector of Troy, of whom the history is come, both in ballad and in prose; the second Alexander the Great, and the third Julius Cæsar, Emperor of Rome, of whom the histories be well known and had. And as for the three Jews, which also were tofore the incarnation of our Lord, of whom the first was duke Joshua which brought the chil- [30 dren of Israel into the land of behest, the second David king of Jerusalem, and the third Judas Maccabæus. Of these three the Bible rehearseth all their noble histories and acts. And since the said incarnation have been three noble Christian men stalled and admitted through the universal world into the number of the nine best and worthy. Of whom was first the noble Arthur, whose noble acts I pur- [40 pose to write in this present book here following. The second was Charlemain, or Charles the Great, of whom the history is had in many places, both in French and in English. And the third and last was Godfrey of Boloine, of whose acts and life I made a book unto the excellent prince and king of noble memory, king Edward

the Fourth. The said noble gentlemen instantly required me to imprint the his- [50 tory of the said noble king and conqueror king Arthur, and of his knights, with the history of the Saint Greal, and of the death and ending of the said Arthur; affirming that I ought rather to imprint his acts and noble feats, than of Godfrey of Boloine, or any of the other eight, considering that he was a man born within this realm, and king and emperor of the same; and that there be in French divers and [60 many noble volumes of his acts, and also of his knights. To whom I answered, that divers men hold opinion that there was no such Arthur, and that all such books as been made of him be feigned and fables, because that some chronicles make of him no mention, nor remember him nothing, nor of his knights. Whereto they answered, and one in special said, that in him that should say or think that there [70 was never such a king called Arthur, might well be aretted great folly and blindness. For he said that there were many evidences of the contrary. First ye may see his sepulchre in the monastery of Glastingbury. And also in *Polichronicon*, in the fifth book the sixth chapter, and in the seventh book the twenty-third chapter, where his body was buried, and after found, and translated into the [80 said monastery. Ye shall see also in the history of Bochas in his book *De Casu Principum* part of his noble acts, and also of his fall. Also Galfridus in his British book recounteth his life; and in divers places of England many remembrances be yet of him and shall remain perpetually, and also of his knights. First in the abbey of Westminster, at Saint Edward's shrine, remaineth the print of his seal in red [90 wax closed in beryl, in which is written *Patricius Arthurus, Britannie, Gallie, Germanie, Dacie, Imperator*. Item in the castle of Dover ye may see Gawaine's skull and Cradok's mantle: at Winchester the Round Table: in other places Launcelot's sword and many other things. Then all these things considered, there can no man reasonably gainsay but that there was a king of this land named Arthur. [100 For in all places, Christian and heathen, he is reputed and taken for one of the

nine worthy, and the first of the three Christian men. And also he is more spoken of beyond the sea, more books made of his noble acts, than there be in England, as well in Dutch, Italian, Spanish, and Greekish, as in French. And yet of record remain in witness of him in Wales, in the town of Camelot, the great stones [110] and the marvelous works of iron lying under the ground, and royal vaults, which divers now living have seen. Wherefore it is a marvel why he is no more renowned in his own country, save only it accordeth to the Word of God, which saith that no man is accepted for a prophet in his own country.

Then all these things aforesaid alleged, I could not well deny but that there [120] was such a noble king named Arthur, and reputed one of the nine worthy, and first and chief of the Christian men. And many noble volumes be made of him and of his noble knights in French, which I have seen and read beyond the sea, which be not had in our maternal tongue. But in Welsh be many and also in French, and some in English, but nowhere nigh all. Wherefore, such as have late been [130] drawn out briefly into English I have after the simple conning that God hath sent to me, under the favor and correction of all noble lords and gentlemen, enprised to imprint a book of the noble histories of the said king Arthur, and of certain of his knights, after a copy unto me delivered, which copy Sir Thomas Malorye did take out of certain books of French, and reduced it into English. And I, accord- [140] ing to my copy, have done set it in print, to the intent that noble men may see and learn the noble acts of chivalry, the gentle and virtuous deeds that some knights used in those days, by which they came to honor, and how they that were vicious were punished and oft put to shame and rebuke; humbly beseeching all noble lords and ladies, with all other estates of what estate or degree they been of, that [150] shall see and read in this said book and work, that they take the good and honest acts in their remembrance, and to follow the same. Wherein they shall find many joyous and pleasant histories, and noble and renowned acts of humanity, gentle-

ness, and chivalry. For herein may be seen noble chivalry, courtesy, humanity, friendliness, hardiness, love, friendship, cowardice, murder, hate, virtue, and [160] sin. Do after the good and leave the evil, and it shall bring you to good fame and renown. And for to pass the time this book shall be pleasant to read in; but for to give faith and belief that all is true that is contained herein, ye be at your liberty; but all is written for our doctrine, and for to beware that we fall not to vice nor sin, but to exercise and follow virtue, by the which we may come and at- [170] tain to good fame and renown in this life, and after this short and transitory life to come unto everlasting bliss in heaven; the which He grant us that reigneth in heaven, the blessed Trinity. Amen.

BOOK XXI

CHAPTER IV

HOW BY MISADVENTURE OF AN ADDER THE BATTLE BEGAN, WHERE MORDRED WAS SLAIN, AND ARTHUR HURT TO THE DEATH

Then were they condescended that king Arthur and Sir Mordred should meet betwixt both their hosts, and every each of them should bring fourteen persons. And they came with this word unto Arthur. Then said he, I am glad that this is done. And so he went into the field. And when Arthur should depart, he warned all his host that and they see any sword drawn, Look ye come on fiercely, and slay [10] that traitor, Sir Mordred, for I in no wise trust him. In like wise Sir Mordred warned his host that, And ye see any sword drawn, look that ye come on fiercely, and so slay all that ever before you standeth: for in no wise I will not trust for this treaty, for I know well my father will be avenged upon me. And so they met as their pointment was, and so they were agreed and accorded thoroughly; and [20] wine was fetched, and they drank. Right so came an adder out of a little heath bush, and it stung a knight on the foot. And when the knight felt him stungen, he looked down and saw the adder, and then he drew his sword to slay the adder, and thought of none other harm. And

when the host on both parties saw that sword drawn, then they blew beames, trumpets, and horns, and shouted [30 grimly. And so both hosts dressed them together. And king Arthur took his horse, and said, Alas, this unhappy day, and so rode to his party; and Sir Mordred in like wise. And never was there seen a more dolefuller battle in no Christian land. For there was but rushing and riding, foining and striking, and many a grim word was there spoken either to other, and many a deadly stroke. But ever king Arthur [40 rode throughout the battle of Sir Mordred many times, and did full nobly as a noble king should, and at all times he fainted never. And Sir Mordred that day put him in devoir, and in great peril. And thus they fought all the long day, and never stinted, till the noble knights were laid to the cold ground, and ever they fought still, till it was near night, and by that time was there an hundred thousand laid [50 dead upon the down. Then was Arthur wroth out of measure, when he saw his people so slain from him.

Then the king looked about him, and then was he ware of all his host, and of all his good knights, were left no more on live but two knights, that was Sir Lucan the Butler, and his brother Sir Bedivere, and they were full sore wounded. Jesu mercy, said the king, where are all my [60 noble knights becomen? Alas, that ever I should see this doleful day. For now, said Arthur, I am come to mine end. But would to God that I wist where were that traitor Sir Mordred, that hath caused all this mischief. Then was king Arthur ware where Sir Mordred leaned upon his sword among a great heap of dead men. Now give me my spear, said Arthur unto Sir Lucan, for yonder I have espied the [70 traitor that all this woe hath wrought. Sir, let him be, said Sir Lucan, for he is unhappy; and if ye pass this unhappy day, ye shall be right well revenged upon him. Good lord, remember ye of your night's dream, and what the spirit of Sir Gawaine told you this night, yet God of his great goodness hath preserved you hitherto. Therefore, for God's sake, my lord, leave off by this. For, blessed be God, ye [80 have won the field, for here we be three on

live, and with Sir Mordred is none on live. And if ye leave off now, this wicked day of destiny is past. Tide me death, betide me life, saith the king, now I see him yonder alone, he shall never escape mine hands, for at a better avail shall I never have him. God speed you well, said Sir Bedivere.

Then the king gat his spear in both [90 his hands, and ran toward Sir Mordred, crying, Traitor, now is thy death-day come. And when Sir Mordred heard Sir Arthur, he ran until him with his sword drawn in his hand. And then king Arthur smote Sir Mordred under the shield, with a foin of his spear throughout the body more than a fathom. And when Sir Mordred felt that he had his death's wound, he thrust himself, with the [100 might that he had, up to the bur of king Arthur's spear. And right so he smote his father Arthur with his sword holden in both his hands, on the side of the head, that the sword pierced the helmet and the brain-pan, and therewithal Sir Mordred fell stark dead to the earth. And the noble Arthur fell in a swoon to the earth, and there he swooned oft-times. And Sir Lucan the Butler, and Sir Bedivere, [110 oft-times heaved him up, and so weakly they led him betwixt them both, to a little chapel not far from the sea side. And when the king was there, he thought him well eased.

Then heard they people cry in the field. Now go, thou, Sir Lucan, said the king, and do me to wit what betokens that noise in the field. So Sir Lucan departed, for he was grievously wounded in [120 many places. And so as he went, he saw and hearkened by the moonlight, how the pillers and robbers were come into the field to pill and to rob many a full noble knight of brooches and beads, of many a good ring, and of many a rich jewel; and who that were not dead all out, there they slew them for their harness and their riches. When Sir Lucan understood this work, he came to the king as soon as [130 he might, and told him all what he had heard and seen. Therefore by mine advice, said Sir Lucan, it is best that we bring you to some town. I would it were so, said the king.

CHAPTER V

HOW KING ARTHUR COMMANDED TO CAST
HIS SWORD EXCALIBUR INTO THE WATER,
AND HOW HE WAS DELIVERED TO LADIES
IN A BARGE

But I may not stand, mine head works so. Ah, Sir Launcelot, said king Arthur, this day have I sore missed thee. Alas, that ever I was against thee, for now have I my death, whereof Sir Gawaine me warned in my dream. Then Sir Lucan took up the king the one part, and Sir Bedivere the other part, and in the lifting the king swooned, and Sir Lucan fell in a swoon with the lift, that the part of [10 his bowels fell out of his body, and therewith the noble knight's heart brast. And when king Arthur came to himself again, he beheld Sir Lucan, how he lay foaming at the mouth, and part of his bowels lay at his feet. Alas, said the king, this is unto me a full heavy sight, to see this noble duke so die for my sake, for he would have helpen me that had more need of help than I. Alas, he would not com- [20 plain him, his heart was so set to help me. Now Jesu have mercy upon his soul. Then Sir Bedivere wept for the death of his brother. Leave this mourning and weeping, said the king, for all this will not avail me; for, wit thou well, and I might live myself the death of Sir Lucan would grieve me evermore; but my time hieth fast, said the king. Therefore, said Arthur, take thou Excalibur, my good [30 sword, and go with it to yonder water side, and when thou comest there, I charge thee throw my sword in that water, and come again, and tell me what thou there seest. My lord, said Bedivere, your commandment shall be done, and lightly bring you word again.

So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword, that the pommel and the haft were all of pre- [40 cious stones; and then he said to himself, If I throw this rich sword in the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss. And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. And as soon as he might he came again unto the king, and said he had been at the water, and had thrown the sword into the water.

What sawest thou there? said the king. Sir, he said, I saw nothing but waves [50 and winds. That is untruly said of thee, said the king; therefore go thou lightly again, and do my command, as thou art to me lief and dear, spare not, but throw it in. Then Sir Bedivere returned again, and took the sword in his hand; and then him thought sin and shame to throw away that noble sword; and so eft he hid the sword, and returned again, and told to the king that he had been at the [60 water, and done his commandment. What saw thou there? said the king. Sir, he said, I saw nothing but the waters wap and the waves wan. Ah traitor, untrue, said king Arthur, now hast thou betrayed me twice. Who would have wend that thou that hast been to me so lief and dear, and thou art named a noble knight, and would betray me for the richness of the sword. But now go again [70 lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardy of my life, for I have taken cold. And but if thou do now as I bid thee, if ever I may see thee, I shall slay thee with mine own hands, for thou wouldest for my rich sword see me dead.

Then Sir Bedivere departed, and went to the sword, and lightly took it up, and went to the water side; and there he bound the girdle about the hilts, and [80 then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might; and there came an arm and an hand above the water, and met it, and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished, and then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water. So Sir Bedivere came again to the king, and told him what he saw. Alas, said the king, help me hence, for I dread me I have tarried over long. Then Sir Bedivere [90 took the king upon his back, and so went with him to that water side. And when they were at the water side, even fast by the bank hove a little barge, with many fair ladies in it, and among them all was a queen, and all they had black hoods, and all they wept and shrieked when they saw king Arthur. Now put me into the barge, said the king; and so he did softly. And there received him three queens with [100 great mourning, and so they set him down, and in one of their laps king Arthur

laid his head. And then that queen said, Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me? Alas, this wound on your head hath caught over-much cold. And so then they rowed from the land, and Sir Bedivere beheld all those ladies go from him. Then Sir Bedivere cried, Ah, my lord Arthur, what shall become of [110 me, now ye go from me, and leave me here alone among mine enemies? Comfort thyself, said the king, and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust for to trust in. For I will into the vale of Avilion to heal me of my grievous wound. And if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul. But ever the queens and the ladies wept and shrieked, that it was pity to hear. And as soon as Sir Bedi- [120 vere had lost the sight of the barge, he wept and wailed, and so took the forest, and so he went all that night, and in the morning he was ware betwixt two holts hoar, of a chapel and an hermitage.

CHAPTER VI

HOW SIR BEDIVERE FOUND HIM ON THE MORROW DEAD IN AN HERMITAGE, AND HOW HE ABODE THERE WITH THE HERMIT

Then was Sir Bedivere glad, and thither he went; and when he came into the chapel, he saw where lay an hermit groveling on all four, there fast by a tomb was new graven. When the hermit saw Sir Bedivere he knew him well, for he was but little before bishop of Canterbury, that Sir Mordred banished. Sir, said Sir Bedivere, what man is there interred that ye pray so fast for? Fair son, [10 said the hermit, I wot not verily, but by deeming. But this night, at midnight, here came a number of ladies, and brought hither a dead corpse, and prayed me to bury him; and here they offered an hundred tapers, and gave me an hundred besants. Alas, said Sir Bedivere, that was my lord king Arthur, that here lieth buried in this chapel. Then Sir Bedivere swooned, and when he awoke he prayed [20 the hermit he might abide with him still there, to live with fasting and prayers. For from hence will I never go, said Sir Bedivere, by my will, but all the days of

my life here to pray for my lord Arthur. Ye are welcome to me, said the hermit, for I know ye better than ye ween that I do. Ye are the bold Bedivere, and the full noble duke Sir Lucan the Butler was your brother. Then Sir Bedivere told [30 the hermit all as ye have heard tofore. So there bode Sir Bedivere with the hermit that was tofore bishop of Canterbury, and there Sir Bedivere put upon him poor clothes, and served the hermit full lowly in fasting and in prayers.

Thus of Arthur I find never more written in books that be authorized, nor more of the certainty of his death heard I never tell. [40

* * * * *

CHAPTER VII

OF THE OPINION OF SOME MEN OF THE DEATH OF KING ARTHUR; AND HOW QUEEN GUENEVER MADE HER A NUN IN ALMESBURY

Yet some men say in many parts of England that king Arthur is not dead, but had by the will of our Lord Jesu in another place. And men say that he shall come again, and he shall win the holy cross. I will not say it shall be so, but rather I will say, here in this world he changed his life. But many men say that there is written upon his tomb this verse: *Hic jacet Arthurus, Rex quondam, Rex- [10 que futurus.* Thus leave I here Sir Bedivere with the hermit, that dwelled that time in a chapel beside Glastonbury, and there was his hermitage. And so they lived in their prayers and fastings, and great abstinence.

And when queen Guenever understood that king Arthur was slain, and all the noble knights, Sir Mordred and all the remnant, then the queen stole away, [20 and five ladies with her, and so she went to Almesbury, and there she let make herself a nun, and wore white clothes and black, and great penance she took, as ever did sinful lady in this land, and never creature could make her merry, but lived in fasting, prayers, and alms-deeds, that all manner of people marveled how virtuously she was changed.

* * * * *

THE ELIZABETHAN AGE

EDMUND SPENSER (1552?-1599)

THE FAERIE QUEENE

A LETTER OF THE AUTHORS,

Expounding his whole intention in the course of this worke: which, for that it giveth great light to the reader, for the better understanding is hereunto annexed.

To the Right Noble and Valorous

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, KNIGHT;

Lord Wardein of the Stanneryes, and Her Maiesties Liefetenaunt of the County of Cornewayll.

Sir, knowing how doubtfully all allegories may be construed, and this booke of mine, which I have entituled the *Faery Queene*, being a continued allegory, or darke conceit, I haue thought good, as well for avoyding of gealous opinions and misconstructions, as also for your better light in reading thereof, (being so by you commanded,) to discover unto you the general intention and meaning, which [10 in the whole course thereof I have fashioned, without expressing of any particular purposes, or by accidents therein occasioned. The generall end therefore of all the booke is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline: which for that I conceived shoulde be most plausible and pleasing, being coloured with an historicall fiction, the which the most part of men delight to [20 read, rather for variety of matter then for profite of the ensample, I chose the historye of King Arthure, as most fitte for the excellency of his person, being made famous by many men's former workes, and also furthest from the daunger of envy, and suspition of present time. In which I have followed all the antique Poets historicall: first Homere, who in the Persons of Agamemnon and Ulys- [30

ses hath ensampled a good governour and a vertuous man, the one in his Ilias, the other in his Odysseis; then Virgil, whose like intention was to doe in the person of Aeneas; after him Ariosto comprised them both in his Orlando: and lately Tasso dis-severed them againe, and formed both parts in two persons, namely that part which they in Philosophy call Ethice, or vertues of a private man, coloured in [40 his Rinaldo; the other named Politice in his Godfredo. By ensample of which excellent poets, I labour to pourtraict in Arthure, before he was king, the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve private morall vertues, as Aristotle hath devised; the which is the purpose of these first twelve bookes: which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encouraged to frame the other part of politticke [50 vertues in his person, after that hee came to be king.

To some, I know, this methode will seeme displeasaunt, which had rather have good discipline delivered plainly in way of precepts, or sermoned at large, as they use, then thus clowdily enwrapped in Allegoricall devises. But such, me seeme, should be satisfide with the use of these dayes, seeing all things accounted by [60 their shoves, and nothing esteemed of, that is not delightfull and pleasing to commune sence. For this cause is Xenophon preferred before Plato, for that the one, in the exquisite depth of his judgement, formed a commune welth, such as it should be; but the other in the person of Cyrus, and the Persians, fashioned a government, such as might best be: so much more profitable and gracious is [70 doctrine by ensample, then by rule. So haue I laboured to doe in the person of Arthure: whome I conceive, after his long education by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin delivered to be brought up, so soone as he was borne of the Lady Igrayne, to have seene in a dream or vision the *Faery Queene*, with whose

excellent beauty ravished, he awaking resolved to seeke her out; and so being [80 by Merlin armed, and by Timon thoroughly instructed, he went to seeke her forth in Faerye land. In that Faery Queene I meane glory in my generall intencion, but in my particular I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our soveraine the Queene, and her kingdome in Faery land. And yet, in some places els, I doe otherwise shadow her. For considering she beareth two persons, the [90 one of a most royall Queene or Empresse, the other of a most vertuous and beautifull Lady, this latter part in some places I doe expresse in Belphebe, fashioning her name according to your owne excellent concept of Cynthia, (Phoebe and Cynthia being both names of Diana.) So in the person of Prince Arthure I sette forth magnificence in particular, which vertue, for that (according to Artistotle and [100 the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and conteineth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deedes of Arthure applyable to that vertue, which I write of in that booke. But of the xii. other vertues, I make xii. other knights the patrones, for the more variety of the history: of which these three bookes contayn three. The first of the knight of the Redcrosse, in whome I expresse [110 holynes: The seconde of Sir Guyon, in whome I sette forth temperaunce: The third of Britomartis, a lady knight, in whome I picture chastity. But, because the beginning of the whole worke seemeth abrupte, and as depending upon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occasion of these three knights' seuerall adventures. For the methode of a poet historical is not such, as of an his- [120 toriographer. For an historiographer discourseth of affayres orderly as they were donne, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a poet thrusteth into the midst, even where it most concerneth him, and there recouring to the thinges forepaste, and divining of thinges to come, maketh a pleasing analysis of all.

The beginning therefore of my history, if it were to be told by an historiog- [130 rapher, should be the twelfth booke, which is the last; where I devise that the Faery

Queene kept her annuall feaste xii. dayes; uppon which xii. severall dayes, the occasions of the xii. severall adventures hapned, which, being undertaken by xii. severall knights, are in these xii. books severally handled and discoursed. The first was this. In the beginning of the feast, there presented him selfe a tall clownishe [140 younge man, who, falling before the Queene of Faeries, desired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feast she might not refuse: which was that hee might have the atchievement of any adventure, which during that feaste should happen: that being graunted, he rested him on the floore, unfitte through his rusticity for a better place. Soone after entred a faire ladye in mourning [150 weedes, riding on a white asse, with a dwarfe behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the armes of a knight, and his speare in the dwarfes hand. Shee, falling before the Queene of Faeries, complayned that her father and mother, an ancient king and queene, had bene by an huge dragon many years shut up in a brasen castle, who thence suffred them not to yssew; and therefore besought the [160 Faery Queene to assygne her some one of her knights to take on him that exployt. Presently that clownish person, upstarting, desired that adventure: whereat the Queene much wondering, and the lady much gainesaying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the lady told him, that unlesse that armour which she brought, would serve him (that is, the armour of a Christian man speci- [170 fied by Saint Paul, vi. Ephes.) that he could not succeed in that enterprise: which being forthwith put upon him, with dewe furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in al that company, and was well liked of the lady. And eftesoones taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that straunge courser, he went forth with her on that adventure: where be- ginneth the first booke, viz. [180

A gentle knight was pricking on the playne, etc.

The second day there came in a palmer, bearing an infant with bloody hands, whose parents he complained to have

bene slayn by an enchaunteresse called Acrasia; and therefore craved of the Faery Queene, to appoint him some knight to performe that adventure; which being assigned to Sir Guyon, he presently went forth with that same palmer: [190 which is the beginning of the second booke, and the whole subject thereof. The third day there came in a groome, who complained before the Faery Queene, that a vile enchaunter, called Busirane, had in hand a most faire lady, called Amoretta, whom he kept in most grievous torment, because she would not yield him the pleasure of her body. Whereupon Sir Scudamour, the lover of that lady, [200 presently tooke on him that adventure. But being unable to performe it by reason of the hard enchauntments, after long sorrow, in the end met with Britomartis, who succoured him, and reskewed his loue.

But by occasion hereof many other adventures are intermedled; but rather as accidents then intendments: as the love of Britomart, the overthrow of Marinell, [210 the misery of Florimell, the vertuousnes of Belphebe, the lasciviousnes of Hellenora, and many the like.

Thus much, Sir, I have briefly overronne, to direct your understanding to the wel-head of the history, that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit ye may, as in a handfull, gripe al the discourse, which otherwise may happily seeme tedious and confused. So, humbly [220 craving the continuance of your honorable favour towards me, and th' eternall establishment of your happines, I humbly take leave.

23. January, 1589.

Yours most humbly affectionate,
ED. SPENSER.

From BOOK I, CANTO I

The patrone of true Holinesse
Foule Error doth defeate:
Hypocrisie, him to entrappe,
Doth to his home entreate.

I

A gentle knight was pricking¹ on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,

¹ spurring, riding.

Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did
remaine,

The cruell markes of many a bloody fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he never
wield:

His angry steede did chide his foming
bitt, 6

As much disdayning to the curbe to
yield:

Full jolly² knight he seemd, and faire did
sitt,

As one for knightly giusts³ and fierce en-
counters fitt.

II

But on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore, 10
The deare remembrance of his dying
Lord,

For whose sweete sake that glorious badge
he wore,

And dead as living ever him ador'd:

Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he
had: 15

Right faithfull true he was in deede and
word,

But of his cheere⁴ did seeme too solemne
sad;

Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was
ydrad.⁵

III

Upon a great adventure he was bond,⁶

That greatest Gloriana to him gave, 20
That greatest glorious queene of Faery
Lond,

To winne him worshippe, and her grace to
have,

Which of all earthly thinges he most did
crave;

And ever as he rode his hart did earne⁷

To prove his puissance in battell brave 25

Upon his foe, and his new force to learne

Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and
stearne.

IV

A lovely ladie rode him faire beside,

Upon a lowly asse more white then snow,
Yet she much whiter, but the same did
hide 30

Under a vele, that wimpled⁸ was full low,

² gallant.

³ countenance, expression of his face.

⁴ bound.

⁷ yearn.

⁵ jousts.

⁶ dreaded.

⁸ pleated.

And over all a blacke stole shee did throw:
As one that inly mournd, so was she sad,
And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow:
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had;
And by her in a line a milkewhite lambe
she lad. 36

v

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and every vertuous lore,
And by descent from royall lynage came
Of ancient kinges and queenes, that had of
yore 40
Their scepters stretcht from east to west-
erne shore,
And all the world in their subjection held,
Till that infernall feend with foule uprore
Forwasted¹ all their land, and them expeld:
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from
far compeld.² 45

vi

Behind her farre away a dwarfe did lag,
That lasie seemd, in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they
past,
The day with cloudes was suddeine over-
cast, 50
And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his lemans³ lap so fast,
That everie wight⁴ to shrowd⁵ it did con-
strain,
And this faire couple eke⁶ to shroud them-
selves were fain.

vii

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove not farr away they spide, 56
That promist ayde the tempest to with-
stand:
Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommers
pride,
Did spred so broad, that heavens light did
hide,
Not perceable with power of any starr; 60
And all within were pathes and alleies
wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward
farr:
Faire harbour that them seemes, so in they
entred ar.

¹ utterly laid waste.² loved one's, i. e. the earth's.³ abelter.⁴ summoned.⁵ person.⁶ also.

viii

And foorth they passe, with pleasure for-
ward led,
Joying to heare the birdes sweete har-
mony, 65
Which, therein shrouded from the tempest
dred,
Seemed in their song to scorne the cruell
sky.
Much can⁷ they praise the trees so
straight and hy,
The sayling⁸ pine, the cedar proud and
tall,
The vine-propp elme, the poplar never
dry, 70
The builder⁹ oake, sole king of forrests all,
The aspine good for staves, the cypresse
funerall,

ix

The laurell, meed of mightie conquerours
And poets sage, the firre that weepeth
still,
The willow worne of forlorne paramours,¹⁰
The eugh¹¹ obedient to the benders will, 76
The birch for shaftes, the saw for the
mill,
The mirrhe sweete bleeding in the bitter
wound,
The warlike beech, the ash for nothing ill,
The fruitfull olive, and the platane¹²
round, 80
The carver holme,¹³ the maple seeldom
inward sound.

x

Led with delight, they thus beguile the
way,
Untill the blustering storme is overblowne;
When, weening to returne whence they did
stray,
They cannot finde that path, which first
was showne, 85
But wander too and fro in waies un-
knowne,
Furthest from end then, when they nearest
weene,
That makes them doubt, their wits be not
their owne:
So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
That which of them to take, in diverse
doubt they been. 90

⁷ did.⁸ used for ship timber.⁹ used for building.¹⁰ lovers. ¹¹ yew.¹² plane.¹³ a kind of oak, used for wood carvings.

XI

At last resolving forward still to fare,
 Till that some end they finde, or in or out,
 That path they take, that beaten seemd
 most bare,
 And like to lead the labyrinth about;¹
 Which when by tract² they hunted had
 throughout, 95
 At length it brought them to a hollowe
 cave,
 Amid the thickest woods. The champion
 stout
 Eftsoones³ dismounted from his courser
 brave,
 And to the dwarfe a while his needlesse
 spere he gave.

XII

"Be well aware," quoth then that ladie
 milde, 100
 "Least suddaine mischiefe ye too rash pro-
 voke:
 The danger hid, the place unknowne and
 wilde,
 Breedes dreadfull doubts: oft fire is with-
 out smoke,
 And perill without show: therefore your
 stroke,
 Sir knight, with-hold, till further tryall
 made." 105
 "Ah, ladie," sayd he, "shame were to re-
 voke
 The forward footing for an hidden shade:
 Vertue gives her selfe light, through
 darknesse for to wade."⁴

XIII

"Yea, but," quoth she, "the perill of this
 place
 I better wot then you; though nowe too
 late 110
 To wish you backe returne with foule dis-
 grace,
 Yet wisdomes warnes, whilst foot is in the
 gate,⁵
 To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate.
 This is the wandring wood,⁶ this Errours
 den,
 A monster vile, whom God and man does
 hate: 115

¹ out of.
⁵ way.

² trace.

³ forthwith. ⁴ walk, go.
⁶ wood of wandering.

Therefore I read⁷ beware." "Fly, fly!"
 quoth then
 The fearefull dwarfe: "this is no place for
 living men."

XIV

But full of fire and greedy hardiment,⁸
 The youthfull knight could not for ought
 be staide,
 But forth unto the darksome hole he went,
 And looked in: his glistering armor made 121
 A litle glooming light, much like a shade,
 By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
 Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
 But th' other halfe did womans shape re-
 taine, 125
 Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile
 disdaine.⁹

* * * * *

XXVII

His lady, seeing all that chaunst, from
 farre, 235
 Approcht in hast to greet his victorie,
 And saide, "Faire knight, borne under
 happie starre,
 Who see your vanquisht foes before you
 lye,
 Well worthie be you of that armory,¹⁰
 Wherein ye have great glory wonne this
 day, 240
 And proov'd your strength on a strong eni-
 mie,
 Your first adventure: many such I pray,
 And henceforth ever wish that like succeed
 it may."

XXVIII

Then mounted he upon his steede againe,
 And with the lady backward sought to
 wend; 245
 That path he kept which beaten was most
 plaine,
 Ne ever would to any by way bend,
 But still did follow one unto the end,
 The which at last out of the wood them
 brought.
 So forward on his way (with God to frend)
 He passed forth, and new adventure
 sought: 251
 Long way he travelled, before he heard of
 ought.

⁷ advise.
⁹ loathsomeness.

⁸ impetuous hardihood.
¹⁰ armor.

XXIX

At length they chaunst to meet upon the way
 An aged sire, in long blacke weedes¹
 yclad,
 His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie
 gray,²⁵⁵
 And by his belte his booke he hanging had;
 Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad,
 And to the ground his eyes were lowly
 bent,
 Simple in shew, and voide of malice bad,
 And all the way he prayed as he went,²⁶⁰
 And often knockt his brest, as one that did
 repent.

XXX

He faire the knight saluted, louting² low,
 Who faire him quited,³ as that courteous
 was;
 And after asked him, if he did know
 Of straunge adventures, which abroad did
 pas.²⁶⁵
 "Ah! my dear sonne," quoth he, "how
 should, alas!
 Silly⁴ old man, that lives in hidden cell,
 Bidding⁵ his beades all day for his trespas,
 Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
 With holy father sits⁶ not with such
 thinges to mell."²⁷⁰

XXXI

"But if of daunger, which hereby doth
 dwell,
 And homebredd evil ye desire to heare,
 Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
 That wasteth all his countrie farre and
 neare."
 "Of such," saide he, "I chiefly doe in-
 quere,²⁷⁵
 And shall you well rewarde to shew the
 place,
 In which that wicked wight his dayes doth
 weare:
 For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
 That such a cursed creature lives so long a
 space."

XXXII

"Far hence," quoth he, "in wastfull wil-
 dernesse,²⁸⁰
 His dwelling is, by which no living wight

¹ clothes.² bowing.³ requited.⁴ simple.⁵ telling, counting.⁶ befits.⁷ meddle.

May ever passe, but thorough great dis-
 tresse."

"Now," saide the ladie, "draweth toward
 night,

And well I wote, that of your later fight
 Ye all forwearied be: for what so strong,²⁸⁵
 But, wanting rest, will also want of might?
 The Sunne, that measures heaven all day
 long,

At night doth baite⁸ his steedes the ocean
 waves emong.

XXXIII

"Then with the Sunne take, sir, your
 timely rest,

And with new day new worke at once be-
 gin:²⁹⁰

Untroubled night, they say, gives counsell
 best."

"Right well, sir knight, ye have advised
 bin,"

Quoth then that aged man; "the way to
 win

Is wisely to advise:⁹ now day is spent;
 Therefore with me ye may take up your
 in²⁹⁵

For this same night." The knight was
 well content:

So with that godly father to his home they
 went.

XXXIV

A litle lowly hermitage it was,
 Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,
 Far from resort of people, that did pas³⁰⁰
 In travaill to and froe: a litle wyde¹⁰
 There was an holy chappell edifyde,¹¹
 Wherein the hermite dewly wont to say
 His holy thinges each morne and even-
 tyde:

Thereby a christall streame did gently
 play,³⁰⁵

Which from a sacred fountaine welled
 forth alway.

XXXV

Arrived there, the little house they fill,
 Ne looke for entertainment, where none
 was:

Rest is their feast, and all thinges at their
 will;

The noblest mind the best contentment
 has.³¹⁰

⁸ feed.¹⁰ a little way off.⁹ take thought, consider.¹¹ built.

With faire discourse the evening so they
pas:
For that olde man of pleasing wordes had
store,
And well could file his tongue as smooth
as glas:
He told of saintes and popes, and ever-
more
He strowd an Ave-Mary after and be-
fore. 315

XXXVI

The drouping night thus creepeth on them
fast,
And the sad humor¹ loading their eye
liddes,
As messenger of Morpheus, on them cast
Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleep
them biddes:
Unto their lodgings then his guestes he
riddes:² 320
Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe
he findes,
He to his studie goes, and there amidde
His magick bookes and artes of sundrie
kinds,
He seekes out mighty charmes, to trouble
sleepy minds.

XXXVII

Then choosing out few words most horri-
ble, 325
(Let none them read) thereof did verses
frame;
With which and other spelles like terrible,
He bad awake blacke Plutoes griesly dame,
And cursed heven, and spake reprochful
shame
Of highest God, the Lord of life and
light: 330
A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
Great Gorgon, prince of darknes and dead
night,
At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put
to flight.

XXXVIII

And forth he cald out of deepe darknes
dredd
Legions of sprights, the which, like litle
flies 335
Fluttering about his ever damned hedd,
Awaite whereto their service he applyes,

¹ heavy moisture.² sends off.

To aide his friendes, or fray³ his enimies:
Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming
lyes; 340
The one of them he gave a message too,
The other by him selfe staide, other worke
to doo.

XXXIX

He, making speedy way through spersed⁴
ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and
deepe,
To Morpheus house doth hastily re-
paire. 345
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never
peepe,
His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth
steepe
In silver deaw his ever-drouping hed, 350
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle
black doth spread.

XL

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one faire fram'd of burnisht yvory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe
lye, 355
Watching to banish Care their enemy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
By them the sprite doth passe in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom
drowned deepe
In drowsie fit he findes: of nothing he
takes keepe.⁵ 360

XLI

And more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tum-
bling downe,
And ever drizzling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like
the sowne
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a
swowne: 365
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous
cryes,
As still⁶ are wont t'annoy the walled
towne,

³ frighten.
⁴ heed.⁴ widely diffused.
⁵ ever.

Might there be heard: but carelesse Quiet
lyes,
Wrapt in eternall silence farre from eni-
myes.

XLII

The messenger approching to him
spake, ³⁷⁰
But his waste wordes retourned to him in
vaine:
So sound he slept, that nought mought him
awake.
Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with
paine,
Whereat he gan to stretch: but he againe
Shooke him so hard, that forced him to
speake. ³⁷⁵
As one then in a dreame, whose dryer
braine
Is tost with troubled sights and fancies
weake,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his
silence breake.

XLIII

The sprite then gan more boldly him to
wake,
And threatned unto him the dreaded
name ³⁸⁰
Of Hecate: whereat he gan to quake,
And, lifting up his lompish head, with
blame
Halfe angrie asked him, for what he came.
"Hether," quoth he, "me Archimago sent,
He that the stubborne sprites can wisely
tame; ³⁸⁵
He bids thee to him send for his intent
A fit false dreame, that can delude the
sleepers sent."¹

XLIV

The god obeyde, and calling forth straight
way
A diverse dreame out of his prison darke,
Delivered it to him, and downe did lay ³⁹⁰
His heavie head, devoide of careful carke;²
Whose sences all were straight benumbd
and starke.
He, backe returning by the yvorie dore,
Remounted up as light as cheareful larke,
And on his litle winges the dreame he bore
In hast unto his lord, where he him left
afore. ³⁹⁶

¹ sense.² anxiety.

From CANTO III

I

Nought is there under heav'ns wide
hollownesse,
That moves more deare compassion of
mind,
Then beautie brought t'unworthie wretch-
ednesse
Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes
unkind:
I, whether lately through her³ brightnes
blynd, ⁵
Or through alleageance and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankynd,
Feele my hart perst with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pittie I could
dy.

II

And now it is empassioned so deepe, ¹⁰
For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
That my frayle eies these lines with teares
do steepe,
To thinke how she through guyleful
handeling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of
a king,
Though faire as ever living wight was
fayre, ¹⁵
Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorced in despayre,
And her dew loves deryv'd⁴ to that vile
witches shayre.

III

Yet she, most faithfull Ladie, all this while
Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd, ²⁰
Far from all peoples preace,⁵ as in exile,
In wilderness and wastfull deserts strayd,
To seeke her knight; who, subtilly betrayd
Through that late vision which th' en-
chaunter wrought,
Had her abandond. She, of nought
affrayd, ²⁵
Through woods and wastnes wide him
daily sought;
Yet wished tydings none of him unto her
brought.

IV

One day, nigh wearie of the yrksome way,
From her unhastie beast she did alight;

³ i. e. beauty's.⁴ diverted.⁵ press, crowd.

And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay,
In secrete shadow, far from all mens
sight: 31
From her fayre head her fillet she undight,
And layd her stole aside. Her angels face
As the great eye of heaven shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place; 35
Did never mortall eye behold such heav-
enly grace.

V

It fortun'd, out of the thickest wood
A ramping lyon rushed suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage¹ blood.
Soone as the royall virgin he did spy, 40
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have attonce devourd her tender corse;²
But to the pray when as he drew more
ny,
His bloody rage aswaged with remorse,
And, with the sight amazd, forgat his
furious forse. 45

VI

In stead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning
tong,
As he her wronged innocence did weat.³
O how can beautie maister the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pryde and proud submis-
sion, 51
Still dreading death, when she had marked
long,
Her hart gan melt in great compassion,
And drizzling teares did shed for pure affec-
tion.

VII

"The lyon, lord of everie beast in field," 55
Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth
abate,
And mightie proud to humble weake does
yield,
Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate:
But he, my lyon, and my noble lord, 60
How does he find in cruell hart to hate
Her that him lov'd and ever most adord
As the God of my life? why hath he me
abhord?"

¹ savage.² body.³ know.

VIII

Redounding teares did choke th' end of her
plaint,
Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour
wood; 65
And sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry
mood.
At last, in close hart shutting up her payne,
Arose the virgin borne of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy palfrey got agayne, 71
To seeke her strayed champion if she
might attayne.

IX

The lyon would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate; 75
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch
and ward,
And when she wakt, he wayted diligent,
With humble service to her will prepar'd:
From her fayre eyes he tooke commande-
ment, 80
And ever by her lookes conceived her
intent.

* * * * *

CANTO XI

The knight with that old Dragon fights
Two days incessantly:
The third him overthrowes, and gayns
Most glorious victory.

I

High time now gan it wex for Una fayre,
To thinke of those her captive parents
deare,
And their forwasted⁴ kingdom to repayre:
Whereto whenas they now approached
neare,
With hartie wordes her knight she gan to
cheare, 5
And in her modest maner thus bespake:
"Deare knight, as deare as ever knight was
deare,
That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,
High heaven behold the tedious toyle ye for
me take!

⁴ ravaged.

II

"Now are we come unto my native soyle,¹⁰
 And to the place where all our perilles
 dwell;
 Here hauntes that feend, and does his
 daily spoyle;
 Therefore henceforth bee at your keeping
 well,
 And ever ready for your foeman fell.
 The sparke of noble corage now awake, ¹⁵
 And strive your excellent selfe to excell:
 That shall ye evermore renowned make
 Above all knights on earth, that batteill
 undertake."

III

And pointing forth, "Lo! yonder is,"
 (said she)
 "The brasen towre, in which my parents
 deare ²⁰
 For dread of that huge feend emprisond
 be;
 Whom I from far see on the walles ap-
 peare,
 Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly
 cheare:
 And on the top of all I do espye
 The watchman wayting tydings glad to
 heare; ²⁵
 That, O my Parents! might I happily
 Unto you bring, to ease you of your
 misery!"

IV

With that they heard a roaring hideous
 sownd,
 That all the ayre with terror filled wyde,
 And seemd uneath¹ to shake the stedfast
 ground. ³⁰
 Eftsoones² that dreadful dragon they
 espyde,
 Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side
 Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill.
 But all so soone as he from far descryde
 Those glistring armes, that heven with
 light did fill, ³⁵
 He rousd himselfe full blyth, and hastned
 them untill.

V

Then badd the knight his Lady yede³ aloof,
 And to an hill herselfe withdraw asyde,

¹ almost.² shortly.³ go.

From whence she might behold that bat-
 tailles proof,
 And eke be safe from daunger far descryde:
 She him obeyd, and turned a little wyde.⁴¹
 Now, O thou sacred Muse! most learned
 dame,
 Fayre ympe⁴ of Phoebus and his aged
 bryde,
 The nourse of time and everlasting fame,
 That warlike handes ennoblest with im-
 mortall name; ⁴⁵

VI

O gently come into my feeble brest;
 Come gently, but not with that mightie
 rage,
 Wherewith the martiall troupes thou doest
 infest,
 And hartes of great heroës doest enrage,
 That nought their kindled corage may
 aswage: ⁵⁰
 Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to
 sownd,
 The god of warre with his fiers equipage
 Thou doest awake, sleepe never he so
 sownd;
 And scared nations doest with horror
 sterne astownd.

VII

Fayre goddesses, lay that furious fitt
 asyde, ⁵⁵
 Till I of warres and bloody Mars doe sing,
 And Bryton fieldes with Sarazin blood
 bedyde,
 Twixt that great Faery Queene and
 Paynim King,
 That with their horror heven and earth
 did ring,
 A worke of labour long, and endlesse
 prayse: ⁶⁰
 But now a while lett downe that haughtie
 string,
 And to my tunes thy second tenor rayse,
 That I this man of God his godly armes
 may blaze.

VIII

By this the dreadful Beast drew nigh to
 hand,
 Halfe flying and halfe footing in his haste,

⁴ child.

That with his largenesse measured much
land, 66
And made wide shadow under his huge
waste,
As mountaine doth the valley overcaste.
Approching nigh, he reared high afore
His body monstrous, horrible, and vaste, 70
Which, to increase his wondrous greatnes
more,
Was swoln with wrath and poyson, and
with bloody gore.

IX

And over all with brasen scales was armd,
Like plated cote of steele, so couched
neare
That nought mote perce; ne might his
corse¹ bee harmd 75
With dint of sward, nor push of pointed
speare:
Which as an eagle, seeing pray appeare,
His aery plumes doth rouze, full rudely
dight,²
So shaken he, that horror was to heare:
For as the clashing of an armor bright, 80
Such noyse his rouzed scales did send unto
the knight.

X

His flaggy winges, when forth he did dis-
play,
Were like two sayles, in which the hollow
wynd
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy
way:
And eke the pennes,³ that did his pineons
bynd, 85
Were like mayne-yardes with flying can-
vas lynd,
With which whenas him list the ayre to
beat,
And there by force unwonted passage
fynd,
The cloudes before him fledd for terror
great,
And all the hevens stood still, amazed
with his threat. 90

XI

His huge long tayle, wownd up in hundred
foldes,
Does overspred his long bras-scaly back,

¹ body.² arrayed.³ quills.

Whose wreathed boughtes⁴ when ever he
unfolds,
And thick entangled knots adown does
slack,
Bespotted as with shieldes of red and
blacke, 95
It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,
And of three furlongs does but litle lacke;
And at the point two stinges in fixed arre,
Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steele
exceeden farre.

XII

But stinges and sharpest steele did far
exceed 100
The sharpnesse of his cruel rending clawes:
Dead was it sure, as sure as death in
deed,
What ever thing does touch his ravenous
pawes,
Or what within his reach he ever drawes.
But his most hideous head my tongue
to tell 105
Does tremble; for his deepe devouring
jawes
Wyde gaped, like the griesly mouth of hell,
Through which into his darke abyse all
ravin fell.

XIII

And, that more wondrous was, in either
jaw
Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged
were, 110
In which yett trickling blood and gob-
bets⁵ raw
Of late devoured bodies did appeare,
That sight thereof bredd cold congealed
feare:
Which to increase, and all atonce to kill,
A cloud of smothering smoke and sul-
phure seare⁶ 115
Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed
still,
That all the ayre about with smoke and
stench did fill.

XIV

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining
shieldes,
Did burne with wrath, and sparkled liv-
ing fyre;

⁴ coils.⁵ pieces.⁶ scaring.

As two broad beacons, sett in open fieldes,
 Send forth their flames far off to every
 shyre, 121
 And warning give that enimies conspyre
 With fire and sword the region to invade:
 So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancor-
 ous yre;
 But far within, as in a hollow glade, 125
 Those glaring lampes were sett that made
 a dreadfull shade.

XV

So dreadfully he towardes him did pas,
 Forelifting up a-loft his speckled brest,
 And often bounding on the brused gras,
 As for great joyance of his newcome
 guest. 130
 Eftsoones he gan advaunce his haughty
 crest,
 As chauffed¹ bore his bristles doth up-
 reare;
 And shoke his scales to battaile ready
 drest,
 That made the Redcrosse Knight nigh
 quake for feare,
 As bidding bold defyaunce to his foeman
 neare. 135

XVI

The knight gan fayrely couch his steady
 speare,
 And fiersefly ran at him with rigorous
 might:
 The pointed steele, arriving rudely theare,²
 His harder hyde would nether perce nor
 bight,
 But, glauncing by, foorth passed forward
 right. 140
 Yet sore amoved with so puissaunt push,
 The wrathfull beast about him turned
 light,
 And him so rudely, passing by, did brush
 With his long tayle, that horse and man to
 ground did rush.

XVII

Both horse and man up lightly rose
 again, 145
 And fresh encounter towardes him addrest;
 But th' ydle stroke yet backe recoyld in
 vaine,
 And found no place his deadly point to
 rest.

¹ angry.² there.

Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious beast,
 To be avenged of so great despight; 150
 For never felt his imperceable³ brest
 So wondrous force from hand of living
 wight;
 Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a
 puissant knight.

XVIII

Then, with his waving wings displayed
 wyde,
 Himselfe up high he lifted from the
 ground, 155
 And with strong flight did forcibly divyde
 The yielding ayre, which nigh too feeble
 found
 Her flitting parts, and element unsound,
 To beare so great a weight: he, cutting
 way
 With his broad sayles, about him soared
 round; 160
 At last, low stouping with unweldy sway,
 Snatcht up both horse and man, to beare
 them quite away.

XIX

Long he them bore above the subject
 plaine,
 So far as ewghen⁴ bow a shaft may send,
 Till struggling strong did him at last con-
 straine 165
 To let them downe before his flightes end:
 As hagar'd hauke, presuming to contend
 With hardy fowle, above his hable might,
 His wearie pounces⁵ all in vaine doth
 spend
 To trusse⁶ the pray too heavy for his
 flight; 170
 Which, comming down to ground, does
 free it selfe by fight.

XX

He so disseized of his grying grosse,
 The knight his thrillant⁷ speare againe
 assayd
 In his bras-plated body to embosse,
 And three mens strength unto the stroake
 he layd; 175
 Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked, as
 affrayd,⁸

³ impenetrable.⁴ bold.⁵ yew.⁷ piercing.⁶ efforts, struggles.⁸ terrified.

And glauncing from his scaly necke did
glyde
Close under his left wing, then broad displayd:
The percing steele there wrought a wound
full wyde,
That with the uncouth¹ smart the monster
lowdly cryde. 180

XXI

He cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore
When wintry storme his wrathful wreck
does threat;
The rolling billowes beate the ragged
shore,
As they the earth would shoulder from
her seat;
And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would
eat 185
His neighbour element in his revenge:
Then gin the blustering brethren boldly
threat
To move the world from off his stedfast
henge,²
And boystrous battaile make, each other
to avenge.

XXII

The steely head stuck fast still in his
flesh, 190
Till with his cruell clawes he snatcht the
wood,
And quite a sunder broke. Forth flowed
fresh
A gushing river of blacke gory blood,
That drowned all the land whereon he
stood:
The streame thereof would drive a water-
mill. 195
Treble augmented was his furious mood
With bitter sence of his deepe rooted ill,
That flames of fire he threw forth from
his large nosethril.³

XXIII

His hideous taylor then hurled he about,
And therewith all enwrapt the nimble
thyres 200
Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage
stout
Striving to loose the knott that fast him
tyes,

¹ strange.² hinge; but here meaning base, or foundation.³ nostrils.

Himselfe in streighter bandes too rash
implies,⁴
That to the ground he is perforce con-
straynd
To throw his ryder; who can quickly ryse
From off the earth, with durty blood dis-
taynd,⁵ 206
For that reprochfull fall right fowly he
disdaynd.

XXIV

And fercely tooke his trenchand blade in
hand,
With which he stroke so furious and so fell,
That nothing seemd the puissaunce could
withstand: 210
Upon his crest the hardned yron fell;
But his more hardned crest was armd so
well,
That deeper dint therein it would not
make;
Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,
That from thenceforth he shund the like
to take, 215
But, when he saw them come, he did
them still forsake.

XXV

The knight was wroth to see his stroke
beguyld,
And smot againe with more outrageous
might;
But backe againe the sparcling steele re-
coyld,
And left not any marke where it did
light, 220
As if in adamant rocke it had beene
pight.⁶
The beast, impatient of his smarting
wound,
And of so fierce and forcible despight,⁷
Thought with his winges to sty⁸ above
the ground;
But his late wounded wing unserviceable
found. 225

XXVI

Then, full of grieve and anguish vehement,
He lowdly brayd, that like was never
heard;
And from his wide devouring oven sent
A flake of fire, that, flashing in his beard,
Him all amazd, and almost made afeard:

⁴ involves. ⁵ soiled. ⁶ struck. ⁷ anger. ⁸ rise.

The scorching flame sore swinged¹ all his
face, 231
And through his armour all his body seard,
That he could not endure so cruell cace,
But thought his armes to leave, and hel-
met to unlace.

XXVII

Not that great champion of the antique
world, 235
Whom famous poetes verse so much doth
vaunt,
And hath for twelve huge labours high
extold,
So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,
When him the poysoned garment did en-
chaunt,
When centaures blood and bloody verses
charmd, 240
As did this knight twelve thousand
dolours daunt,
Whom fyrie steele now burnt, that erst
him armd;
That erst him goodly armd, now most of
all him harmd.

XXVIII

Faynt, wearie, sore, emboyled,² grieved,
brent,³
With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart,
and inward fire, 245
That never man such mischiefes did tor-
ment;
Death better were, death did he oft desire,
But death will never come when needes re-
quire.
Whom so dismayd when that his foe be-
held,
He cast⁴ to suffer him no more respire,⁵ 250
But gan his sturdy sterne⁶ about to weld,
And him so strongly stroke, that to the
ground him feld.

XXIX

It fortun'd (as fayre it then befell,)
Behynd his backe, unweeting, where he
stood,
Of auncient time there was a springing
well, 255
From which fast trickled forth a silver
flood,

¹ singed.
⁶ planned.

² boiled.
⁶ breathe.

³ burned.
⁶ tail.

Full of great vertues, and for med'cine
good.
Whylome, before that cursed dragon got
That happy land, and all with innocent
blood
Defyld those sacred waves, it rightly
hot⁷ 260
The Well of Life, ne yet his⁸ vertues had
forgot.

XXX

For unto life the dead it could restore,
And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash
away;
Those that with sicknesse were infected
sore
It could recure; and aged long decay 265
Renew, as one were borne that very day.
Both Silo this, and Jordan, did excell,
And th' English Bath, and eke the German
Spau;
Ne can Cephise, nor Hebrus, match this
well;
Into the same the knight back over-
throwen fell. 270

XXXI

Now gan the golden Phoebus for to steepe
His fierie face in billowes of the west,
And his faint steedes watred in ocean
deepe,
Whiles from their journall labours they
did rest,
When that infernall monster, having kest⁹
His wearie foe into that living well, 276
Gan high advaunce his broad discoloured
brest
Above his wonted pitch, with countenance
fell,
And clapt his yron wings, as victor he did
dwell.

XXXII

Which when his pensive lady saw from
farre, 280
Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,¹⁰
As weening that the sad end of the warre,
And gan to highest God entirely pray
That feared chaunce from her to turne
away:
With folded hands, and knees full lowly
bent, 285
All night shee watcht, ne once adowne
would lay

⁷ was called.

⁸ its.

⁹ cast.

¹⁰ afflict.

Her dainty limbs in her sad dreriment,
But praying still did wake, and waking did
lament.

XXXIII

The morrow next gan earely to appeare,
That Titan rose to runne his daily race;²⁹⁰
But earely, ere the morrow next gan reare
Out of the sea faire Titans deawy face,
Up rose the gentle virgin from her place,
And looked all about, if she might spy
Her loved knight to move his manly pace:
For she had great doubt of his safety, ²⁹⁶
Since late she saw him fall before his
enemy.

XXXIV

At last she saw where he upstarted brave
Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay:
As eagle, fresh out of the ocean wave, ³⁰⁰
Where he hath lefte his plumes all hory
gray,
And deckt himselfe with fethers youthly
gay,
Like eyas hauke up mounts unto the
skies,
His newly-budded pineons to assay,
And marveiles at himselfe stil as he flies:
So new this new-borne knight to battell
new did rise. ³⁰⁶

XXXV

Whom when the damned feend so fresh
did spy
No wonder if he wondred at the sight,
And doubted whether his late enemy
It were, or other new supplied knight. ³¹⁰
He now, to prove his late-renewed might,
High brandishing his bright deaw-burning
blade,
Upon his crested scalp so sore did smite,
That to the scull a yawning wound it
made:
The deadly dint his dulled sences all dis-
maid. ³¹⁵

XXXVI

I wote¹ not whether the revenging steele
Were hardned with that holy water dew
Wherein he fell, or sharper edge did feele,
Or his baptized hands now greater grew,
Or other secret vertue did ensew; ³²⁰
Els never could the force of fleshly arme,
Ne molten mettall, in his blood embrew;²

¹ know.² stain itself.

For till that stownd³ could never wight
him harme
By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor
mighty charme.

XXXVII

The cruell wound enraged him so sore, ³²⁵
That loud he yelled for exceeding paine;
As hundred ramping lions seemd to rore,
Whom ravenous hunger did thereto con-
straine:
Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched
traine,
And therewith scourge the buxome⁴ aire
so sore, ³³⁰
That to his force to yelden it was faine;
Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand
afore,
That high trees overthrew, and rocks in
peesces tore.

XXXVIII

The same advauncing high above his
head,
With sharpe intended⁵ sting so rude him
smott,⁶ ³³⁵
That to the earth him drove, as stricken
dead;
Ne living wight would have him life be-
hott:
The mortall sting his angry needle shott
Quite through his shield, and in his
shoulder seasd,⁷
Where fast it stucke, ne would thereout be
gott: ³⁴⁰
The grieve thereof him wondrous sore
diseasd,
Ne might his rancling paine with patience
be appeasd.

XXXIX

But yet, more mindfull of his honour
deare
Then of the grievous smart which him did
wring,
From loathed soile he can him lightly
reare, ³⁴⁵
And strove to loose the far infixed sting:
Which when in vaine he tryde with strug-
geling,

³ moment.
⁶ smote.⁴ yielding.⁵ outstretched.
⁷ fastened.

Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he
 hefte,¹
 And strooke so strongly, that the knotty
 string
 Of his huge taile he quite a sonder cleft; ³⁵¹
 Five joints thereof he hewd, and but the
 stump him lefte.

XL

Hart cannot thinke what outrage and
 what cries,
 With fowle enfouldred² smoake and flash-
 ing fire,
 The hell-bred beast threw forth unto the
 skies, ³⁵⁴
 That all was covered with darknesse dire:
 Then, fraught³ with rancour and en-
 gorged yre,
 He cast⁴ at once him to avenge for all,
 And, gathering up himselfe out of the mire
 With his uneven wings, did fiercely fall
 Upon his sunne-bright shield, and grypt it
 fast withall. ³⁶⁰

XLI

Much was the man encombred with his
 hold,
 In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,
 Ne wist⁵ yett how his talaunts⁶ to un-
 fold;
 Nor harder was from Cerberus greedy jaw
 To plucke a bone, then from his cruell
 claw ³⁶⁵
 To reave by strength the griped gage
 away:
 Thrise he assayd it from his foote to draw,
 And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay;
 It booted nought to thinke to robbe him
 of his pray.

XLII

Tho,⁷ when he saw no power might pre-
 vaile, ³⁷⁰
 His trusty sword he cald to his last aid,
 Wherewith he fiersly did his foe assaile,
 And double blowes about him stoutly laid,
 That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid,
 As sparkles from the andvile use to fly, ³⁷⁵
 When heavy hammers on the wedge are
 swaid;
 Therewith at last he forst him to unty
 One of his grasping feete, him to defend
 thereby.

¹ raised. ² black as a thunderbolt.
⁶ planned. ⁵ knew. ⁶ talons.

³ filled.
⁷ then.

XLIII

The other foote, fast fixed on his shield,
 Whenas no strength nor stroks mote⁸
 him constraine ³⁸⁰
 To loose, ne yet the warlike pledge to
 yield,
 He smott thereat with all his might and
 maine,
 That nought so wondrous puissaunce
 might sustaine:
 Upon the joint the lucky steele did light,
 And made such way that hewd it quite
 in twaine; ³⁸⁵
 The paw yett missed not his minisht⁹
 might,
 But hong still on the shield, as it at first
 was pight.¹⁰

XLIV

For griefe thereof and divelish despight,¹¹
 From his infernall founace forth he
 threw
 Huge flames, that dimmed all the hevens
 light, ³⁹⁰
 Enrold in duskish smoke and brimstone
 blew;
 As burning Aetna from his boyling stew¹²
 Doth belch out flames, and rockes in
 peeces broke,
 And ragged ribs of mountaines molten
 new,
 Enwrapt in coleblacke cloudes and filthy
 smoke, ³⁹⁵
 That al the land with stench, and heaven
 with horror choke.

XLV

The heate whereof, and harmefull pes-
 tilence,
 So sore him noyd,¹³ that forst him to re-
 tire
 A little backward for his best defence,
 To save his body from the scorching
 fire, ⁴⁰⁰
 Which he from hellish entrails did ex-
 pire.
 It chaunst, (Eternall God that chaunce
 did guide)
 As he recoiled backward, in the mire
 His nigh foreweried¹⁴ feeble feet did slide,
 And downe he fell, with dread of shame
 sore terrifide. ⁴⁰⁵

⁸ might. ⁹ diminished.

¹¹ anger.

¹³ annoyed.

¹⁰ placed.

¹² hot room.

¹⁴ wearied out.

XLVI

There grew a goodly tree him faire beside,
Loaden with fruit and apples rosy redd,
As they in pure vermilion had been dide,
Whereof great vertues over all¹ were
redd;²

For happy life to all which thereon fedd,⁴¹⁰
And life eke everlasting did befall:
Great God it planted in that blessed
stedd³

With his Almighty hand, and did it call
The Tree of Life, the crime of our first
fathers fall.

XLVII

In all the world like was not to be fownd,
Save in that soile, where all good things
did grow,⁴¹⁶

And freely sprong out of the fruitfull
grownd,

As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
Till that dredd dragon all did overthrow.

Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,⁴²⁰
Whereof whoso did eat, eftsoones did know
Both good and ill: O mournfull memory!

That tree through one mans fault hath
doen⁴ us all to dy.

XLVIII

From that first tree forth flowd, as from
a well,

A trickling streame of balme, most so-
veraine⁴²⁵

And dainty deare, which on the ground
still fell,

And overflowed all the fertile plaine,
As it had deawed bene with timely raine:

Life and long health that gracious oint-
ment gave,

And deadly wounds could heale, and
reare againe⁴³⁰

The sencelesse corse appointed for the
grave.

Into that same he fell, which did from
death him save.

XLIX

For nigh thereto the ever damned beast
Durst not approach, for he was deadly
made,

And al that life preserved did detest;⁴³⁵
Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade.

¹ everywhere.² told.³ place.⁴ caused.

By this the drouping day-light gan to fade,
And yield his rowme⁵ to sad succeeding
night,

Who with her sable mantle gan to shade
The face of earth, and wayes of living
wight,⁴⁴⁰

And high her burning torch set up in
heaven bright.

L

When gentle Una saw the second fall
Of her deare knight, who, weary of long
fight

And faint through losse of blood, moov'd
not at all,

But lay, as in a dreame of deepe delight,⁴⁴⁵
Besmeard with pretious balme, whose
vertuous⁶ might

Did heale his woundes, and scorching
heat alay,

Againe she stricken was with sore affright,
And for his safetie gan devoutly pray,

And watch the noyous⁷ night, and wait
for joyous day.⁴⁵⁰

LI

The joyous day gan early to appeare;
And fayre Aurora from the deawy bed
Of aged Tithone gan herselfe to reare
With rosy cheekes, for shame as blushing
red:

Her golden locks for hast were loosely
shed⁴⁵⁵

About her eares, when Una her did marke
Clymbe to her charet, all with flowers
spred,

From heaven high to chace the chearelesse
darke;

With mery note her lowd salutes the
mounting larke.

LII

Then freshly up arose the doughty
knight,⁴⁶⁰

All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,
And did himselfe to battaile ready dight;⁸

Whose early foe awaiting him beside
To have devourd, so soone as day he spyde,

When now he saw himselfe so freshly
reare,⁴⁶⁵

As if late fight had nought him damni-
fyde,

⁵ place.⁶ efficacious.⁷ grievous.⁸ make ready.

He woxe¹ dismayd, and gan his fate to
feare;
Nathlesse with wonted rage he him ad-
vaunced neare.

LIII

And in his first encounter, gaping wyde,
He thought attonce² him to have swal-
lowd quight, 470
And rusht upon him with outrageous
pryde;
Who him rencountring fierce, as hauke in
flight,
Perforce rebutted backe. The weapon
bright,
Taking advantage of his open jaw,
Ran through his mouth with so impor-
tune³ might, 475
That deepe emperst⁴ his darksom hollow
maw,
And, back retyrd,⁵ his life blood forth with
all did draw.

LIV

So downe he fell, and forth his life did
breath,
That vanisht into smoke and cloudes
swift;
So downe he fell, that th' earth him under-
neath 480
Did grone, as feeble so great load to
lift;
So downe he fell, as an huge rocky clift,
Whose false foundation waves have washt
away,
With dreadfull poyse⁶ is from the mayne-
land rift,⁷
And, rolling downe, great Neptune doth
dismay; 485
So downe he fell, and like an heaped
mountaine lay.

LV

The knight him selfe even trembled at
his fall,
So huge and horrible a masse it seemd;
And his deare Lady, that beheld it all,
Durst not approch for dread which she
misdeemd; 490
But yet at last, whenas the direfull feend

¹ grew.
⁶ pierced.
⁷ force.

² at once.

³ impetuous.
⁴ withdrawn.
⁵ broken.

She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine af-
fright
She nigher drew, and saw that joyous
end:
Then God she praysd, and thankt her
faithfull knight,
That had atchievde so great a conquest
by his might. 495

PROTHALAMION

Calme was the day, and through the trem-
bling ayre
Sweete breathing Zephyrus did softly
play,
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
Hot Titans beames, which then did glyster
fayre:
When I, whom sullein care, 5
Through discontent of my long fruitlesse
stay
In princes court, and expectation vayne
Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away,
Like empty shaddowes, did afflict my
brayne,
Walkt forth to ease my payne 10
Along the shoare of silver streaming
Themmes;
Whose rutt⁸ bancke, the which his river
hemmes,
Was paynted all with variable flowers,
And all the meades adorn'd with daintie
gemmes,
Flit to decke maydens bowres, 15
And crowne their paramours,
Against the brydale day, which is not
long.⁹
Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I
end my song.

There, in a meadow, by the rivers side,
A flocke of nymphes I chaunced to espy, 20
All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks all loose un-
tyde,
As each had bene a bryde:
And each one had a little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs entrayled curiously, 25
In which they gathered flowers to fill their
flasket;
And with fine fingers cropt full feateously¹⁰
The tender stalkes on hye.

⁸ rooty.

⁹ distant.

¹⁰ daintly.

Of every sort, which in that meadow grew,
 They gathered some; the violet pallid
 blew, 30
 The little dazie, that at evening closes,
 The virgin lillie, and the primrose trew,
 With store of vermeil roses,
 To decke their bridegromes posies
 Against the brydale day, which was not
 long: 35
 Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I
 end my song.

With that I saw two swannes of goodly
 hewe
 Come softly swimming downe along the
 lee;¹
 Two fairer birds I yet did never see:
 The snow which doth the top of Pindus
 strew 40
 Did never whiter shew,
 Nor Jove himselfe, when he a swan would
 be
 For love of Leda, whiter did appear:
 Yet Leda was, they say, as white as he,
 Yet not so white as these, nor nothing
 neare: 45
 So purely white they were,
 That even the gentle streame, the which
 them bare,
 Seem'd foule to them, and bad his bil-
 lowes spare
 To wet their silken feathers, least they
 might
 Soyle their fayre plumes with water not so
 fayre, 50
 And marre their beauties bright,
 That shone as heavens light,
 Against their brydale day, which was not
 long:
 Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I
 end my song.

Eftsoones the nymphes, which now had
 flowers their fill, 55
 Ran all in haste to see that silver brood,
 As they came floating on the christal flood;
 Whom when they sawe, they stood amazed
 still,
 Their wondring eyes to fill.
 Them seem'd they never saw a sight so
 fayre, 60
 Of fowles so lovely, that they sure did
 deeme

¹ stream.

Them heavenly borne, or to be that same
 payre
 Which through the skie draw Venus silver
 teeme;
 For sure they did not seeme
 To be begot of any earthly seede, 65
 But rather angels or of angels breede:
 Yet were they bred of Somers-heat, they
 say,
 In sweetest season, when each flower and
 weede
 The earth did fresh aray;
 So fresh they seem'd as day, 70
 Even as their brydale day, which was not
 long:
 Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I end
 my song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets
 drew
 Great store of flowers, the honour of the
 field,
 That to the sense did fragrant odours
 yeild, 75
 All which upon those goodly birds they
 threw,
 And all the waves did strew,
 That like old Peneus waters they did
 seeme,
 When downe along by pleasant Tempes
 shore,
 Scattred with flowres, through Thessaly
 they streeme, 80
 That they appeare, through lillies plen-
 teous store,
 Like a brydes chamber flore.
 Two of those nymphes, meane while, two
 garlands bound
 Of freshest flowres which in that mead
 they found,
 The which presenting all in trim array, 85
 Their snowie foreheads therewithall they
 crownd,
 Whil'st one did sing this lay,
 Prepar'd against that day,
 Against their brydale day, which was not
 long:
 Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I end
 my song. 90

"Ye gentle birdes, the worlds faire orna-
 ment,
 And heavens glorie, whom this happie
 hower

Doth leade unto your lovers blissfull
bower,
Joy may you have and gentle hearts content

Of your loves couplement: 95
And let faire Venus, that is Queene of

Love,
With her heart-quelling sonne upon you smile,

Whose smile, they say, hath vertue to remove

All loves dislike, and friendships faultie guile

For ever to assoile. 100

Let endlesse peace your steadfast hearts accord,

And blessed plentie wait upon your bord;
And let your bed with pleasures chaste abound,

That fruitfull issue may to you afford,
Which may your foes confound, 105

And make your joyes redound,
Upon your brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes, run softlie, till I end my song."

So ended she; and all the rest around
To her redoubled that her undersong, 110
Which said, their bridale daye should not be long.

And gentle Eccho from the neighbour ground

Their accents did resound.

So forth those joyous birdes did passe along,

Adowne the lee, that to them murmurde low, 115

As he would speake, but that he lackt a tong,

Yeat did by signes his glad affection show,
Making his streame run slow.

And all the foule which in his flood did dwell

Gan flock about these twaine, that did excell 120

The rest so far as Cynthia doth shend¹

The lesser starres. So they, enranged well,
Did on those two attend,

And their best service lend,
Against their wedding day, which was not long: 125

Sweete Themmes, run softly, till I end my song.

¹ shame.

At length they all to mery London came,
To mery London, my most kyndly nurse,
That to me gave this lifes first native source:

Though from another place I take my name, 130

An house of auncient fame.

There when they came, whereas those bricky towres,

The which on Themmes brode aged backe doe ryde,

Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,

There whylome wont the Templer Knights to byde, 135

Till they decayd through pride:

Next whereunto there standes a stately place,

Where oft I gayned giftes and goodly grace

Of that great lord which therein wont to dwell,

Whose want too well now feeles my freendes case: 140

But ah! here fits not well

Olde woes, but joyes to tell,

Against the bridale daye, which is not long:

Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I end my song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer, 145

Great Englands glory and the worlds wide wonder,

Whose dreadfull name late through all Spaine did thunder,

And Hercules two pillors standing neere Did make to quake and feare.

Faire branch of honor, flower of chevalrie,
That fillest England with thy triumphes fame, 151

Joy have thou of thy noble victorie,

And endlesse happinesse of thine owne name

That promiseth the same:

That through thy prowesse and victorious armes 155

Thy country may be freed from forraine harmes;

And great Elisaes glorious name may ring

Through al the world, fil'd with thy wide alarmes,

Which some brave Muse may sing
 To ages following, 160
 Upon the brydale day, which is not long:
 Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I
 end my song.

From those high towers this noble lord
 issuing,
 Like radiant Hesper when his golden
 hayre
 In th' ocean billows he hath bathed fayre,
 Descended to the rivers open vewing, 166
 With a great traine ensuing.
 Above the rest were goodly to bee seene
 Two gentle knights of lovely face and
 feature,
 Beseeming well the bower of anie queene,
 With gifts of wit and ornaments of na-
 ture, 171
 Fit for so goodly stature:
 That like the twins of Jove they seem'd in
 sight,
 Which decke the bauldricke of the heavens
 bright.
 They two, forth pacing to the rivers side,
 Received those two faire brides, their loves
 delight, 176
 Which, at th' appointed tyde,
 Each one did make his bryde,
 Against their brydale day, which is not
 long:
 Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I end
 my song. 180

ELIZABETHAN SONNETEERS

SIR THOMAS WYATT (1503?-1542)

THE LOVER COMPARETH HIS STATE TO A SHIP IN PERILOUS STORM TOSSED ON THE SEA

My galley, chargèd with forgetfulness,
 Thorough sharp seas, in winter nights
 doth pass,
 'Tween rock and rock; and eke mine
 enemy, alas,
 That is my lord, steereth with cruelty;
 And every oar, a thought in readiness, 5
 As though that death were light in such a
 case;
 An endless wind doth tear the sail apace
 Of forced sighs and trusty fearfulness;

A rain of tears, a cloud of dark disdain,
 Hath done the wearied cords great hin-
 derance; 10
 Wreathèd with error and eke with igno-
 rance,
 The stars be hid that led me to this pain;
 Drowned is Reason, that should me
 comfort;
 And I remain, despairing of the port.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF
 SURREY (1517?-1547)

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING, WHERE- IN EACH THING RENEWS, SAVE ONLY THE LOVER

The soote¹ season that bud and bloom
 forth brings,
 With green hath clad the hill and eke the
 vale;
 The nightingale with feathers new she
 sings;
 The turtle to her make² hath told her tale:
 Summer is come, for every spray now
 springs; 5
 The hart hath hung his old head on the
 pale;
 The buck in brake his winter coat he
 flings;
 The fishes flete³ with new repaired scale;
 The adder all her slough away she slings;
 The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale;
 The busy bee her honey now she mings.⁴ 11
 Winter is worn, that was the flowers' bale:
 And thus I see among these pleasant
 things
 Each care decays, and yet my sorrow
 springs!

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554-1586)

From ASTROPHEL AND STELLA

I

Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love
 to show,
 That she, dear she, might take some
 pleasure of my pain,—

¹ sweet.
² float.

³ mate.
⁴ mixes.

Pleasure might cause her read, reading
 might make her know,
 Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace
 obtain,—
 I sought fit words to paint the blackest
 face of woe, 5
 Studying inventions fine, her wits to enter-
 tain,
 Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence
 would flow
 Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my
 sunburned brain.
 But words came halting forth, wanting
 Invention's stay;
 Invention, Nature's child, fled step-dame
 Study's blows; 10
 And others' feet still seemed but strangers
 in my way.
 Thus, great with child to speak, and help-
 less in my throes,
 Biting my truant pen, beating myself
 for spite;
 "Fool," said my Muse to me, "look in
 thy heart, and write!"

XXXI

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou
 climb'st the skies!
 How silently, and with how wan a
 face!
 What, may it be that even in heavenly
 place
 That busy archer his sharp arrows tries!
 Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted
 eyes 5
 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's
 case;
 I read it in thy looks: thy languished
 grace
 To me, that feel the like, thy state de-
 scribes.
 Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell
 me
 Is constant love deemed there but want of
 wit? 10
 Are beauties there as proud as here they
 be?
 Do they above love to be loved, and
 yet
 Those lovers scorn whom that love
 doth possess?
 Do they call virtue there ungrateful-
 ness?

XXXIX

Come, Sleep! O Sleep, the certain knot of
 peace,
 The baiting-place of wit, the balm of
 woe,
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's re-
 lease,
 Th' indifferent judge between the high and
 low;
 With shield of proof shield me from out
 the prease! 5
 Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth
 throw:
 O make in me those civil wars to cease;
 I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
 Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest
 bed,
 A chamber deaf of noise and blind of
 light,
 A rosy garland and a weary head: 11
 And if these things, as being thine in
 right,
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt
 in me,
 Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image
 see.

XLI

Having this day my horse, my hand, my
 lance
 Guided so well that I obtained the prize,
 Both by the judgment of the English
 eyes
 And of some sent from that sweet enemy
 France;
 Horsemen my skill in horsemanship
 advance, 5
 Town folks my strength; a daintier judge
 applies
 His praise to sleight which from good use
 doth rise;
 Some lucky wits impute it but to chance;
 Others, because of both sides I do take
 My blood from them who did excel in
 this, 10
 Think Nature me a man-at-arms did
 make.
 How far they shot awry! the true cause
 is,
 Stella looked on, and from her heavenly
 face
 Sent forth the beams which made so
 fair my race.

1 press, throng.

EDMUND SPENSER (1552?–1599)

From AMORETTI

XXIV

When I behold that beauty's wonderment,
And rare perfection of each goodly part,
Of nature's skill the only complement,
I honor and admire the Maker's art.
But when I feel the bitter, baleful smart 5
Which her fair eyes unwares do work in

me,
That death out of their shiny beams do

dart,
I think that I a new Pandora see:
Whom all the gods in council did agree
Into this sinful world from heaven to send,
That she to wicked men a scourge should
be, 11
For all their faults with which they did

offend.
But since ye are my scourge, I will
intreat

That for my faults ye will me gently
beat.

XXXIV

Like as a ship, that through the ocean wide
By conduct of some star doth make her
way,

Whenas a storm hath dimmed her trusty
guide,

Out of her course doth wander far astray;
So I, whose star, that wont with her bright
ray 5

Me to direct, with clouds is overcast,
Do wander now in darkness and dismay,
Through hidden perils round about me
placed.

Yet hope I well, that when this storm is
past,

My Helicé, the lodestar of my life, 10
Will shine again, and look on me at last,
With lovely light to clear my cloudy grief;

Till then I wander careful, comfort-
less,

In secret sorrow and sad pensiveness.

LXIII

After long storms and tempests' sad assay,
Which hardly I endured heretofore,
In dread of death, and dangerous dis-
may,

With which my silly bark was tossed sore,
I do at length descry the happy shore, 5
In which I hope ere long for to arrive:
Fair soil it seems from far, and fraught
with store

Of all that dear and dainty is alive.
Most happy he that can at last achieve
The joyous safety of so sweet a rest; 10
Whose least delight sufficeth to deprive
Remembrance of all pains which him op-
pressed.

All pains are nothing in respect of this,
All sorrows short that gain eternal
bliss.

LXX

Fresh Spring, the herald of love's mighty
king,

In whose coat-armor richly are displayed
All sorts of flowers the which on earth do
spring,

In goodly colors gloriously arrayed;
Go to my love, where she is careless laid, 5
Yet in her winter's bower not well awake;
Tell her the joyous time will not be stayed,
Unless she do him by the forelock take;
Bid her therefore herself soon ready make
To wait on Love amongst his lovely
crew; 10

Where everyone that misseth then her
make¹

Shall be by him amerced² with penance
due.

Make haste, therefore, sweet love, whilst
it is prime;

For none can call again the passed
time.

LXXV

One day I wrote her name upon the
strand,

But came the waves and washèd it away;
Again I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tide and made my pains
his prey.

"Vain man," said she, "that dost in vain
assay 5

A mortal thing so to immortalize:
For I myself shall like to this decay,
And eke my name be wiped out like-
wise."

"Not so," quoth I, "let baser things
devise

¹ mate.² punished.

To die in dust, but you shall live by
fame: 10

My verse your virtues rare shall eternize,
And in the heavens write your glorious
name.

Where, whenas death shall all the world
subdue,
Our love shall live, and later life
renew."

LXXIX

Men call you fair, and you do credit it,
For that yourself ye daily such do see;
But the true fair, that is the gentle wit
And virtuous mind, is much more praised
of me:

For all the rest, however fair it be, 5
Shall turn to nought and lose that glorious
hue;

But only that is permanent and free
From frail corruption that doth flesh ensue.
That is true beauty; that doth argue you
To be divine, and born of heavenly seed; 10
Derived from that fair Spirit from whom
all true

And perfect beauty did at first proceed:
He only fair, and what he fair hath
made;

All other fair, like flowers, untimely
fade.

SAMUEL DANIEL (1562-1619)

CARE-CHARMER SLEEP

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable
Night,

Brother to Death, in silent darkness born:
Relieve my languish, and restore the light;
With dark forgetting of my care, return!
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventured
youth: 6

Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torment of the night's un-
truth.

Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of the morrow;
Never let rising sun approve you liars, 11
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.

Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in
vain;

And never wake to feel the day's dis-
dain.

MICHAEL DRAYTON (1563-1631)

SINCE THERE'S NO HELP

Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and
part!

Nay, I have done, you get no more of
me;

And I am glad, yea, glad, with all my
heart,

That thus so cleanly I myself can free.

Shake hands for ever, cancel all our
vows; 5

And when we meet at any time again,

Be it not seen in either of our brows,

That we one jot of former love retain.

Now at the last gasp of Love's latest
breath,

When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless
lies; 10

When Faith is kneeling by his bed of
death,

And Innocence is closing up his eyes,—

Now, if thou wouldst, when all have
given him over,

From death to life thou might'st him
yet recover!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616)

XVIII

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of
May,

And summer's lease hath all too short a
date;

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven
shines, 5

And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair¹ from fair sometime de-
clines,

By chance or nature's changing course un-
trimmed;

But thy eternal summer shall not fade

Nor lose possession of that fair thou
ow'st;² 10

Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in
his shade,

When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:

¹ beauty.² ownest.

So long as men can breathe or eyes can
see,
So long lives this and this gives life to
thee.

XXIX

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's
eyes,
I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless
cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in
hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends
possessed,
Desiring this man's art and that man's
scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost de-
spising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my
state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's
gate;
For thy sweet love remembered such
wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state
with kings.

XXX

When to the sessions of sweet silent
thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's
waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow, 5
For precious friends hid in death's date-
less night,
And weep afresh love's long-since can-
celled woe,
And moan the expense¹ of many a vanished
sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er 10
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear
friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

¹ loss.

XXXIII

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign
eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows
green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly al-
chemy,
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride 5
With ugly rack² on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendor on my
brow;
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine;
The region³ cloud hath masked him from
me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit dis-
daineth;
Suns of the world may stain, when
heaven's sun staineth.

LXIV

When I have seen by Time's fell hand de-
faced
The rich proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-
razed,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain 5
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss and loss with
store;
When I have seen such interchange of
state,
Or state itself confounded to decay; 10
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,
That Time will come and take my love
away.
This thought is as a death, which can-
not choose
But weep to have that which it fears to
lose.

LXV

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor
boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a
plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?

² broken masses of flying cloud.³ of the upper air.

O, how shall summer's honey breath hold
 out 5
 Against the wrackful siege of batt'ring
 days,
 When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
 Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time de-
 cays?
 O fearful meditation! where, alack,
 Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest
 lie hid? 10
 Or what strong hand can hold his swift
 foot back?
 Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
 O, none, unless this miracle have might,
 That in black ink my love may still shine
 bright.

LXVI

Tired with all these, for restful death I
 cry:
 As, to behold desert a beggar born,
 And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,
 And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
 And gilded honor shamefully misplaced, 5
 And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
 And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
 And strength by limping sway disabled,
 And art made tongue-tied by authority,
 And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill, 10
 And simple truth miscalled simplicity,¹
 And captive good attending captain ill.
 Tired with all these, from these would I
 be gone,
 Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXXI

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
 Give warning to the world that I am fled
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to
 dwell:
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not 5
 The hand that writ it; for I love you so
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be
 forgot
 If thinking on me then should make you
 woe.
 O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
 When I perhaps compounded am with
 clay, 10
 Do not so much as my poor name re-
 hearse,
 But let your love even with my life decay,

¹ folly.

Lest the wise world should look into
 your moan
 And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXIII

That time of year thou mayst in me be-
 hold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do
 hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against
 the cold,
 Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet
 birds sang.
 In me thou see'st the twilight of such day 5
 As after sunset fadeth in the west;
 Which by and by black night doth take
 away,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in
 rest.
 In me thou see'st the glowing of such
 fire
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie, 10
 As the death-bed whereon it must ex-
 pire,
 Consumed with that which it was nour-
 ished by.
 This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy
 love more strong,
 To love that well which thou must leave
 ere long.

XCVIII

From you have I been absent in the spring,
 When proud-pied² April dressed in all his
 trim
 Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
 That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped
 with him.
 Yet nor the lays of birds nor the sweet
 smell 5
 Of different flowers in odor and in hue
 Could make me any summer's story tell,
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where
 they grew;
 Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
 Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
 They were but sweet, but figures of de-
 light, 11
 Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
 Yet seemed it winter still, and, you
 away,
 As with your shadow, I with these did
 play.

² gorgeously variegated.

CVI

When in the chronicle of wasted time
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
 In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights;
 Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's
 best,
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
 I see their antique pen would have ex-
 pressed

Even such a beauty as you master now.
 So all their praises are but prophecies
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
 And, for they looked but with divining
 eyes,
 They had not skill enough your worth to
 sing:

For we, which now behold these present
 days,
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues
 to praise.

CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove:
 O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark
 That looks on tempests and is never
 shaken;

It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his
 height be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips
 and cheeks

Within his bending sickle's compass come;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and
 weeks,

But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXLVI

Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth,
 Thrall to these rebel powers that thee
 array,

Why dost thou pine within and suffer
 dearth,

Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
 Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?

Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's
 loss,
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
 Within be fed, without be rich no more:
 So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds
 on men,
 And Death once dead, there's no more
 dying then.

ELIZABETHAN SONG WRITERS

ANONYMOUS

BACK AND SIDE GO BARE, GO
BARE

Back and side go bare, go bare,
 Both hand and foot go cold;
 But, belly, God send thee good ale
 enough,
 Whether it be new or old.

I cannot eat but little meat,
 My stomach is not good;
 But sure I think that I can drink
 With him that wears a hood.
 Though I go bare, take ye no care,
 I am nothing a-cold;
 I stuff my skin so full within
 Of jolly good ale and old.
 Back and side, etc.

I love no roast but a nutbrown toast,
 And a crab¹ laid in the fire;
 A little bread shall do me stead,
 Much bread I not desire.
 No frost nor snow, no wind, I trow,
 Can hurt me if it would,
 I am so wrapt and thoroughly lapt
 Of jolly good ale and old.
 Back and side, etc.

And Tib my wife, that as her life
 Loveth well good ale to seek,
 Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
 The tears run down her cheek;
 Then doth she trowl² to me the bowl
 Even as a maltworm³ should,
 And saith, "Sweetheart, I have take my
 part
 Of this jolly good ale and old."
 Back and side, etc.

¹ apple.² pass.³ a tippler.

Now let them drink till they nod and
wink,
Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to. 35
And all poor souls that have scoured¹ bowls,
Or have them lustily trowled,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.
Back and side, go bare, go bare, 40
Both hand and foot go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale
enough,
Whether it be new or old.

SIR EDWARD DYER (1550?-1607)

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS

My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such present joys therein I find
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind:
Though much I want which most would
have, 5
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.
No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
No force to win the victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to feed a loving eye; 10
To none of these I yield as thrall:
For why? My mind doth serve for all.
I see how plenty [surfeits] oft,
And hasty climbers soon do fall;
I see that those which are aloft 15
Mishap doth threaten most of all;
They get with toil, they keep with fear:
Such cares my mind could never bear.
Content to live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice; 20
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look, what I lack my mind supplies:
Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.
Some have too much, yet still do crave; 25
I little have, and seek no more.
They are but poor, though much they
have,
And I am rich with little store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I leave; they pine, I live. 30

¹ emptied.

I laugh not at another's loss;
I grudge not at another's pain;
No worldly waves my mind can toss;
My state at one doth still remain:
I fear no foe, I fawn no friend; 35
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
Their wisdom by their rage of will;
Their treasure is their only trust;
A cloakèd craft their store of skill: 40
But all the pleasure that I find
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
My conscience clear my chief defence;
I neither seek by bribes to please, 45
Nor by deceit to breed offence:
Thus do I live; thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I!

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554-1586)

LOVE IS DEAD

Ring out your bells, let mourning shows
be spread;
For Love is dead:
All Love is dead, infected
With plague of deep disdain:
Worth, as nought worth, rejected, 5
And Faith fair scorn doth gain.
From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female franzie,²
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us! 10
Weep, neighbors, weep; do you not hear it
said
That Love is dead?
His death-bed, peacock's folly;
His winding-sheet is shame;
His will, false-seeming holy; 15
His sole exec'tor, blame.
From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female franzie,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us! 20
Let dirge be sung, and trentals rightly read,
For Love is dead;
Sir Wrong his tomb ordaineth
My mistress' marble heart;
Which epitaph containeth, 25

² frenzy.

"Her eyes were once his dart."

From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female franzie,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us! 30

Alas, I lie: rage hath this error bred;
Love is not dead;

Love is not dead, but sleepeth
In her unmatched mind,
Where she his counsel keepeth, 35
Till due deserts she find.

Therefore from so vile fancy,
To call such wit a franzie,
Who Love can temper thus,
Good Lord, deliver us! 40

JOHN LYL (1554?-1606)

CUPID AND CAMPASPE

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid.
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves and team of sparrows;
Loses them too; then down he throws 5
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);
With these the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin;
All these did my Campaspe win. 10
At last he set¹ her both his eyes;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love, has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

SPRING'S WELCOME

What bird so sings, yet so does wail?
O 'tis the ravished nightingale.
"Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu," she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.
Brave prick-song! who is't now we hear? 5
None but the lark so shrill and clear;
Now at heaven's gates she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat
Poor robin redbreast tunes his note; 10
Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing,
Cuckoo, to welcome in the spring;
Cuckoo, to welcome in the spring!

¹ wagered.

GEORGE PERLE (1558?-1597?)

CUPID'S CURSE

ENONE. Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
The fairest shepherd on our
green,
A love for any lady.

PARIS. Fair and fair, and twice so fair, 5
As fair as any may be;
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady.

EN. My love is fair, my love is gay,
As fresh as bin² the flowers in
May, 10

And of my love my roundelay,
My merry, merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's curse,—
"They that do change old love for
new,

Pray gods they change for worse!" 15

AMBO SIMUL.³ They that do change, etc.

EN. Fair and fair, etc.

PAR. Fair and fair, etc.

Thy love is fair, etc.

EN. My love can pipe, my love can
sing, 20

My love can⁴ many a pretty thing,

And of his lovely praises ring

My merry, merry roundelays,

Amen to Cupid's curse,—

"They that do change," etc. 25

PAR. They that do change, etc.

AMBO. Fair and fair, etc.

ROBERT GREENE (1560?-1592)

SWEET ARE THE THOUGHTS

Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content;
The quiet mind is richer than a crown;

Sweet are the nights in careless slumber
spent;
The poor estate scorns fortune's angry
frown:

Such sweet content, such minds, such
sleep, such bliss, 5

Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

² are.

³ Both together.

⁴ knows how to do.

The homely house that harbors quiet rest;
 The cottage that affords no pride nor
 care;
 The mean that 'grees with country music
 best;
 The sweet consort¹ of mirth and music's
 fare;
 Obscurèd life sets down a type of bliss:
 A mind content both crown and kingdom
 is.

SEPHESTIA'S SONG TO HER CHILD

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
 When thou art old there's grief enough for
 thee.

Mother's wag, pretty boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy;
 When thy father first did see
 Such a boy by him and me,
 He was glad, I was woe;
 Fortune changed made him so,
 When he left his pretty boy,
 Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
 When thou art old there's grief enough for
 thee.

Streaming tears that never stint,
 Like pearl drops from a flint,
 Fell by course from his eyes,
 That one another's place supplies;
 Thus he grieved in every part,
 Tears of blood fell from his heart,
 When he left his pretty boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
 When thou art old there's grief enough for
 thee.

The wanton smiled, father wept,
 Mother cried, baby leapt;
 More he crowed, more he cried,
 Nature could not sorrow hide:
 He must go, he must kiss
 Child and mother, baby bless,
 For he left his pretty boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my
 knee,
 When thou art old there's grief enough for
 thee.

¹ harmony.

THOMAS LODGE (1558?–1625)

ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL

Love in my bosom like a bee
 Doth suck his sweet;
 Now with his wings he plays with me,
 Now with his feet.
 Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
 His bed amidst my tender breast;
 My kisses are his daily feast,
 And yet he robs me of my rest.
 Ah, wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he,
 With pretty flight,
 And makes his pillow of my knee,
 The livelong night.
 Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;
 He music plays if so I sing;
 He lends me every lovely thing;
 Yet cruel he my heart doth sting.
 Whist,² wanton, still ye!

Else I with roses every day
 Will whip you hence,
 And bind you, when you long to play,
 For your offence.
 I'll shut my eyes to keep you in,
 I'll make you fast it for your sin,
 I'll count your power not worth a pin.
 Alas! what hereby shall I win
 If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
 With many a rod?
 He will repay me with annoy,
 Because a god.
 Then sit thou safely on my knee,
 And let thy bower my bosom be;
 Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee.
 O Cupid, so thou pity me,
 Spare not, but play thee!

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (1564–1593)

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

Come live with me and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove,
 That valleys, groves, hills, and fields,
 Woods, or steepy mountains, yields.

² hush.

And we will sit upon the rocks, 5
 Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses, 10
 And a thousand fragrant posies,
 A cap of flowers and a kirtle
 Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle:

A gown made of the finest wool, 15
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
 Fair lined slippers for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
 With coral clasps and amber studs;
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Come live with me and be my love. 20

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
 For thy delights each May morning;
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me and be my love.

THOMAS NASH (1567-1601)

LITANY IN TIME OF PLAGUE

Adieu, farewell, earth's bliss,
 This world uncertain is:
 Fond¹ are life's lustful joys,
 Death proves them all but toys.
 None from his darts can fly; 5
 I am sick, I must die.
 Lord, have mercy on us!

Rich men, trust not in wealth,
 Gold cannot buy you health;
 Physic himself must fade; 10
 All things to end are made;
 The plague full swift goes by;
 I am sick, I must die.
 Lord, have mercy on us!

Beauty is but a flower, 15
 Which wrinkles will devour:
 Brightness falls from the air;
 Queens have died young and fair;
 Dust hath closed Helen's eye;
 I am sick, I must die. 20
 Lord, have mercy on us!

¹ foolish.

Strength stoops unto the grave;
 Worms feed on Hector brave;
 Swords may not fight with fate;
 Earth still holds ope her gate; 25
 Come, come, the bells do cry;
 I am sick, I must die.
 Lord, have mercy on us!

Wit with his wantonness,
 Tasteth death's bitterness; 30
 Hell's executioner
 Hath no ears for to hear
 What vain art can reply;
 I am sick, I must die.
 Lord, have mercy on us! 35

Haste therefore each degree
 To welcome destiny:
 Heaven is our heritage,
 Earth but a player's stage;
 Mount we unto the sky; 40
 I am sick, I must die.
 Lord, have mercy on us!

SIR WALTER RALEIGH (1552?-1616)

HIS PILGRIMAGE

Give me my scallop-shell² of quiet,
 My staff of faith to walk upon,
 My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
 My bottle of salvation,
 My gown of glory, hope's true gage;³ 5
 And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer;
 No other balm will there be given;
 Whilst my soul, like a quiet palmer,
 Travelleth towards the land of heaven,
 Over the silver mountains, 11
 Where spring the nectar fountains.
 There will I kiss
 The bowl of bliss;
 And drink mine everlasting fill 15
 Upon every milken hill.
 My soul will be a-dry before;
 But, after, it will thirst no more.

Then by that happy blissful day
 More peaceful pilgrims I shall see, 20
 That have cast off their rags of clay,
 And walk apparelled fresh like me.

² badge of a pilgrim.

³ pledge.

I'll take them first,
To quench their thirst
And taste of nectar suckets¹ 25
At those clear wells
Where sweetness dwells,
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

And when our bottles and all we
Are filled with immortality, 30
Then the blessed paths we'll travel,
Strowed with rubies thick as gravel;
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
High walls of coral, and pearly bowers.

From thence to Heaven's bribeless hall,
Where no corrupted voices brawl; 36
No conscience molten into gold;
No forged accuser bought or sold;
No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,
For there Christ is the King's Attorney, 40
Who pleads for all, without degrees,
And he hath angels but no fees.

And when the grand twelve million jury
Of our sins, with direful fury,
Against our souls black verdicts give, 45
Christ pleads his death; and then we live.

Be Thou my speaker, taintless Pleader!
Unblotted Lawyer! true Proceeder!
Thou giv'st salvation, even for alms,
Not with a bribed lawyer's palms. 50

And this is mine eternal plea
To Him that made heaven and earth and sea:

That, since my flesh must die so soon,
And want a head to dine next noon,
Just at the stroke, when my veins start
and spread, 55
Set on my soul an everlasting head!

Then am I ready, like a palmer fit,
To tread those blest paths, which before I writ.

THE CONCLUSION

Even such is time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,

¹ sweets.

When we have wandered all our ways, 5
Shuts up the story of our days:
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL (1561?-1595)

THE BURNING BABE

As I in hoary winter's night stood shivering
in the snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat which
made my heart to glow;
And lifting up a fearful eye to view what
fire was near,
A pretty babe, all burning bright, did in
the air appear,
Who, scorched with excessive heat, such
floods of tears did shed, 5
As though his floods should quench his
flames which with his tears were fed;
"Alas!" quoth he, "but newly born in
fiery heats I fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts or
feel my fire but I!
My faultless breast the furnace is, the fuel,
wounding thorns;
Love is the fire and sighs the smoke, the
ashes, shame and scorns; 10
The fuel Justice layeth on, and Mercy
blows the coals;
The metal in this furnace wrought are
men's defiled souls;
For which, as now on fire I am to work
them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath to wash them in
my blood."
With this he vanished out of sight, and
swiftly shrunk away, 15
And straight I callèd unto mind that it
was Christmas-day.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616)

SONGS FROM THE PLAYS

From LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,

When blood is nipped and ways be foul, 5
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit, to-who,
 A merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel¹ the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow, 10
 And coughing drowns the parson's
 saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
 When roasted crabs² hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl, 15
 Tu-whit, to-who,
 A merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

From TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

Who is Silvia? what is she,
 That all our swains commend her?
 Holy, fair, and wise is she;
 The heaven such grace did lend her,
 That she might admirèd be. 5

Is she kind as she is fair?
 For beauty lives with kindness.
 Love doth to her eyes repair
 To help him of his blindness,
 And, being helped, inhabits there. 10

Then to Silvia let us sing
 That Silvia is excelling;
 She excels each mortal thing
 Upon the dull earth dwelling;
 To her let us garlands bring. 15

From A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Over hill, over dale,
 Thorough bush, thorough brier,
 Over park, over pale,
 Thorough flood, thorough fire,
 I do wander everywhere, 5
 Swifter than the moon's sphere;
 And I serve the fairy Queen,
 To dew her orbs upon the green.
 The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
 In their gold coats spots you see: 10
 Those be rubies, fairy favors,
 In those freckles live their savors.
 I must go seek some dewdrops here,
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

¹ cool by stirring.

² apples.

From THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

Tell me where is fancy³ bred,
 Or in the heart or in the head?
 How begot, how nourished?
 Reply, reply.

It is engendered in the eyes, 5
 With gazing fed; and fancy dies
 In the cradle where it lies.
 Let us all ring fancy's knell;
 I'll begin it,—Ding-dong, bell.
 Ding, dong, bell. 10

From AS YOU LIKE IT

Under the greenwood tree
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And turn his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither! 5
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
 And loves to live i' the sun, 10
 Seeking the food he eats,
 And pleased with what he gets,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither!
 Here shall he see
 No enemy 15
 But winter and rough weather.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen, 5
 Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green
 holly:
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving
 mere folly:
 Then, heigh ho, the holly!
 This life is most jolly. 10

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky!
 That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot;

³ love.

Though thou the waters warp,¹
 Thy sting is not so sharp 15
 As friend remembered not.

Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! etc.

It was a lover and his lass
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 That o'er the green corn-field did pass
 In the spring time, the only pretty ring
 time,
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding; 5
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 These pretty country folks would lie,
 In spring time, etc. 10

This carol they began that hour,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 How that life was but a flower
 In spring time, etc.

And therefore take the present time, 15
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 For love is crownèd with the prime
 In spring time, etc.

From TWELFTH NIGHT

O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?
 O, stay and hear, your true love's coming,
 That can sing both high and low:
 Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
 Journeys end in lovers meeting, 5
 Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;
 Present mirth hath present laughter;
 What's to come is still unsure:
 In delay there lies no plenty; 10
 Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
 Youth's a stuff will not endure.

From MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Take, O, take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn:
 But my kisses bring again, bring again; 5
 Seals of love, but sealed in vain, sealed in
 vain.

¹ transform.

From ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
 Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!²
 In thy vats our cares be drowned,
 With thy grapes our hairs be crowned!
 Cup us, till the world go round, 5
 Cup us, till the world go round!

From CYMBELINE

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phoebus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chaliced³ flowers that lies;
 And winking Mary-buds begin 5
 To ope their golden eyes;
 With every thing that pretty is,
 My lady sweet, arise!
 Arise, arise!

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
 Nor the furious winter's rages;
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
 Golden lads and girls all must, 5
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
 Care no more to clothe and eat;
 To thee the reed is as the oak: 10
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must
 All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
 Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;⁴
 Fear not slander, censure rash; 15
 Thou hast finished joy and moan:
 All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
 Nor no witchcraft charm thee! 20
 Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
 Nothing ill come near thee!
 Quiet consummation have;
 And renownèd be thy grave!

From THE TEMPEST

ARIEL'S SONGS

Come unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands;
 Curtsied when you have, and kissed
 The wild waves whist,⁵

² eyes. ³ cup-shaped. ⁴ thunderbolt. ⁵ hushed.

Foot it featly¹ here and there, 5
 And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
 Hark, hark!
 Bow-wow.
 The watch-dogs bark:
 Bow-wow. 10
 Hark, hark! I hear
 The strain of strutting chanticleer
 Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Full fathom five thy father lies:
 Of his bones are coral made;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes;
 Nothing of him that doth fade
 But doth suffer a sea-change 5
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
 Ding-dong!
 Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong,
 bell!

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
 In a cowslip's bell I lie;
 There I couch when owls do cry;
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer merrily. 5
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now
 Under the blossom that hangs on the
 bough.

ANONYMOUS

HEY NONNY NO!

Hey nonny no!
 Men are fools that wish to die!
 Is't not fine to dance and sing
 When the bells of death do ring?
 Is't not fine to swim in wine, 5
 And turn upon the toe,
 And sing hey nonny no,
 When the winds blow and the seas flow?
 Hey nonny no!

THOMAS CAMPION (1567-1620)

OF CORINNA'S SINGING

When to her lute Corinna sings,
 Her voice revives the leaden strings,
 And doth in highest notes appear
 As any challenged echo clear;

¹ neatly.

But when she doth of mourning speak, 5
 E'en with her sighs the strings do break.
 And as her lute doth live or die,
 Led by her passion, so must I:
 For when of pleasure she doth sing,
 My thoughts enjoy a sudden spring; 10
 But if she doth of sorrow speak,
 E'en from my heart the strings do break.

WHEN THOU MUST HOME

When thou must home to shades of under-
 ground,
 And there arrived, a new admired guest,
 The beauteous spirits do engirt thee
 round,
 White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest,
 To hear the stories of thy finished love 5
 From that smooth tongue whose music
 hell can move;

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting de-
 lights,
 Of masques and revels which sweet youth
 did make,
 Of journeys and great challenges of
 knights,
 And all these triumphs for thy beauty's
 sake; 10
 When thou hast told these honors done to
 thee,
 Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder
 me.

COME, CHEERFUL DAY

Come, cheerful day, part of my life to
 me;
 For while thou view'st me with thy
 fading light,
 Part of my life doth still depart with thee,
 And I still onward haste to my last
 night.
 Time's fatal days do ever forward fly: 5
 So every day we live a day we die.

But O ye nights, ordained for barren
 rest,
 How are my days deprived of life in you
 When heavy sleep my soul hath dispossessed,
 By feigned death life sweetly to re-
 new! 10
 Part of my life in that, you life deny:
 So every day we live, a day we die.

NOW WINTER NIGHTS ENLARGE

Now winter nights enlarge
 The number of their hours;
 And clouds their storms discharge
 Upon the airy towers.
 Let now the chimneys blaze, 5
 And cups o'erflow with wine,
 Let well-tuned words amaze
 With harmony divine.
 Now yellow waxen lights
 Shall wait on honey love; 10
 While youthful revels, masques, and
 courtly sights,
 Sleep's leaden spells remove.

This time doth well dispense
 With lovers' long discourse;
 Much speech hath some defence, 15
 Though beauty no remorse.
 All do not all things well:
 Some measures comely tread,
 Some knotted riddles tell,
 Some poems smoothly read. 20
 The summer hath his joys,
 And winter his delights;
 Though love and all his pleasures are but
 toys,
 They shorten tedious nights.

CHERRY-RIPE

There is a garden in her face
 Where roses and white lilies grow;
 A heavenly paradise is that place,
 Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow:
 There cherries grow, which none may
 buy 5
 Till "Cherry-ripe" themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
 Of orient pearl a double row,
 Which when her lovely laughter shows, 9
 They look like rosebuds filled with snow;
 Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy
 Till "Cherry-ripe" themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still;
 Her brows like bended bows do stand,
 Threatening with piercing frowns to kill 15
 All that attempt, with eye or hand,
 Those sacred cherries to come nigh
 Till "Cherry-ripe" themselves do cry.

CHANCE AND CHANGE

What if a day, or a month, or a year,
 Crown thy delights, with a thousand
 sweet contentings?
 Cannot a chance of a night or an hour
 Cross thy desires with as many sad tor-
 mentings?
 Fortune, honor, beauty, youth, 5
 Are but blossoms dying;
 Wanton pleasure, doting love,
 Are but shadows flying;
 All our joys are but toys,
 Idle thoughts deceiving; 10
 None have power of an hour
 In their life's bereaving.

Earth's but a point to the world, and a
 man
 Is but a point to the world's compared
 centre; 14
 Shall then a point of a point be so vain
 As to triumph in a silly point's adventure?
 All is hazard that we have,
 There is nothing biding;
 Days of pleasure are like streams
 Through fair meadows gliding. 20
 Weal and woe, Time doth go,
 Time is never turning:
 Secret fates guide our states,
 Both in mirth and mourning.

THOMAS DEKKER (1572?—p. 1632)

O SWEET CONTENT

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slum-
 bers?
 O sweet content!
 Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?
 O punishment!
 Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
 To add to golden numbers golden num-
 bers? 6
 O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
 Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
 Honest labor bears a lovely face,
 Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!
 Canst drink the waters of the crisped¹
 spring? 11
 O sweet content!

¹ rippling.

Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in
thine own tears?

O punishment!

Then he that patiently want's burden
bears 15

No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labor bears a lovely face.

Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny
nonny!

LULLABY

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise;
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby:
Rock them, rock them, lullaby. 5

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you;
You are care, and care must keep you;
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby:
Rock them, rock them, lullaby. 10

MICHAEL DRAYTON (1563-1631)

AGINCOURT

Fair stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,¹
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main, 5
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort, 10
Marcheth towards Agincourt
In happy hour;
Skirmishing, day by day,
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French general lay 15
With all his power.

Which,² in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
To the King sending; 20

¹ raise.

² the French general.

Which³ he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men, 25
Quoth our brave Henry then:
"Though they to one be ten
Be not amazed!
Yet have we well begun:
Battles so bravely won 30
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raised.

"And for myself," quoth he,
"This my full rest⁴ shall be:
England ne'er mourn for me, 35
Nor more esteem me.
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain;
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me. 40

"Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell;
No less our skill is,
Than when our grandsire great, 45
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopped the French lilies."

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vaward⁵ led; 50
With the main,⁶ Henry sped
Amongst his henchmen:
Exeter had the rear,
A braver man not there!
O Lord, how hot they were 55
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone:
Armor on armor shone;
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear, was wonder; 60
That,⁷ with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake;
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became, 65
O noble Erpingham,

³ the command to send a ransom.
⁵ advance guard.

⁶ main host.

⁴ resolution.
⁷ so that.

Which didst the signal aim
To our hid forces;
When, from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly, 70
The English archery
Stuck the French horses,

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung, 75
Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But, playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together. 80

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbows drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy:
Arms were from shoulders sent, 85
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went:
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble King,
His broad sword brandishing, 90
Down the French host did ding,¹
As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,²
And many a cruel dent 95
Bruised his helmet.

Gloucester, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood, 100
With his brave brother,
Clarence, in steel so bright;
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade, 105
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby 110
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray;

¹ strike.² besprinkled.

Which fame did not delay 115
To England to carry.
O when shall English men
With such acts fill a pen?
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry? 120

BEN JONSON (1573?-1637)

HYMN TO DIANA

Queen and Huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light, 5
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close: 10
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart
And thy crystal-shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart 15
Space to breathe, how short soever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright.

SONG TO CELIA

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise 5
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee 10
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me; 14
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

THE TRIUMPH OF CHARIS

See the chariot at hand here of Love,
 Wherein my lady rideth!
 Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
 And well the car Love guideth.
 As she goes, all hearts do duty 5
 Unto her beauty;
 And enamored, do wish, so they might
 But enjoy such a sight,
 That they still were to run by her side,
 Through swords, through seas, whither she
 would ride. 10

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
 All that Love's world compriseth!
 Do but look on her hair, it is bright
 As Love's star when it riseth!
 Do but mark, her forehead's smother 15
 Than words that soothe her;
 And from her arched brows such a grace
 Sheds itself through the face,
 As alone there triumphs to the life
 All the gain, all the good, of the elements'
 strife. 20

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
 Before rude hands have touched it?
 Have you marked but the fall o' the snow
 Before the soil hath smutched it?
 Have you felt the wool o' the beaver? 25
 Or swan's down ever?
 Or have smelt o' the bud o' the briar?
 Or the nard¹ i' the fire?
 Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
 O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is she! 30

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED,
MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy
 name,
 Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
 While I confess thy writings to be such
 As neither man nor muse can praise too
 much.
 'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But 5
 these ways
 Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
 For silliest ignorance on these may light,
 Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes
 right;

¹ spikenard.

Or blind affection, which doth ne'er ad-
 vance
 The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by
 chance; 10
 Or crafty malice might pretend this praise;
 And think to ruin, where it seemed to
 raise.
 These are, as some infamous bawd or
 whore
 Should praise a matron. What could hurt
 her more?
 But thou art proof against them, and, in-
 deed, 15
 Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.
 I therefore will begin. Soul of the age,
 The applause, delight, the wonder of our
 stage,
 My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee
 by
 Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie 20
 A little further, to make thee a room:
 Thou art a monument without a tomb,
 And art alive still while thy book doth
 live,
 And we have wits to read and praise to
 give.
 That I not mix thee so my brain excuses—
 I mean with great, but disproportioned
 Muses; 26
 For if I thought my judgment were of
 years,
 I should commit² thee surely with thy
 peers,
 And tell how far thou didst our Lyly out-
 shine,
 Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty
 line. 30
 And though thou hadst small Latin and
 less Greek,
 From thence to honor thee, I would not
 seek
 For names, but call forth thundering
 Æschylus,
 Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
 Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead, 35
 To life again, to hear thy buskin tread,
 And shake a stage; or when thy socks were
 on,
 Leave thee alone for the comparison
 Of all that insolent Greece or haughty
 Rome
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes
 come. 40

² compare.

Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show

To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!

And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm. 46

Nature herself was proud of his designs
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines,
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit:
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes, 51
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not
please,

But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.

Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art, 55
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part:

For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and that he¹
Who casts² to write a living line must
sweat,

(Such as thine are) and strike the second
heat 60

Upon the Muses' anvil, turn the same
(And himself with it) that he thinks to
frame,

Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn;
For a good poet's made, as well as born.
And such wert thou; look how the father's
face 65

Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners
brightly shines

In his well turnèd and true filed³ lines,
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance. 70

Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of
Thames,

That so did take⁴ Eliza⁵ and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere 75
Advanced, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Star of poets, and with
rage

Or influence chide or cheer the drooping
stage,

Which, since thy flight from hence, hath
mourned like night,

And despairs day, but for thy volume's
light.

¹ man.⁴ captivate.² plans.³ polished.⁵ Queen Elizabeth.

From A PINDARIC ODE

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make men better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred
year,

To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear:
A lily of a day 5
Is fairer far in May;

Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect
be. 10

AN EPITAPH ON SALATHIEL PAVY

Weep with me all you that read
This little story;
And know, for whom a tear you shed
Death's self is sorry.

Twas a child that so did thrive 5
In grace and feature,

As heaven and nature seemed to strive
Which owned the creature.

Years he numbered scarce thirteen
When fates turned cruel, 10

Yet three filled zodiacs⁶ had he been
The stage's jewel;

And did act, what now we moan,
Old men so duly,

As, sooth, the Parcae⁷ thought him
one, 15

He played so truly.
So, by error, to his fate

They all consented,
But viewing him since, alas, too late!

They have repented; 20
And have sought, to give new birth,

In baths to steep him;
But being so much too good for earth,

Heaven vows to keep him.

JOHN DONNE (1573-1631)

GO AND CATCH A FALLING STAR

Go and catch a falling star,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all past years are,
Or who cleft the Devil's foot;

⁶ years.⁷ the Fates.

Teach me to hear mermaids singing, 5
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
And find
What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights, 10
Things invisible go see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights
Till Age snow white hairs on thee;
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
All strange wonders that befell thee, 15
And swear
No where
Lives a woman true and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know;
Such a pilgrimage were sweet. 20
Yet do not; I would not go,
Though at next door we might meet.
Though she were true when you met her,
And last till you write your letter,
Yet she 25
Will be
False, ere I come, to two or three.

LOVE'S DEITY

I long to talk with some old lover's ghost
Who died before the god of love was
born.
I cannot think that he who then loved
most
Sunk so low as to love one which did
scorn.
But since this god produced a destiny, 5
And that vice-nature, custom, lets it be,
I must love her that loves not me.

Sure, they which made him god, meant not
so much,
Nor he in his young godhead practiced it.
But when an even flame two hearts did
touch, 10
His office was indulgently to fit
Actives to passives. Correspondency
Only his subject was; it cannot be
Love, till I love her who loves me.

But every modern god will now extend 15
His vast prerogative as far as Jove:
To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend,
All is the purview of the god of love.

O! were we wakened by this tyranny
To ungod this child again, it could not
be 20
I should love her who loves not me.

Rebel and atheist too, why murmur I,
As though I felt the worst that love
could do?
Love may make me leave loving, or might
try
A deeper plague, to make her love me
too; 25
Which, since she loves before, I'm loth to
see.
Falsehood is worse than hate; and that
must be,
If she whom I love should love me.

SWEETEST LOVE, I DO NOT GO

Sweetest love, I do not go
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter love for me;
But since that I 5
At the last must part, 'tis best
Thus to use myself in jest,
By feignèd deaths to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,
And yet is here today; 10
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor half so short a way;
Then fear not me,
But believe that I shall make
Speedier journeys, since I take 15
More wings and spurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,
That, if good fortune fall,
Cannot add another hour,
Nor a lost hour recall; 20
But come bad chance,
And we join to it our strength,
And we teach it art and length,
Itself o'er us to advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not wind,
But sigh'st my soul away; 26
When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,
My life's blood doth decay:
It cannot be

That thou lovest me as thou say'st, 30
If in thine my life thou waste,
That art the best of me.

Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill;
Destiny may take thy part 35
And may thy fears fulfil.
But think that we
Are but turned aside to sleep:
They who one another keep
Alive, ne'er parted be. 40

DEATH

Death, be not proud, though some have
callèd thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost
overthrow
Die not, poor Death; nor yet canst thou
kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy pic-
ture be, 5
Much pleasure, then from thee much more
must flow;
And soonest our best men with thee do
go—
Rest of their bones and souls' delivery!
Thou'rt slave to Fate, chance, kings, and
desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness
dwell, 10
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as
well,
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st
thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And death shall be no more: Death, thou
shalt die!

FRANCIS BEAUMONT (1584-1616)

EVEN SUCH IS MAN

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood, 5
Or bubbles which on water stood:

Even such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in and paid to night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The spring intombed in autumn lies; 10
The dew's dried up, the star is shot,
The flight is past, and man forgot.

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Mortality, behold and fear!
What a change of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within this heap of stones;
Here they lie had realms and lands, 5
Who now want strength to stir their hands;
Where from their pulpits sealed with dust
They preach, "In greatness is no trust."
Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest, royal'st seed 10
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin;
Here the bones of birth have cried,
"Though gods they were, as men they
died."
Here are sands, ignoble things, 15
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings.
Here's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

JOHN FLETCHER (1579-1628)

SWEETEST MELANCHOLY

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't, 5
But only melancholy;
O sweetest melancholy!

Welcome, folded arms and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fastened to the ground, 10
A tongue chained up without a sound.
Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale Passion loves;
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed save bats and owls,

A midnight bell, a parting groan, 16
 These are the sounds we feed upon.
 Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy
 valley;
 Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely
 melancholy.

CARE-CHARMING SLEEP

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all
 woes,
 Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
 On this afflicted prince; fall like a cloud
 In gentle showers; give nothing that is
 loud
 Or painful to his slumbers; easy, sweet, 5
 And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,
 Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain
 Like hollow murmuring wind or silver rain;
 Into this prince gently, oh, gently slide,
 And kiss him into slumbers like a bride. 10

SONG TO BACCHUS

God Lyæus, ever young,
 Ever honored, ever sung,
 Stained with blood of lusty grapes,
 In a thousand lusty shapes,
 Dance upon the mazer's¹ brim, 5
 In the crimson liquor swim;
 From thy plenteous hand divine
 Let a river run with wine;
 God of youth, let this day here
 Enter neither care nor fear! 10

JOHN WEBSTER (1580?-1625?)

A DIRGE

Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
 Since o'er shady groves they hover,
 And with leaves and flowers do cover
 The friendless bodies of unburied men.
 Call unto his funeral dole 5
 The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
 To rear him hillocks that shall keep him
 warm,
 And, when gay tombs are robbed, sustain
 no harm;
 But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to
 men, 9
 For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

¹ cup's.

HARK, NOW EVERYTHING IS STILL

Hark, now everything is still,
 The screech-owl and the whistler² shrill,
 Call upon our dame aloud,
 And bid her quickly don her shroud.
 Much you had of land and rent, — 5
 Your length in clay's now competent;
 A long war disturbed your mind, —
 Here your perfect peace is signed.
 Of what is't fools make such vain keeping?
 Sin their conception, their birth weeping, 10
 Their life a general mist of error,
 Their death a hideous storm of terror.
 Strew your hair with powders sweet,
 Don clean linen, bathe your feet,
 And—the foul fiend more to check— 15
 A crucifix let bless your neck.
 'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day;
 End your groan, and come away.

WILLIAM BROWNE (1591-1643?)

ON THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE

Underneath this sable herse³
 Lies the subject of all verse:
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
 Death, ere thou hast slain another
 Fair and learn'd and good as she,
 Time shall throw a dart at thee.

ELIZABETHAN PROSE

SIR THOMAS NORTH (1535?-1601?)

THE DEATH OF CÆSAR

From THE LIFE OF JULIUS CÆSAR

The Romans inclining to Cæsar's prosperity, and taking the bit in the mouth, supposing that to be ruled by one man alone, it would be a good mean for them to take breath a little, after so many troubles and miseries as they had abidden in these civil wars, they chose him perpetual Dictator. This was a plain tyranny: for to this absolute power of Dictator they added this, never to be [10 afraid to be deposed. Cicero propounded before the Senate that they should give

² plover.

³ tomb.

him such honors as were meet for a man; howbeit others afterwards added to, honors beyond all reason. For, men striving who should most honor him, they made him hateful and troublesome to themselves that most favored him, by reason of the unmeasurable greatness and honors which they gave him. There- [20 upon it is reported that even they that most hated him were no less favorers and furtherers of his honors than they that most flattered him; because they might have greater occasions to rise, and that it might appear they had just cause and color to attempt that they did against him.

And now for himself, after he had ended his civil wars he did so honor- [30 ably behave himself that there was no fault to be found in him; and therefore, methinks, amongst other honors they gave him, he rightly deserved this, that they should build him a temple of clemency, to thank him for his courtesy he had used unto them in his victory. For he pardoned many of them that had borne arms against him, and, furthermore, did prefer some of them to honor and [40 office in the commonwealth: as, amongst others, Cassius and Brutus, both the which were made Prætors. And where Pompey's images had been thrown down, he caused them to be set up again; whereupon Cicero said then, That Cæsar setting up Pompey's images again, he made his own to stand the surer. And when some of his friends did counsel him to have a guard for the safety of his person, and [50 some also did offer themselves to serve him, he would never consent to it, but said, It was better to die once, than always to be afraid of death.

* * * * *

But his enemies that envied his greatness did not stick to find fault withal. As Cicero the orator, when one said, Tomorrow the star Lyra will rise: Yea, said he, at the commandment of Cæsar, as if men were compelled to say and think by [60 Cæsar's edict. But the chiefest cause that made him mortally hated was the covetous desire he had to be called king: which first gave the people just cause, and next

his secret enemies honest color, to bear him ill-will.

* * * * *

The people went straight unto Marcus Brutus, who from his father came of the first Brutus, and by his mother, of the house of the Servilians, a noble house [70 as any was in Rome, and was also nephew and son-in-law of Marcus Cato. Notwithstanding, the great honors and favors Cæsar showed unto him kept him back, that of himself alone he did not conspire nor consent to depose him of his kingdom. For Cæsar did not only save his life after the battle of Pharsalia when Pompey fled, and did at his request also save many more of his friends beside, but further- [80 more he put a marvellous confidence in him. For he had already preferred him to the Prætorship for that year, and furthermore was appointed to be Consul the fourth year after that, having through Cæsar's friendship obtained it before Cassius, who likewise made suit for the same; and Cæsar also, as it is reported, said in this contention, Indeed Cassius hath alleged best reason, but yet shall [90 he not be chosen before Brutus. Some one day accusing Brutus while he practised this conspiracy, Cæsar would not hear of it, but clapping his hand on his body, told them, Brutus will look for this skin: meaning thereby that Brutus for his virtue deserved to rule after him, but yet that for ambition's sake he would not show himself unthankful or dishonorable.

Now they that desired change, and [100 wished Brutus only their prince and governor above all other, they durst not come to him themselves to tell him what they would have him to do, but in the night did cast sundry papers into the Prætor's seat where he gave audience, and the most of them to this effect: Thou sleepest, Brutus, and art not Brutus indeed. Cassius, finding Brutus' ambition stirred up the more by these ambitious bills, did [110 prick him forward, and egg him on the more, for a private quarrel he had conceived against Cæsar, the circumstance whereof we have set down more at large in Brutus' life. Cæsar also had Cassius in great jealousy, and suspected him

much; whereupon he said on a time to his friends, What will Cassius do, think ye? I like not his pale looks. Another time when Cæsar's friends complained unto [120 him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him, he answered them again, As for those fat men and smooth-combed heads, quoth he, I never reckon of them; but these pale-visaged and carrion lean people, I fear them most; meaning Brutus and Cassius.

Certainly, destiny may easier be foreseen than avoided, considering the strange and wonderful signs that were said [130 to be seen before Cæsar's death. For touching the fires in the element, and spirits running up and down in the night, and also the solitary birds to be seen at noondays sitting in the great marketplace, are not all these signs perhaps worth the noting, in such a wonderful chance as happened? But Strabo the Philosopher writeth that divers men were seen going up and down in fire; and furthermore [140 that there was a slave of the soldiers that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand, insomuch as they that saw it thought he had been burnt, but when the fire was out it was found he had no hurt. Cæsar self also doing sacrifice unto the gods, found that one of the beasts which was sacrificed had no heart; and that was a strange thing in nature, how a beast could live without a heart. Further- [150 more, there was a certain soothsayer that had given Cæsar warning long time afore, to take heed of the day of the Ides of March (which is the fifteenth of the month), for on that day he should be in great danger. That day being come, Cæsar going unto the Senate-house, and speaking merrily unto the soothsayer, told him, The Ides of March be come; So be they, softly answered the sooth- [160 sayer, but yet are they not past. And the very day before Cæsar, supping with Marcus Lepidus, sealed certain letters as he was wont to do at the board; so talk falling out amongst them, reasoning what death was best, he, preventing their opinions, cried out aloud, Death unlooked for. Then going to bed the same night as his manner was, and lying with his wife Calpurnia, all the windows and [170

doors of his chamber flying open, the noise awoke him, and made him afraid when he saw such light; but more when he heard his wife Calpurnia, being fast asleep, weep and sigh, and put forth many fumbling, lamentable speeches. For she dreamed that Cæsar was slain, and that she had him in her arms. Others also do deny that she had any such dream, as, amongst other, Titus Livius writ- [180 eth that it was in this sort. The Senate having set upon the top of Cæsar's house, for an ornament and setting forth of the same, a certain pinnacle, Calpurnia dreamed that she saw it broken down, and that she thought she lamented and wept for it. Insomuch that Cæsar rising in the morning, she prayed him if it were possible not to go out of the doors that day, but to adjourn the session of [190 the Senate until another day. Thereby it seemed that Cæsar likewise did fear and suspect somewhat, because his wife Calpurnia until that time was never given to any fear or superstition; and then for that he saw her so troubled in mind with this dream she had. But much more afterwards, when the soothsayers, having sacrificed many beasts one after another, told him that none did like [200 them; then he determined to send Antonius to adjourn the session of the Senate.

* * * * *

But in the meantime came Decius Brutus, surnamed Albinus, in whom Cæsar put such confidence that in his last will and testament he had appointed him to be his next heir, and yet was of the conspiracy with Cassius and Brutus; he, fearing that if Cæsar did adjourn the [210 session that day the conspiracy would out, laughed the soothsayers to scorn and reproved Cæsar, saying that he gave the Senate occasion to dislike with him, and that they might think he mocked them, considering that by his commandment they were assembled, and that they were ready willingly to grant him all things, and to proclaim him king of all the provinces of the empire of Rome [220 out of Italy, and that he should wear his diadem in all other places both by sea

and land. And furthermore, that if any man should tell them from him they should depart for that present time, and return again when Calpurnia should have better dreams, what would his enemies and ill-willers say, and how could they like of his friend's words? And who could persuade them otherwise but that [230] they would think his dominion a slavery unto them and tyrannical in himself? And yet if it be so, said he, that you utterly dislike of this day, it is better that you go yourself in person, and, saluting the Senate, to dismiss them till another time. Therewithal he took Cæsar by the hand and led him out of his house.

Cæsar was not gone far from his house but a bondman, a stranger, did what [240] he could to speak with him; and when he saw he was put back by the great press and multitude of people that followed him, he went straight into his house and put himself into Calpurnia's hands to be kept till Cæsar came back again, telling her that he had great matters to impart unto him. And one Artemidorus also, born in the Isle of Gnidos, a doctor of rhetoric in the Greek tongue, who by [250] means of his profession was very familiar with certain of Brutus' confederates, and therefore knew the most part of all their practices against Cæsar, came and brought him a little bill written with his own hand, of all that he meant to tell him. He, marking how Cæsar received all the supplications that were offered him, and that he gave them straight to his men that were about him, pressed nearer to [260] him, and said: Cæsar, read this memorial to yourself, and that quickly, for they be matters of great weight, and touch you nearly. Cæsar took it of him but could never read it, though he many times attempted it, for the number of people that did salute him; but holding it still in his hand, keeping it to himself, went on withal into the Senate-house. Howbeit other are of opinion that it was some [270] man else that gave him that memorial, and not Artemidorus, who did what he could all the way as he went to give it Cæsar, but he was always repulsed by the people. For these things, they may seem to come by chance, but the place

where the murder was prepared, and where the Senate were assembled, and where also there stood up an image of Pompey dedicated by himself amongst [280] other ornaments which he gave unto the theatre: all these were manifest proofs that it was the ordinance of some god that made this treason to be executed, specially in that very place. It is also reported that Cassius (although otherwise he did favor the doctrine of Epicurus), beholding the image of Pompey, before they entered into the action of their traitorous enterprise, he did softly [290] call upon it to aid him. But the instant danger of the present time, taking away his former reason, did suddenly put him into a furious passion, and made him like a man half beside himself.

Now Antonius, that was a faithful friend to Cæsar, and a valiant man besides of his hands, Decius Brutus Albinus entertained out of the Senate-house, having begun a long tale of set pur- [300] pose. So Cæsar coming into the house, all the Senate stood up on their feet to do him honor. Then part of Brutus' company and confederates stood round about Cæsar's chair, and part of them also came towards him, as though they made suit with Metellus Cimber to call home his brother again from banishment; and thus prosecuting still their suit, they followed Cæsar till he was set in his chair. [310] Who, denying their petitions, and being offended with them one after another, because the more they were denied the more they pressed upon him, and were the earnestest with him, Metellus, at length, taking his gown with both his hands, pulled it over his neck, which was the sign given the confederates to set upon him. Then Casca behind him strake him in the neck with his sword; [320] howbeit, the wound was not great nor mortal, because it seemed the fear of such a devilish attempt did amaze him and take his strength from him, that he killed him not at the first blow. But Cæsar turning straight unto him, caught hold of his sword and held it hard; and they both cried out, Cæsar in Latin, O vile traitor Casca, what doest thou? And Casca in Greek to his brother, Brother, [330]

help me. At the beginning of this stir they that were present, not knowing of the conspiracy, were so amazed with the horrible sight they saw they had no power to fly, neither to help him, not so much as once to make any outcry. They on the other side that had conspired his death compassed him in on every side with their swords drawn in their hands, that Cæsar turned him nowhere but he was [340 stricken at by some, and still had naked swords in his face, and was hacked and mangled among them as a wild beast taken of hunters. For it was agreed among them that every man should give him a wound, because all their parts should be in this murder; and then Brutus himself gave him one wound. Men report also that Cæsar did still defend himself against the rest, running every way with his [350 body; but when he saw Brutus, with his sword drawn in his hand, then he pulled his gown over his head and made no more resistance, and was driven, either casually or purposely, by the counsel of the conspirators, against the base whereupon Pompey's image stood, which ran all of a gore-blood till he was slain. Thus it seemed that the image took just revenge of Pompey's enemy, being thrown [360 down on the ground at his feet, and yielding up his ghost there, for the number of wounds he had upon him. For it is reported that he had three-and-twenty wounds upon his body; and divers of the conspirators did hurt themselves, striking one body with so many blows.

When Cæsar was slain the Senate (though Brutus stood in the midst among them, as though he would have said [370 somewhat touching this fact) presently ran out of the house, and flying, filled all the city with marvellous fear and tumult. Insomuch as some did shut-to their doors, others forsook their shops and warehouses, and others ran to the place to see what the matter was; and others also, that had seen it, ran home to their houses again. But Antonius and Lepidus, which were two of Cæsar's chiefest friends, [380 secretly conveying themselves away, fled into other men's houses and forsook their own. Brutus and his confederates on the other side, being yet hot with this murder

they had committed, having their swords drawn in their hands, came all in a troop together out of the Senate and went into the market-place; not as men that made countenance to fly, but otherwise boldly holding up their heads like men of [390 courage, and called to the people to defend their liberty, and stayed to speak with every great personage whom they met in their way. Of them, some followed this troop, and went amongst them as if they had been of the conspiracy, and falsely challenged part of the honor with them; amongst them was Caius Octavius and Lentulus Spinther. But both of them were afterwards put to death for their [400 vain covetousness of honor by Antonius and Octavius Cæsar the younger, and yet had no part of that honor for the which they were put to death, nor did any man believe that they were any of the confederates or of counsel with them. For they that did put them to death took revenge rather of the will they had to offend than of any fact they had committed. [410

The next morning Brutus and his confederates came into the market-place to speak unto the people, who gave them such audience that it seemed they neither greatly reprov'd nor allowed the fact; for by their great silence they showed that they were sorry for Cæsar's death, and also that they did reverence Brutus. Now the Senate granted general pardon for all that was past, and to pacify [420 every man ordained besides that Cæsar's funerals should be honored as a god, and established all things that he had done; and gave certain provinces also and convenient honors unto Brutus and his confederates, whereby every man thought all things were brought to good peace and quietness again. But when they had opened Cæsar's testament and found a liberal legacy of money bequeathed [430 unto every citizen of Rome, and that they saw his body (which was brought into the market-place) all bemangled with gashes of swords, then there was no order to keep the multitude and common people quiet, but they plucked up forms, tables and stools, and laid them all about the body, and setting them afire, burnt the

corpse. Then when the fire was well kindled, they took the firebrands and [440] went unto their houses that had slain Cæsar, to set them afire. Others also ran up and down the city to see if they could meet with any of them, to cut them in pieces; howbeit they could meet with never a man of them, because they had locked themselves up safely in their houses. There was one of Cæsar's friends called Cinna, that had a marvellous strange and terrible dream the night before. [450] He dreamed that Cæsar bade him to supper, and that he refused and would not go; then that Cæsar took him by the hand and led him against his will. Now Cinna hearing at that time that they burnt Cæsar's body in the market-place, notwithstanding that he feared his dream and had an ague on him besides, he went into the market-place to honor his funerals. When he came thither one of [460] the mean sort asked him what his name was. He was straight called by his name. The first man told it to another, and that other unto another, so that it ran straight through them all, that he was one of them that murdered Cæsar (for indeed one of the traitors to Cæsar was also called Cinna, as himself); wherefore taking him for Cinna the murderer, they fell upon him with such fury that they presently [470] despatched him in the market-place. This stir and fury made Brutus and Cassius more afraid than of all that was past, and therefore within few days after they departed out of Rome; and touching their doings afterwards, and what calamity they suffered till their deaths, we have written it at large in the life of Brutus.

Cæsar died at six-and-fifty years of age, and Pompey also lived not passing [480] four years more than he. So he reaped no other fruit of all his reign and dominion, which he had so vehemently desired all his life and pursued with such extreme danger, but a vain name only, and a superficial glory that procured him the envy and hatred of his country. But his great prosperity and good fortune that favored him all his lifetime did continue afterwards in the revenge of his [490] death, pursuing the murderers both by sea and land till they had not left a man

more to be executed of all them that were actors or counsellors in the conspiracy of his death. Furthermore, of all the chances that happen unto men upon the earth, that which came to Cassius above all other is most to be wondered at. For he being overcome in battle at the journey of Philippi, slew himself with the [500] same sword with the which he strake Cæsar. Again, of signs in the element, the great comet which seven nights together was seen very bright after Cæsar's death, the eighth night after was never seen more. Also the brightness of the sun was darkened, the which all that year through rose very pale and shined not out, whereby it gave but small heat; therefore the air, being very cloudy and dark [510] by the weakness of the heat that could not come forth, did cause the earth to bring forth but raw and unripe fruit, which rotted before it could ripe.

But above all, the ghost that appeared unto Brutus showed plainly that the gods were offended with the murder of Cæsar. The vision was thus. Brutus being ready to pass over his army from the city of Abydos to the other coast lying [520] directly against it, slept every night (as his manner was) in his tent, and being yet awake, thinking of his affairs (for by report he was as careful a captain, and lived with as little sleep, as ever man did), he thought he heard a noise at his tent door, and looking toward the light of the lamp that waxed very dim, he saw a horrible vision of a man of wonderful greatness and dreadful look, which at [530] the first made him marvellously afraid. But when he saw that it did him no hurt, but stood by his bedside and said nothing, at length he asked him what he was. The image answered him: I am thy ill angel, Brutus, and thou shalt see me by the city of Philippi. Then Brutus replied again, and said: Well, I shall see thee then. Therewithal, the spirit presently vanished from him. After that time [540] Brutus being in battle near unto the city of Philippi, against Antonius and Octavius Cæsar, at the first battle he won the victory, and overthrowing all them that withstood him, he drave them into young Cæsar's camp, which he took. The

second battle being at hand, this spirit appeared again unto him, but spake never a word. Thereupon Brutus, knowing he should die, did put himself to all hazard [550 in battle, but yet fighting could not be slain. So seeing his men put to flight and overthrown, he ran unto a little rock not far off, and there setting his sword's point to his breast, fell upon it and slew himself, but yet as it is reported, with the help of his friend that despatched him.

JOHN LYLY (1554?-1606)

QUEEN ELIZABETH

From EUPHUES AND HIS ENGLAND

This queen being deceased, Elizabeth, being of the age of twenty-two years, of more beauty than honor, and yet of more honor than any earthly creature, was called from a prisoner to be a prince, from the castle to the crown, from the fear of losing her head, to be supreme head.

Touching the beauty of this prince, her countenance, her personage, her majesty, I cannot think that it may be sufficiently commended, when it cannot be too much marveled at; so that I am constrained to say as Praxiteles did, when he began to paint Venus and her son, who doubted whether the world could afford colors good enough for two such fair faces, and I, whether our tongue can yield words to blaze that beauty, the perfection whereof none can imagine; which seeing it is so, I must do like those that want [20 a clear sight, who, being not able to discern the sun in the sky, are enforced to behold it in the water. Zeuxis, having before him fifty fair virgins of Sparta whereby to draw one amiable Venus, said that fifty more fairer than those could not minister sufficient beauty to show the goddess of beauty; therefore, being in despair either by art to shadow her, or by imagination to comprehend her, he [30 drew in a table a fair temple, the gates open, and Venus going in so as nothing could be perceived but her back, wherein he used such cunning that Apelles himself, seeing this work, wished that Venus would

turn her face, saying that if it were in all parts agreeable to the back, he would become apprentice to Zeuxis, and slave to Venus. In the like manner fareth it with me, for having all the ladies in Italy, [40 more than fifty hundred, whereby to color Elizabeth, I must say with Zeuxis that as many more will not suffice, and therefore in as great an agony paint her court with her back towards you, for that I cannot by art portray her beauty, wherein, though I want the skill to do it as Zeuxis did, yet viewing it narrowly, and comparing it wisely, you all will say that if her face be answerable to her back, you [50 will like my handicraft and become her handmaids. In the mean season, I leave you gazing until she turn her face, imagining her to be such a one as nature framed, to that end that no art should imitate, wherein she hath proved herself to be exquisite, and painters to be apes.

This beautiful mold when I beheld to be indued with chastity, temperance, mildness, and all other good gifts of nature [60 (as hereafter shall appear), when I saw her to surpass all in beauty, and yet a virgin, to excel all in piety, and yet a prince, to be inferior to none in all the lineaments of the body, and yet superior to every one in all gifts of the mind, I began thus to pray, that as she hath lived forty years a virgin in great majesty, so she may live four score years a mother with great joy, that as with her we have [70 long time had peace and plenty, so by her we may ever have quietness and abundance, wishing this even from the bottom of a heart that wisheth well to England, though feareth ill, that either the world may end before she die, or she live to see her children's children in the world; otherwise how tickle their state is that now triumph, upon what a twist they hang that now are in honor, [80 they that live shall see, which I to think on, sigh! But God for his mercy's sake, Christ for his merit's sake, the Holy Ghost for his name's sake, grant to that realm comfort without any ill chance, and the prince they have without any other change, that the longer she liveth the sweeter she may smell, like the bird Ibis, that she may be triumphant in victories

like the palm tree, fruitful in her [90 age like the vine, in all ages prosperous, to all men gracious, in all places glorious, so that there be no end of her praise until the end of all flesh.

Thus did I often talk with myself, and wish with mine whole soul.

Why should I talk of her sharp wit, excellent wisdom, exquisite learning, and all other qualities of the mind, wherein she seemeth as far to excel those that have [100 been accounted singular, as the learned have surpassed those that have been thought simple.

In questioning, not inferior to Nicaulia, the queen of Saba, that did put so many hard doubts to Solomon; equal to Nicotrata in the Greek tongue, who was thought to give precepts for the better perfection; more learned in the Latin than Amalasunta; passing Aspasia in [110 philosophy, who taught Pericles; exceeding in judgment Themistoclea, who instructed Pythagoras. Add to these qualities, those that none of these had: the French tongue, the Spanish, the Italian, not mean in every one, but excellent in all; readier to correct escapes in those languages than to be controlled; fitter to teach others than learn of any; more able to add new rules than to err in the [120 old; insomuch as there is no ambassador that cometh into her court but she is willing and able both to understand his message and utter her mind; not like unto the kings of Assyria, who answer ambassadors by messengers, while they themselves either dally in sin or snort in sleep. Her godly zeal to learning, with her great skill, hath been so manifestly approved that I cannot tell whether she deserve [130 more honor for her knowledge, or admiration for her courtesy, who in great pomp hath twice directed her progress unto the universities with no less joy to the students than glory to her state. Where, after long and solemn disputations in law, physic, and divinity, not as one wearied with scholars' arguments, but wedded to their orations, when every one feared to offend in length, she [140 in her own person, with no less praise to her Majesty than delight to her subjects, with a wise and learned conclusion, both

gave them thanks, and put herself to pains. O noble pattern of a princely mind, not like to the kings of Persia, who in their progresses did nothing else but cut sticks to drive away the time, nor like the delicate lives of the Sybarites, who would not admit any art to be exercised within their city that might make the least noise. Her wit so sharp, that if I should repeat the apt answers, the subtle questions, the fine speeches, the pithy sentences, which on the sudden she hath uttered, they would rather breed admiration than credit. But such are the gifts that the living God hath indued her withal, that look in what art or language, wit or learning, virtue or beauty [160 any one hath particularly excelled most, she only hath generally exceeded every one in all, insomuch that there is nothing to be added that either man would wish in a woman, or God doth give to a creature.

I let pass her skill in music, her knowledge in all the other sciences, whenas I fear lest by my simplicity I should make them less than they are, in seeking to [170 show how great they are, unless I were praising her in the gallery of Olympia, where giving forth one word, I might hear seven.

But all these graces, although they be to be wondered at, yet her politic government, her prudent counsel, her zeal to religion, her clemency to those that submit, her stoutness to those that threaten, so far exceed all other virtues that [180 they are more easy to be marveled at than imitated.

Two and twenty years hath she borne the sword with such justice, that neither offenders could complain of rigor, nor the innocent of wrong; yet so tempered with mercy as malefactors have been sometimes pardoned upon hope of grace, and the injured requited to ease their grief, insomuch that in the whole [190 course of her glorious reign, it could never be said that either the poor were oppressed without remedy, or the guilty repressed without cause, bearing this engraven in her noble heart, that justice without mercy were extreme injury, and pity without equity plain partiality, and that

it is as great tyranny not to mitigate laws, as iniquity to break them.

Her care for the flourishing of the [100 Gospel hath well appeared, whenas neither the curses of the Pope (which are blessings to good people) nor the threatenings of kings (which are perilous to a prince) nor the persuasions of papists (which are honey to the mouth) could either fear her or allure her to violate the holy league contracted with Christ, or to maculate the blood of the ancient Lamb, which is Christ. But always constant [210 in the true faith, she hath to the exceeding joy of her subjects, to the unspeakable comfort of her soul, to the great glory of God, established that religion the maintenance whereof she rather seeketh to confirm by fortitude, than leave off for fear, knowing that there is nothing that smelleth sweeter to the Lord than a sound spirit, which neither the hosts of the ungodly nor the horror of death can [220 either remove or move.

This Gospel with invincible courage, with rare constancy, with hot zeal, she hath maintained in her own countries without change, and defended against all kingdoms that sought change, insomuch that all nations round about her, threatening alteration, shaking swords, throwing fire, menacing famine, murder, destruction, desolation, she only hath [230 stood like a lamp on the top of a hill, not fearing the blasts of the sharp winds, but trusting in His providence that rideth upon the wings of the four winds. Next followeth the love she beareth to her subjects, who no less tendereth them than the apple of her own eye, showing herself a mother to the afflicted, a physician to the sick, a sovereign and mild governess to all. [240

Touching her magnanimity, her majesty, her estate royal, there was neither Alexander, nor Galba the Emperor, nor any, that might be compared with her.

This is she that, resembling the noble queen of Navarre, useth the marigold for her flower, which at the rising of the sun openeth her leaves, and at the setting

shutteth them, referring all her actions and endeavors to him that ruleth the [250 sun. This is that Cæsar, that first bound the crocodile to the palm tree, bridling those that sought to rein her. This is that good pelican, that to feed her people spareth not to rend her own person. This is that mighty eagle, that hath thrown dust into the eyes of the hart that went about to work destruction to her subjects, into whose wings although the blind beetle would have crept, and [260 so being carried into her nest, destroyed her young ones, yet hath she with the virtue of her feathers, consumed that fly in his own fraud. She hath exiled the swallow that sought to spoil the grasshopper, and given bitter almonds to the ravenous wolves that endeavored to devour the silly lambs, burning even with the breath of her mouth like the princely stag, the serpents that were engen- [270 dered by the breath of the huge elephant, so that now all her enemies are as whist as the bird Attagen, who never singeth any tune after she is taken,—nor they, being so overtaken.

But whither do I wade, ladies, as one forgetting himself; thinking to sound the depth of her virtues with a few fathoms, when there is no bottom; for I know not how it cometh to pass that, being [280 in this labyrinth, I may sooner lose myself than find the end.

Behold, ladies, in this glass a queen, a woman, a virgin, in all gifts of the body, in all graces of the mind, in all perfection of either, so far to excel all men, that I know not whether I may think the place too bad for her to dwell among men.

To talk of other things in that court were to bring eggs after apples, or [290 after the setting out of the sun, to tell a tale of a shadow.

But this I say, that all offices are looked to with great care, that virtue is embraced of all, vice hated, religion daily increased, manners reformed, that who so seeth the place there, will think it rather a church for divine service than a court for princes' delight.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554-1586)

From THE DEFENCE OF POESY

Chaucer, undoubtedly, did excellently in his *Troilus and Criseyde*; of whom, truly, I know not whether to marvel more, either that he in that misty time could see so clearly, or that we in this clear age walk so stumbingly after him. Yet had he great wants, fit to be forgiven in so reverend antiquity. I account the *Mirror of Magistrates* meetly furnished of beautiful parts; and in the Earl of [10 Surrey's lyrics many things tasting of a noble birth, and worthy of a noble mind. The *Shepherd's Calendar* hath much poetry in his eclogues, indeed worthy the reading, if I be not deceived. That same framing of his style to an old rustic language I dare not allow, since neither Theocritus in Greek, Virgil in Latin, nor Sannazzaro in Italian did affect it. Besides these, I do not remember to have [20 seen but few (to speak boldly) printed, that have poetical sinews in them. For proof whereof, let but most of the verses be put in prose, and then ask the meaning, and it will be found that one verse did but beget another, without ordering at the first what should be at the last; which becomes a confused mass of words, with a tinkling sound of rime, barely accompanied with reason. [30

Our tragedies and comedies not without cause cried out against, observing rules neither of honest civility nor of skilful poetry, excepting *Gorboduc*,—again I say of those that I have seen. Which notwithstanding as it is full of stately speeches and well-sounding phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca's style, and as full of notable morality, which it doth most delightfully teach, and so obtain [40 the very end of poesy; yet in truth it is very defective in the circumstances, which grieveth me, because it might not remain as an exact model of all tragedies. For it is faulty both in place and time, the two necessary companions of all corporal actions. For where the stage should always represent but one place, and the uttermost time presupposed in it should

be, both by Aristotle's precept and [50 common reason, but one day; there is both many days and many places inartificially imagined.

But if it be so in *Gorboduc*, how much more in all the rest? where you shall have Asia of the one side, and Afric of the other, and so many other under-kingdoms, that the player, when he cometh in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be [60 conceived. Now ye shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by we hear news of shipwreck in the same place, and then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave. While in the meantime two armies fly [70 in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?

Now of time they are much more liberal. For ordinary it is that two young princes fall in love; after many traverses she is got with child, delivered of a fair boy, he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is ready to get another child,—and all this in two hours' space; which [80 how absurd it is in sense even sense may imagine, and art hath taught, and all ancient examples justified, and at this day the ordinary players in Italy will not err in. Yet will some bring in an example of *Eunuchus* in Terence, that containeth matter of two days, yet far short of twenty years. True it is, and so was it to be played in two days, and so fitted to the time it set forth. And though [90 Plautus have in one place done amiss, let us hit with him, and not miss with him. But they will say, How then shall we set forth a story which containeth both many places and many times? And do they not know that a tragedy is tied to the laws of poesy, and not of history; not bound to follow the story, but having liberty either to feign a quite new matter, or to frame the history to [100 the most tragical conveniency? Again, many things may be told which cannot be showed,—if they know the difference be-

twixt reporting and representing. As for example I may speak, though I am here, of Peru, and in speech digress from that to the description of Calicut; but in action I cannot represent it without Pacolet's horse. And so was the manner the ancients took, by some *Nuntius* [110 to recount things done in former time or other place.

Lastly, if they will represent a history, they must not, as Horace saith, begin *ab ovo*, but they must come to the principal point of that one action which they will represent. By example this will be best expressed. I have a story of young Polydorus, delivered for safety's sake, with great riches, by his father [120 Priamus to Polymnestor, King of Thrace, in the Trojan war time. He, after some years, hearing the overthrow of Priamus, for to make the treasure his own, murdereth the child; the body of the child is taken up by Hecuba; she, the same day, findeth a sleight to be revenged most cruelly of the tyrant. Where now would one of our tragedy-writers begin, but with the delivery of the child? Then should [130 he sail over into Thrace, and so spend I know not how many years, and travel numbers of places. But where doth Euripides? Even with the finding of the body, leaving the rest to be told by the spirit of Polydorus. This needs no further to be enlarged; the dullest wit may conceive it.

But, besides these gross absurdities, how all their plays be neither right [140 tragedies nor right comedies, mingling kings and clowns, not because the matter so carrieth it, but thrust in clowns by head and shoulders to play a part in majestical matters, with neither decency nor discretion; so as neither the admiration and commiseration, nor the right sportfulness, is by their mongrel tragicomedy obtained. I know Apuleius did somewhat so, but that is a thing re- [150 counted with space of time, not represented in one moment: and I know the ancients have one or two examples of tragi-comedies, as Plautus hath *Amphitruo*. But, if we mark them well, we shall find that they never, or very daintily, match hornpipes and funerals. So falleth

it out that, having indeed no right comedy in that comical part of our tragedy, we have nothing but scurrility, unworthy [160 of any chaste ears, or some extreme show of doltishness, indeed fit to lift up a loud laughter, and nothing else; where the whole tract of a comedy should be full of delight, as the tragedy should be still maintained in a well-raised admiration.

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But I have lavished out too many words of this play-matter. I do it, because as they are excelling parts of poesy, so is there none so much used in Eng- [170 land, and none can be more pitifully abused; which, like an unmannerly daughter, showing a bad education, causeth her mother Poesy's honesty to be called in question.

Other sorts of poetry almost have we none, but that lyrical kind of songs and sonnets, which, the Lord if he gave us so good minds, how well it might be employed, and with how heavenly fruits, [180 both private and public, in singing the praises of the immortal beauty, the immortal goodness of that God who giveth us hands to write, and wits to conceive; of which we might well want words, but never matter; of which we could turn our eyes to nothing, but we should ever have new-budding occasions.

But truly, many of such writings as come under the banner of irresistible [190 love, if I were a mistress would never persuade me they were in love; so coldly they apply fiery speeches, as men that had rather read lovers' writings, and so caught up certain swelling phrases—which hang together like a man which once told me the wind was at northwest and by south, because he would be sure to name winds enough—than that in truth they feel those passions, which easily, as I [200 think, may be bewrayed by that same forcibleness, or *energia* (as the Greeks call it), of the writer. But let this be a sufficient, though short note, that we miss the right use of the material point of poesy.

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But what! methinks I deserve to be pounded for straying from poetry to ora-

tory. But both have such an affinity in this wordish consideration, that I [210 think this digression will make my meaning receive the fuller understanding: which is not to take upon me to teach poets how they should do, but only, finding myself sick among the rest, to show some one or two spots of the common infection grown among the most part of writers; that, acknowledging ourselves somewhat awry, we may bend to the right use both of matter and manner: whereto our language giveth us great occasion, being, indeed, capable of any excellent exercising of it.

I know some will say it is a mingled language. And why not so much the better, taking the best of both the other? Another will say it wanteth grammar. Nay, truly, it hath that praise that it wanteth not grammar. For grammar it might have, but it needs it not; being [230 so easy in itself, and so void of those cumbersome differences of cases, genders, moods, and tenses, which, I think, was a piece of the Tower of Babylon's curse, that a man should be put to school to learn his mother-tongue. But for the uttering sweetly and properly the conceits of the mind, which is the end of speech, that hath it equally with any other tongue in the world; and is particularly happy in compositions of two or three words together, near the Greek, far beyond the Latin,—which is one of the greatest beauties can be in a language.

Now of versifying there are two sorts, the one ancient, the other modern. The ancient marked the quantity of each syllable, and according to that, framed his verse; the modern observing only number, with some regard of the accent, [250 the chief life of it standeth in that like sounding of the words, which we call rime. Whether of these be the more excellent, would bear many speeches; the ancient no doubt more fit for music, both words and tune observing quantity; and more fit lively to express divers passions, by the low and lofty sound of the well-weighted syllable. The latter likewise with his rime striketh a certain music [260 to the ear; and, in fine, since it doth delight, though by another way, it obtaineth

the same purpose; there being in either, sweetness, and wanting in neither, majesty. Truly the English, before any other vulgar language I know, is fit for both sorts. For, for the ancient, the Italian is so full of vowels that it must ever be cumbered with elisions; the Dutch so, of the other side, with consonants, [270 that they cannot yield the sweet sliding fit for a verse. The French, in his whole language, hath not one word that hath his accent in the last syllable saving two, called antepenultima, and little more hath the Spanish; and therefore very gracelessly may they use dactyls. The English is subject to none of these defects.

Now for rime, though we do not [280 observe quantity, yet we observe the accent very precisely, which other languages either cannot do, or will not do so absolutely. That cæsura, or breathing-place in the midst of the verse, neither Italian nor Spanish have, the French and we never almost fail of. Lastly, even the very rime itself the Italian cannot put in the last syllable, by the French named the masculine rime, but still in the next [290 to the last, which the French call the female, or the next before that, which the Italians term *sdrucchiola*. The example of the former is *buono, suono*; of the *sdrucchiola* is *femina, semina*. The French, of the other side, hath both the male, as *bon, son*, and the female, as *plaise, taise*; but the *sdrucchiola* he hath not. Where the English hath all three, as *due, true; father, rather; motion, potion*; with [300 much more which might be said, but that I find already the triflingness of this discourse is much too much enlarged.

So that since the ever praiseworthy poesy is full of virtue-breeding delightfulness, and void of no gift that ought to be in the noble name of learning; since the blames laid against it are either false or feeble; since the cause why it is not esteemed in England is the fault of [310 poet-apes, not poets; since, lastly, our tongue is most fit to honor poesy, and to be honored by poesy; I conjure you all that have had the evil luck to read this ink-wasting toy of mine, even in the name of the Nine Muses, no more to scorn the

sacred mysteries of poesy; no more to laugh at the name of poets, as though they were next inheritors to fools; no more to jest at the reverend title of a rimer; but [320 to believe, . . . with me, that there are many mysteries contained in poetry which of purpose were written darkly, lest by profane wits it should be abused; to believe, with Landin, that they are so beloved of the gods that whatsoever they write proceeds of a divine fury; lastly, to believe themselves, when they tell you they will make you immortal by their verses. [330

Thus doing, your name shall flourish in the printers' shops. Thus doing, you shall be of kin to many a poetical preface. Thus doing, you shall be most fair, most rich, most wise, most all: you shall dwell upon superlatives. Thus doing, though you be *Libertino patre natus*, you shall suddenly grow *Herculea proles*,

Si quid mea carmina possunt.

Thus doing, your soul shall be placed [340 with Dante's Beatrice or Virgil's Anchises.

But if (fie of such a but!) you be born so near the dull-making cataract of Nilus, that you cannot hear the planet-like music of poetry; if you have so earth-creeping a mind, that it cannot lift itself up to look to the sky of poetry, or rather, by a certain rustical disdain, will become such a mome as to be a Momus of poetry; then, though I will not wish unto [350 you the ass's ears of Midas, nor to be driven by a poet's verses, as Bubonax was, to hang himself; nor to be rimed to death, as is said to be done in Ireland; yet thus much curse I must send you in the behalf of all poets: that while you live you live in love, and never get favor for lacking skill of a sonnet; and when you die, your memory die from the earth for want of an epitaph. [360

SIR WALTER RALEIGH (1552?-1618)

THE LAST FIGHT OF THE REVENGE

Because the rumors are diversely spread, as well in England as in the low countries and elsewhere, of this late encounter between her Majesty's ships and the Armada

of Spain; and that the Spaniards, according to their usual manner, fill the world with their vain-glorious vaunts, making great appearance of victories, when on the contrary themselves are most commonly and shamefully beaten and dis- [10 honored, thereby hoping to possess the ignorant multitude by anticipating and forerunning false reports: it is agreeable with all good reason (for manifestation of the truth, to overcome falsehood and untruth), that the beginning, continuance, and success of this late honorable encounter of Sir Richard Grenville, and other her Majesty's captains, with the Armada of Spain, should be truly set [20 down and published without partiality or false imaginations. And it is no marvel that the Spaniards should seek by false and slanderous pamphlets, advisos, and letters, to cover their own loss, and to derogate from others their due honors (especially in this fight, being performed far off), seeing they were not ashamed in the year 1588, when they purposed the invasion of this land, to publish in [30 sundry languages, in print, great victories (in words) which they pleaded to have obtained against this realm, and spread the same in a most false sort over all parts of France, Italy, and elsewhere. . . .

The Lord Thomas Howard, with six of her Majesty's ships, six victuallers of London, the bark *Raleigh*, and two or three pinnaces, riding at anchor near unto Flores, one of the westerly islands of [40 the Azores, the last of August in the afternoon, had intelligence by one Captain Middleton, of the approach of the Spanish Armada. Which Middleton, being in a very good sailer, had kept them company three days before, of good purpose both to discover their forces the more, as also to give advice to my Lord Thomas of their approach.

He had no sooner delivered the news [50 but the fleet was in sight. Many of our ships' companies were on shore in the island, some providing ballast for their ships, others filling of water and refreshing themselves from the land with such things as they could either for money or by force recover. By reason whereof our ships being all pestered, and rummag-

ing, every thing out of order, very light for want of ballast. And that which [60 was most to our disadvantage, the one half part of the men of every ship sick and utterly unserviceable. For in the *Revenge* there were ninety diseased; in the *Bona-venture*, not so many in health as could handle her mainsail. For had not twenty men been taken out of a bark of Sir George Cary's, his being commanded to be sunk, and those appointed to her, she had hardly ever recovered England. [70 The rest, for the most part, were in little better state.

The names of her Majesty's ships were these, as followeth: the *Defiance*, which was Admiral; the *Revenge*, Vice Admiral; the *Bonaventure*, commanded by Captain Crosse; the *Lion*, by George Fenner; the *Foresight*, by Thomas Vavisor; and the *Crane*, by Duffield. The *Foresight* and the *Crane* being but small ships only; [80 the other were of middle size. The rest, besides the bark *Raleigh*, commanded by Captain Thin, were victuallers, and of small force or none.

The Spanish fleet, having shrouded their approach by reason of the island, were now so soon at hand as our ships had scarce time to weigh their anchors, but some of them were driven to let slip their cables and set sail. Sir Richard Gren- [90 ville was the last weighed, to recover the men that were upon the island, which otherwise had been lost. The Lord Thomas with the rest very hardly recovered the wind, which Sir Richard Grenville not being able to do, was persuaded by the master and others to cut his mainsail and cast about, and to trust to the sailing of his ship: for the squadron of Seville were on his weather bow. But Sir Richard [100 utterly refused to turn from the enemy, alleging that he would rather choose to die, than to dishonor himself, his country, and her Majesty's ship; persuading his company that he would pass through the two squadrons in despite of them, and enforce those of Seville to give him way. Which he performed upon divers of the foremost, who, as the mariners term it, sprang their luff, and fell under the [110 lee of the *Revenge*. But the other course had been the better, and might right well

have been answered in so great an impossibility of prevailing. Notwithstanding out of the greatness of his mind he could not be persuaded.

In the meanwhile, as he attended those which were nearest him, the great *San Philip*, being in the wind of him, and coming towards him, becalmed his [120 sails in such sort as the ship could neither way nor feel the helm: so huge and high carged was the Spanish ship, being of a thousand and five hundred tons; who after laid the *Revenge* aboard. When he was thus bereft of his sails, the ships that were under his lee, luffing up, also laid him aboard; of which the next was the admiral of the Biscayans, a very mighty and puissant ship commanded by [130 Brittan Dona. The said *Philip* carried three tier of ordinance on a side, and eleven pieces in every tier. She shot eight forthright out of her chase, besides those of her stern ports.

After the *Revenge* was entangled with this *Philip*, four other boarded her, two on her larboard, and two on her starboard. The fight thus beginning at three of the clock in the afternoon continued very [140 terrible all that evening. But the great *San Philip*, having received the lower tier of the *Revenge*, discharged with cross-barshot, shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment. Some say that the ship foundered, but we cannot report it for truth, unless we were assured.

The Spanish ships were filled with companies of soldiers, in some two hun- [150 dred besides the mariners, in some five, in others eight hundred. In ours there were none at all besides the mariners, but the servants of the commanders and some few voluntary gentlemen only. After many interchanged volleys of great ordinance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Revenge*, and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed soldiers [160 and musketeers, but were still repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ships or into the seas. In the beginning of the fight, the *George Noble* of London, having received some shot through her by the armados, fell

under the lee of the *Revenge*, and asked Sir Richard what he would command him, being but one of the victuallers and of small force. Sir Richard bade him [170 save himself, and leave him to his fortune.

After the fight had thus without intermission continued while the day lasted and some hours of the night, many of our men were slain and hurt, and one of the great galleons of the Armada and the Admiral of the Hulks both sunk, and in many other of the Spanish ships great slaughter was made. Some write that [180 Sir Richard was very dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the fight, and lay speechless for a time ere he recovered. But two of the *Revenge's* own company brought home in a ship of Lime from the islands, examined by some of the Lords and others, affirmed that he was never so wounded as that he forsook the upper deck, till an hour before midnight; and then being shot into the [190 body with a musket, as he was a-dressing was again shot into the head, and withal his surgeon wounded to death. This agreeth also with an examination, taken by Sir Francis Godolphin, of four other mariners of the same ship being returned, which examination the said Sir Francis sent unto master William Killigrew, of her Majesty's Privy Chamber.

But to return to the fight, the Span- [200 ish ships which attempted to board the *Revenge*, as they were wounded and beaten off, so always others came in their places, she having never less than two mighty galleons by her sides and aboard her. So that ere the morning, from three of the clock the day before there had fifteen several armados assailed her; and all so ill approved their entertainment, as they were by the break of day far more will- [210 ing to hearken to a composition than hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day increased, so our men decreased; and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grew our discomforts. For none appeared in sight but enemies, saving one small ship called the *Pilgrim*, commanded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the success; but in the morning, bearing with the [220

Revenge, was hunted like a hare among many ravenous hounds, but escaped.

All the powder of the *Revenge* to the last barrel was now spent, all her pikes broken, forty of her best men slain, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundred free from sickness, and fourscore and ten sick, laid in hold upon the ballast. A small troop to man such a ship, [230 and a weak garrison to resist so mighty an army! By those hundred all was sustained, the volleys, boardings, and enterings of fifteen ships of war, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrary the Spanish were always supplied with soldiers brought from every squadron, all manner of arms, and powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of [240 ships, men, or weapons; the masts all beaten overboard, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper work altogether razed; and, in effect, evened she was with the water, but the very foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left overhead either for flight or defence.

Sir Richard finding himself in this distress, and unable any longer to make resistance,—having endured in this fif- [250 teen hours' fight the assault of fifteen several armados, all by turns aboard him, and by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery, besides many assaults and entries, and that himself and the ship must needs be possessed by the enemy, who were now cast in a ring round about him, the *Revenge* not able to move one way or other but as she was moved by the waves and billow of the sea,—com- [260 manded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship, that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards, seeing in so many hours' fight, and with so great a navy, they were not able to take her, having had fifteen hours' time, fifteen thousand men, and fifty and three sail of men-of-war to perform it withal; and persuaded the company, or as [270 many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God, and to the mercy of none else, but, as they had, like valiant resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they

should not now shorten the honor of their nation by prolonging their own lives for a few hours or a few days.

The master gunner readily condescended, and divers others. But the Captain and the Master were of another [280 opinion and besought Sir Richard to have care of them, alleging that the Spaniard would be as ready to entertain a composition as they were willing to offer the same, and that there being divers sufficient and valiant men yet living, and whose wounds were not mortal, they might do their country and prince acceptable service hereafter. And (that where Sir Richard had alleged that [290 the Spaniards should never glory to have taken one ship of her Majesty's, seeing that they had so long and so notably defended themselves) they answered that the ship had six foot of water in hold, three shot under water which were so weakly stopped as, with the first working of the sea, she must needs sink, and was besides so crushed and bruised as she could never be removed out of the place. [300

And as the matter was thus in dispute, and Sir Richard refusing to hearken to any of those reasons, the Master of the *Revenge* (while the Captain won unto him the greater party) was convoyed aboard the *General Don Alfonso Bassan*. Who finding none over hasty to enter the *Revenge* again, doubting lest Sir Richard would have blown them up and himself, and perceiving by the report of the [310 Master of the *Revenge* his dangerous disposition, yielded that all their lives should be saved, the company sent for England, and the better sort to pay such reasonable ransom as their estate would bear, and in the mean season to be free from galley or imprisonment. To this he so much the rather condescended, as well, as I have said, for fear of further loss and mischief to themselves, as also for the desire he [320 had to recover Sir Richard Grenville; whom for his notable valor he seemed greatly to honor and admire.

When this answer was returned, and that safety of life was promised, the common sort being now at the end of their peril, the most drew back from Sir Richard and the gunner, being no hard matter to

dissuade men from death to life. The master gunner finding himself and Sir [330 Richard thus prevented and mastered by the greater number, would have slain himself with a sword had he not been by force withheld and locked into his cabin. Then the *General* sent many boats aboard the *Revenge*, and divers of our men, fearing Sir Richard's disposition, stole away aboard the *General* and other ships. Sir Richard, thus overmatched, was sent unto by Alfonso Bassan to remove [340 out of the *Revenge*, the ship being marvellous unsavory, filled with blood and bodies of dead and wounded men like a slaughter-house. Sir Richard answered that he might do with his body what he list, for he esteemed it not; and as he was carried out of the ship he swooned, and reviving again, desired the company to pray for him. The General used Sir Richard with all humanity, and left [350 nothing unattempted that tended to his recovery, highly commending his valor and worthiness, and greatly bewailed the danger wherein he was, being unto them a rare spectacle, and a resolution seldom approved, to see one ship turn toward so many enemies, to endure the charge and boarding of so many huge armados, and to resist and repel the assaults and entries of so many soldiers. All which, and [360 more, is confirmed by a Spanish captain of the same Armada, and a present actor in the fight, who, being severed from the rest in a storm, was by the *Lion*, of London, a small ship, taken, and is now prisoner in London.

The General Commander of the Armada was Don Alfonso Bassan, brother to the Marquis of Santa Cruce. The Admiral of the Biscayan squadron was Britan [370 Dona; of the squadron of Seville, Marquis of Arumburch. The Hulks and Fly-boats were commanded by Luis Cutino. There were slain and drowned in this fight well near two thousand of the enemies, and two especial Commanders, Don Luis de Sant John, and Don George de Prunaria de Malaga, as the Spanish Captain confesseth, besides divers others of special account, whereof as yet report is not made. [380

The Admiral of the Hulks and the *Ascension* of Seville were both sunk by

the side of the *Revenge*; one other recovered the road of Saint Michaels, and sunk also there; a fourth ran herself with the shore to save her men. Sir Richard died, as it is said, the second or third day aboard the *General*, and was by them greatly bewailed. What became of his body, whether it was buried in the sea [390 or on the land, we know not: the comfort that remaineth to his friends is, that he hath ended his life honorably in respect of the reputation won to his nation and country, and of the same to his posterity, and that, being dead, he hath not outlived his own honor. . . .

A few days after the fight was ended, and the English prisoners dispersed into the Spanish and Indian ships, there [400 arose so great a storm from the west and northwest that all the fleet was dispersed, as well the Indian fleet which were then come unto them, as the rest of the Armada which attended their arrival. Of which, fourteen sail, together with the *Revenge* (and in her two hundred Spaniards), were cast away upon the isle of St. Michaels. So it pleased them to honor the burial of that renowned ship the *Revenge*, not [410 suffering her to perish alone, for the great honor she achieved in her lifetime. . . .

To conclude, it hath ever to this day pleased God to prosper and defend her Majesty, to break the purposes of malicious enemies, of forsworn traitors, and of unjust practises and invasions. She hath ever been honored of the worthiest kings, served by faithful subjects, and shall by the favor of God resist, repel, and [420 confound all whatsoever attempts against her sacred person or kingdom. In the meantime, let the Spaniard and traitor vaunt of their success; and we, her true and obedient vassals, guided by the shining light of her virtues, shall always love her, serve her, and obey her to the end of our lives.

FRANCIS BACON (1561-1626)

From THE ESSAYS

ESSAY I.—OF TRUTH

What is truth? said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer. Certainly there be that delight in giddiness, and

count it a bondage to fix a belief; affecting free-will in thinking, as well as in acting. And though the sects of philosophers of that kind be gone, yet there remain certain discoursing wits which are of the same veins, though there be not so much blood in them as was in [10 those of the ancients. But it is not only the difficulty and labor which men take in finding out of truth, nor again that when it is found it imposeth upon men's thoughts, that doth bring lies in favor; but a natural though corrupt love of the lie itself. One of the later school of the Grecians examineth the matter, and is at a stand to think what should be in it, that men should love lies, where [20 neither they make for pleasure, as with poets, nor for advantage, as with the merchant, but for the lie's sake. But I cannot tell: this same truth is a naked and open day-light, that doth not show the masks and mummeries and triumphs of the world, half so stately and daintily as candle-lights. Truth may perhaps come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day; but it will not rise to the price [30 of a diamond or carbuncle, that showeth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt, that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to them- [40 selves? One of the Fathers, in great severity, called poesy *vinum dæmonum*, because it filleth the imagination, and yet it is but with the shadow of a lie. But it is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh in and settleth in it, that doth the hurt, such as we spake of before. But howsoever these things are thus in men's depraved judgments and affections, yet truth, which [50 only doth judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature. The first creature of God, in the works of the

days, was the light of the sense; the last was the light of reason; and his sabbath work, ever since, is the illumination of [60 his Spirit. First he breathed light upon the face of the matter or chaos; then he breathed light into the face of man; and still he breatheth and inspireth light into the face of his chosen. The poet that beautified the sect that was otherwise inferior to the rest, saith yet excellently well: *It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tossed upon the sea: a pleasure to stand in the window of a [70 castle, and to see a battle and the adventures thereof below: but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of Truth* (a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene), *and to see the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests, in the vale below:* so always that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling or pride. Certainly, it is heaven upon earth, to have a man's [80 mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

To pass from theological and philosophical truth, to the truth of civil business: it will be acknowledged, even by those that practise it not, that clear and round dealing is the honor of man's nature; and that mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold and silver; which may make the metal work the better, but it em- [90 baseth it. For these winding and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent; which goeth basely upon the belly, and not upon the feet. There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to be found false and perfidious. And therefore Montaigne saith prettily, when he inquired the reason, why the word of the lie should be such a disgrace and such an odious charge? Saith he, *If it be [100 well weighed, to say that a man lieth, is as much to say as that he is brave towards God and a coward towards men.* For a lie faces God, and shrinks from man. Surely the wickedness of falsehood and breach of faith cannot possibly be so highly expressed, as in that it shall be the last peal to call the judgments of God upon the generations of men; it being foretold, that when Christ cometh, *he shall not [110 find faith upon the earth.*

ESSAY V.—OF ADVERSITY

It was an high speech of Seneca (after the manner of the Stoics): *That the good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished; but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired. Bona rerum secundarum optabilia, adversarum mirabilia.* Certainly if miracles be the command over nature, they appear most in adversity. It is yet a higher speech of his than the other (much too high for [10 a heathen): *It is true greatness to have in one the frailty of a man, and the security of a God. Vere magnum, habere fragilitatem hominis, securitatem Dei.* This would have done better in poesy, where transcendences are more allowed. And the poets indeed have been busy with it; for it is in effect the thing which is figured in that strange fiction of the ancient poets, which seemeth not to be without mys- [20 tery; nay, and to have some approach to the state of a Christian: that *Hercules, when he went to unbind Prometheus* (by whom human nature is represented), *sailed the length of the great ocean in an earthen pot or pitcher:* lively describing Christian resolution, that saileth in the frail bark of the flesh through the waves of the world. But to speak in a mean. The virtue of prosperity is temperance; [30 the virtue of adversity is fortitude, which in morals is the more heroical virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favor. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath [40 labored more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Salomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needle-works and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground: judge therefore of the pleasure of the [50 heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odors, most

fragrant when they are incensed or crushed: for prosperity doth best discover vice; but adversity doth best discover virtue.

ESSAY VII.—OF MARRIAGE AND SINGLE LIFE

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. Certainly the best works, and of greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from the unmarried or childless men, which both in affection and means have married and endowed the public. Yet it were great reason that those that have children should have [10] greatest care of future times; unto which they know they must transmit their dearest pledges. Some there are, who though they lead a single life, yet their thoughts do end with themselves, and account future times impertinences. Nay, there are some other that account wife and children but as bills of charges. Nay more, there are some foolish rich covetous men that take a pride in having no [20] children, because they may be thought so much the richer. For perhaps they have heard some talk, *Such an one is a great rich man*, and another except to it, *Yea, but he hath a great charge of children*; as if it were an abatement to his riches. But the most ordinary cause of a single life is liberty; especially in certain self-pleasing and humorous minds, which are so sensible of every restraint, as they will go [30] near to think their girdles and garters to be bonds and shackles. Unmarried men are best friends, best masters, best servants; but not always best subjects; for they are light to run away; and almost all fugitives are of that condition. A single life doth well with churchmen, for charity will hardly water the ground where it must first fill a pool. It is indifferent for judges and magistrates, for if they be [40] facile and corrupt, you shall have a servant five times worse than a wife. For soldiers, I find the generals commonly in their hortatives put men in mind of their wives and children; and I think the despising of marriage amongst the Turks

maketh the vulgar soldier more base. Certainly wife and children are a kind of discipline of humanity; and single men, though they be many times more [50] charitable, because their means are less exhaust, yet, on the other side, they are more cruel and hard-hearted (good to make severe inquisitors), because their tenderness is not so oft called upon. Grave natures, led by custom, and therefore constant, are commonly loving husbands; as was said of Ulysses, *Vetulam suam prætulit immortalitati*. Chaste women are often proud and froward, as pre- [60] suming upon the merit of their chastity. It is one of the best bonds both of chastity and obedience in the wife, if she think her husband wise; which she will never do if she find him jealous. Wives are young men's mistresses; companions for middle age; and old men's nurses. So as a man may have a quarrel to marry when he will. But yet he was reputed one of the wise men, that made answer to [70] the question, when a man should marry?—*A young man not yet, an elder man not at all*. It is often seen that bad husbands have very good wives; whether it be that it raiseth the price of their husband's kindness when it comes; or that the wives take a pride in their patience. But this never fails, if the bad husbands were of their own choosing, against their friends' consent; for then they will be [80] sure to make good their own folly.

ESSAY XI.—OF GREAT PLACE

Men in great places are thrice servants: servants of the sovereign or state; servants of fame; and servants of business. So as they have no freedom, neither in their persons, nor in their actions, nor in their times. It is a strange desire, to seek power and to lose liberty; or to seek power over others and to lose power over a man's self. The rising unto place is laborious, and by pains men come to greater [10] pains; and it is sometimes base, and by indignities men come to dignities. The standing is slippery; and the regress is either a downfall, or at least an eclipse, which is a melancholy thing. *Cum non*

sis qui fueris, non esse cur velis vivere. Nay, retire men cannot when they would; neither will they when it were reason; but are impatient of privateness, even in age and sickness, which require the [20 shadow: like old townsmen, that will be still sitting at their street door, though thereby they offer age to scorn. Certainly, great persons had need to borrow other men's opinions, to think themselves happy; for if they judge by their own feeling, they cannot find it: but if they think with themselves what other men think of them, and that other men would fain be as they are, then they are [30 happy as it were by report, when perhaps they find the contrary within. For they are the first that find their own griefs, though they be the last that find their own faults. Certainly, men in great fortunes are strangers to themselves, and while they are in the puzzle of business they have no time to tend their health, either of body or mind. *Illi mors gravis incubat, qui notus nimis omnibus, ignotus* [40 *moritur sibi.* In place there is licence to do good and evil; whereof the latter is a curse: for in evil the best condition is not to will, the second not to can. But power to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring. For good thoughts (though God accept them) yet towards men are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act; and that cannot be without power and place, as the vantage [50 and commanding ground. Merit and good works is the end of man's motion; and conscience of the same is the accomplishment of man's rest. For if a man can be partaker of God's theatre, he shall likewise be partaker of God's rest. *Et conversus Deus, ut aspiceret opera quæ fecerunt manus suæ, vidit quod omnia essent bona nimis;* and then the Sabbath. In the discharge of thy place, set before thee [60 the best examples; for imitation is a globe of precepts. And after a time set before thee thine own example; and examine thyself strictly, whether thou didst not best at first. Neglect not also the examples of those that have carried themselves ill in the same place; not to set off thyself by taxing their memory, but to direct thyself what to avoid. Reform,

therefore, without bravery or scandal of [70 former times and persons; but yet set it down to thyself as well to create good precedents as to follow them. Reduce things to the first institution, and observe wherein and how they have degenerate; but yet ask counsel of both times; of the ancient time, what is best; and of the latter time, what is fittest. Seek to make thy course regular, that men may know beforehand what they may expect; but [80 be not too positive and peremptory; and express thyself well when thou digressest from thy rule. Preserve the right of thy place, but stir not questions of jurisdiction: and rather assume thy right in silence and *de facto*, than voice it with claims and challenges. Preserve likewise the rights of inferior places; and think it more honor to direct in chief than to be busy in all. Embrace and invite [90 helps and advices touching the execution of thy place; and do not drive away such as bring thee information as meddlers, but accept of them in good part. The vices of authority are chiefly four: delays, corruption, roughness, and facility. For delays: give easy access; keep times appointed; go through with that which is in hand; and interlace not business but of necessity. For corruption: do not only [100 bind thine own hands or thy servants' hands from taking, but bind the hands of suitors also from offering. For integrity used doth the one; but integrity professed, and with a manifest detestation of bribery, doth the other. And avoid not only the fault, but the suspicion. Whosoever is found variable, and changeth manifestly without manifest cause, giveth suspicion of corruption. Therefore always when [110 thou changest thine opinion or course, profess it plainly and declare it, together with the reasons that move thee to change; and do not think to steal it. A servant or a favorite, if he be inward, and no other apparent cause of esteem, is commonly thought but a by-way to close corruption. For roughness, it is a needless cause of discontent: severity breedeth fear, but roughness breedeth hate. [120 Even reproofs from authority ought to be grave, and not taunting. As for facility, it is worse than bribery. For bribes come

but now and then; but if importunity or idle respects lead a man, he shall never be without. As Salomon saith: *To respect persons is not good; for such a man will transgress for a piece of bread.* It is most true that was anciently spoken, *A place showeth the man:* and it showeth some to [130 the better, and some to the worse. *Omnium consensu capax imperii, nisi imperasset,* saith Tacitus of Galba; but of Vespasian he saith, *Solus imperantium Vespasianus mutatus in melius:* though the one was meant of sufficiency, the other of manners and affection. It is an assured sign of a worthy and generous spirit, whom honor amends. For honor is, or should be, the place of virtue; and [140 as in nature things move violently to their place, and calmly in their place; so virtue in ambition is violent, in authority settled and calm. All rising to great place is by a winding stair; and if there be factions, it is good to side a man's self whilst he is in the rising, and to balance himself when he is placed. Use the memory of thy predecessor fairly and tenderly; for if thou dost not, it is a debt will sure [150 be paid when thou art gone. If thou have colleagues, respect them, and rather call them when they look not for it, than exclude them when they have reason to look to be called. Be not too sensible or too remembering of thy place in conversation and private answers to suitors; but let it rather be said, *When he sits in place he is another man.*

ESSAY XXIII.—OF WISDOM FOR A MAN'S SELF

An ant is a wise creature for itself, but it is a shrewd thing in an orchard or garden. And certainly men that are great lovers of themselves waste the public. Divide with reason between self-love and society; and be so true to thyself as thou be not false to others, specially to thy king and country. It is a poor centre of a man's actions, himself. It is right earth. For that only stands fast upon [10 his own centre; whereas all things that have affinity with the heavens move upon the centre of another, which they benefit. The referring of all to a man's self is more

tolerable in a sovereign prince; because themselves are not only themselves, but their good and evil is at the peril of the public fortune. But it is a desperate evil in a servant to a prince, or a citizen in a republic. For whatsoever affairs pass [20 such a man's hands, he crooketh them to his own ends; which must needs be often eccentric to the ends of his master or state. Therefore let princes, or states, choose such servants as have not this mark; except they mean their service should be made but the accessory. That which maketh the effect more pernicious is that all proportion is lost. It were disproportion enough for the servant's good [30 to be preferred before the master's; but yet it is a greater extreme, when a little good of the servant shall carry things against a great good of the master's. And yet that is the case of bad officers, treasurers, ambassadors, generals, and other false and corrupt servants; which set a bias upon their bowl, of their own petty ends and envies, to the overthrow of their master's great and important affairs. [40 And for the most part, the good such servants receive is after the model of their own fortune; but the hurt they sell for that good is after the model of their master's fortune. And certainly it is the nature of extreme self-lovers, as they will set an house on fire, and it were but to roast their eggs; and yet these men many times hold credit with their masters, because their study is but to please them [50 and profit themselves; and for either respect they will abandon the good of their affairs.

Wisdom for a man's self is, in many branches thereof, a depraved thing. It is the wisdom of rats, that will be sure to leave a house somewhat before it fall. It is the wisdom of the fox, that thrusts out the badger, who digged and made room for him. It is the wisdom of crocodiles, that shed tears when they would devour. But that which is specially to be noted is, that those which (as Cicero says of Pompey) are *sui amantes sine rivali*, are many times unfortunate. And whereas they have all their time sacrificed to themselves, they become in the end themselves sacrifices to the inconstancy

of fortune, whose wings they thought by
their self-wisdom to have pinioned. [70]

ESSAY XLII.—OF YOUTH AND AGE

A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time. But that happeneth rarely. Generally, youth is like the first cogitations, not so wise as the second. For there is a youth in thoughts as well as in ages. And yet the invention of young men is more lively than that of the old; and imaginations stream into their minds better, and, as it were, more divinely. Natures that [10] have much heat, and great and violent desires and perturbations, are not ripe for action till they have passed the meridian of their years: as it was with Julius Cæsar, and Septimius Severus. Of the latter of whom it is said, *Juventulem egil erroribus, imo furoribus, plenam*. And yet he was the ablest emperor, almost, of all the list. But reposed natures may do well in youth. As it is seen in Au- [20] gustus Cæsar, Cosmus, Duke of Florence, Gaston de Foix, and others. On the other side, heat and vivacity in age is an excellent composition for business. Young men are fitter to invent than to judge; fitter for execution than for counsel; and fitter for new projects than for settled business. For the experience of age, in things that fall within the compass of it, directeth them; but in new things, [30] abuseth them. The errors of young men are the ruin of business; but the errors of aged men amount but to this, that more might have been done, or sooner. Young men, in the conduct and manage of actions, embrace more than they can hold; stir more than they can quiet; fly to the end, without consideration of the means and degrees; pursue some few principles which they have chanced upon ab- [40] surdly; care not to innovate, which draws unknown inconveniences; use extreme remedies at first; and, that which doubleth all errors, will not acknowledge or retract them; like an unready horse, that will neither stop nor turn. Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period,

but content themselves with a medioc- [50] rity of success. Certainly, it is good to compound employments of both; for that will be good for the present, because the virtues of either age may correct the defects of both; and good for succession, that young men may be learners, while men in age are actors; and, lastly, good for extern accidents, because authority followeth old men, and favor and popularity youth. But for the moral part, [60] perhaps youth will have the pre-eminence, as age hath for the politic. A certain rabbin, upon the text, *Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams*, inferreth that young men are admitted nearer to God than old, because vision is a clearer revelation than a dream. And certainly, the more a man drinketh of the world, the more it intoxicateth; and age doth profit rather [70] in the powers of understanding, than in the virtues of the will and affections. There be some have an over-early ripeness in their years, which fadeth betimes. These are, first, such as have brittle wits, the edge whereof is soon turned; such as was Hermogenes the rhetorician, whose books are exceeding subtile, who afterwards waxed stupid. A second sort is of those that have some natural disposi- [80] tions which have better grace in youth than in age; such as is a fluent and luxuriant speech, which becomes youth well, but not age: so Tully saith of Hortensius, *Idem manebat, neque idem docebat*. The third is of such as take too high a strain at the first, and are magnanimous more than tract of years can uphold. As was Scipio Africanus, of whom Livy saith in effect, *Ultima primis cedebant*. [90]

ESSAY XLVI.—OF GARDENS

God Almighty first planted a garden. And indeed it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man; without which, buildings and palaces are but gross handi-works: and a man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely; as if gardening were the greater perfection. I do hold it, in the [10]

royal ordering of gardens, there ought to be gardens for all the months in the year; in which, severally, things of beauty may be then in season. For December and January and the latter part of November, you must take such things as are green all winter: holly, ivy, bays, juniper, cypress-trees, yew, pine-apple-trees, fir-trees, rosemary, lavender, periwinkle,—the white, the purple, and the blue,— [20] germander, flags, orange-trees, lemon-trees, and myrtles, if they be stoved, and sweet marjoram, warm set. There followeth, for the latter part of January and February, the mezereon-tree, which then blossoms, crocus vernus, both the yellow and the gray, primroses, anemones, the early tulippa, hyacinthus orientalis, chamairis, fritillaria. For March, there come violets, specially the single blue, which [30] are the earliest, the yellow daffodil, the daisy, the almond-tree in blossom, the peach-tree in blossom, the cornelian-tree in blossom, sweet briar. In April follow the double white violet, the wall-flower, the stock-gillyflower, the cowslip, flower-delices and lilies of all natures, rosemary flowers, the tulippa, the double peony, the pale daffodil, the French honeysuckle, the cherry-tree in blossom, the dam- [40] masin and plum-trees in blossom, the white-thorn in leaf, the lilac-tree. In May and June come pinks of all sorts, specially the blush pink, roses of all kinds, except the musk, which comes later, honeysuckles, strawberries, bugloss, columbine, the French marygold, flos Africanus, cherry-tree in fruit, ribes, figs in fruit, rasps, vine flowers, lavender in flowers, the sweet satyrian, with the [50] white flower, herba muscaria, liliū convallium, the apple-tree in blossom. In July come gillyflowers of all varieties, musk-roses, the lime-tree in blossom, early pears and plums in fruit, ginnittings, quadlins. In August come plums of all sorts in fruit, pears, apricocks, barberries, filberts, musk-melons, monks-hoods of all colors. In September come grapes, apples, poppies of all colors, peaches, [60] melocotones, nectarines, cornelians, wardens, quinces. In October and the beginning of November come services, medlars, bullises, roses cut or removed to

come late, hollyhocks, and such like. These particulars are for the climate of London; but my meaning is perceived, that you may have *ver perpetuum*, as the place affords.

And because the breath of flowers is [70] far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes, like the warbling of music) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight, than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air. Roses, damask and red, are fast flowers of their smells, so that you may walk by a whole row of them, and find nothing of their sweetness; yea, though it be in a morning's dew. Bays like- [80] wise yield no smell as they grow. Rosemary little; nor sweet marjoram. That which above all others yields the sweetest smell in the air, is the violet; specially the white double violet, which comes twice a year, about the middle of April, and about Bartholomewtide. Next to that is the musk-rose. Then the strawberry-leaves dying, which [yield] a most excellent cordial smell. Then the flower [90] of the vines; it is a little dust, like the dust of a bent, which grows upon the cluster in the first coming forth. Then sweet briar. Then wall-flowers, which are very delightful to be set under a parlor or lower chamber window. Then pinks and gillyflowers, specially the matted pink and clove gillyflower. Then the flowers of the lime-tree. Then the honeysuckles, so they be somewhat afar [100] off. Of bean flowers I speak not, because they are field flowers. But those which perfume the air most delightfully, not passed by as the rest, but being trodden upon and crushed, are three: that is, burnet, wild thyme, and water-mints. Therefore you are to set whole alleys of them, to have the pleasure when you walk or tread.

* * * * *

For fountains, they are a great [110] beauty and refreshment; but pools mar all, and make the garden unwholesome and full of flies and frogs. Fountains I intend to be of two natures: the one, that sprinkleth or spouteth water; the other, a fair receipt of water, of some

thirty or forty foot square, but without fish, or slime, or mud. For the first, the ornaments of images gilt, or of marble, which are in use, do well: but the main [120 matter is, so to convey the water, as it never stay, either in the bowls or in the cistern; that the water be never by rest discolored, green or red or the like, or gather any mossiness or putrefaction. Besides that, it is to be cleansed every day by the hand. Also some steps up to it, and some fine pavement about it, doth well. As for the other kind of fountain, which we may call a bathing pool, it [130 may admit much curiosity and beauty, wherewith we will not trouble ourselves: as, that the bottom be finely paved, and with images; the sides likewise; and withal embellished with colored glass, and such things of lustre; encompassed also with fine rails of low statues. But the main point is the same which we mentioned in the former kind of fountain; which is, that the water be in perpetual motion, [140 fed by a water higher than the pool, and delivered into it by fair spouts, and then discharged away under ground, by some equality of bores, that it stay little. And for fine devices, of arching water without spilling, and making it rise in several forms (of feathers, drinking glasses, canopies, and the like), they be pretty things to look on, but nothing to health and sweetness. [150

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ESSAY L.—OF STUDIES

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To [10 spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like

natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. [20 Crafty men condemn studies; simple men admire them; and wise men use them: for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be [30 chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. [40 Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets witty; the mathematics subtil; natural philosophy deep; moral, grave; [50 logic and rhetoric able to contend. *Abunt studia in mores*. Nay, there is no stond or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies: like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins; shooting for the lungs and breast; gentle walking for the stomach; riding for the head; and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the [60 mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again: if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen; for they are *cymini sectores*: if he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases: so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt. [70

PURITANS AND CAVALIERS

CAROLINE SONG WRITERS

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667)

SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die, because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Should my heart be grieved or pined,
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well disposed nature
Joined with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder than
Turtle dove, or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well deserving known,
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of best,
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think, "What, with them, they would
do
That, without them, dare to woo!"
And unless that mind I see,
What care I though great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair!

If she love me (this believe!) 35
I will die, ere she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn, and let her go;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be? 40

THOMAS CAREW (1598?-1639?)

ASK ME NO MORE WHERE JOVE BESTOWS

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauty's orient deep
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray 5
The golden atoms of the day,
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste 15
The nightingale when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note. 10

Ask me no more where those stars light 20
That downwards fall in dead of night,
For in your eyes they sit, and there 15
Fixed become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
The phoenix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies, 20
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

HE THAT LOVES A ROSY CHEEK

He that loves a rosy cheek
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay, 5
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
 Hearts with equal love combined,
 Kindle never-dying fires; 10
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
 My resolved heart to return;
 I have searched thy soul within 15
 And find naught but pride and scorn;
 I have learned thy arts, and now
 Can disdain as much as thou.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING (1609-1642)

CONSTANCY

Out upon it, I have loved
 Three whole days together!
 And am like to love three more,
 If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings 5
 Ere he shall discover
 In the whole wide world again
 Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
 Is due at all to me: 10
 Love with me had made no stays,
 Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
 And that very face,
 There had been at least ere this 15
 A dozen dozen in her place.

**WHY SO PALE AND WAN, FOND
 LOVER?**

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
 Prithee, why so pale?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail?
 Prithee, why so pale? 5

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
 Prithee, why so mute?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do 't?
 Prithee, why so mute? 10

Quit, quit for shame! This will not move,
 This cannot take her.
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her:
 The devil take her! 15

RICHARD LOVELACE (1618-1658)

**TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE
 WARS**

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
 That from the nunnery
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
 To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase, 5
 The first foe in the field;
 And with a stronger faith embrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
 As you too shall adore; 10
 I could not love thee, dear, so much,
 Loved I not honor more.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON

When Love with unconfined wings
 Hovers within my gates,
 And my divine Althea brings
 To whisper at the grates;
 When I lie tangled in her hair 5
 And fettered to her eye,
 The gods that wanton in the air
 Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
 With no allaying Thames, 10
 Our careless heads with roses bound,
 Our hearts with loyal flames;
 When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
 When healths and draughts go free,
 Fishes that tipple in the deep 15
 Know no such liberty.

When, like committed¹ linnets, I
 With shriller throat shall sing
 The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
 And glories of my king; 20

¹ caged.

When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make, 25
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free, 30
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

JAMES SHIRLEY (1596-1666)

A DIRGE

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and crown 5
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill; 10
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death. 16

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds: 20
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

ROBERT HERRICK (1591-1634)

THE ARGUMENT OF HIS BOOK

I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds and
bowers,
Of April, May, of June and July-flowers;

I sing of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails,
wakes,
Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal
cakes;

I write of youth, of love, and have access 5
By these to sing of cleanly wantonness;
I sing of dews, of rains, and, piece by piece,
Of balm, of oil, of spice and ambergris;
I sing of times trans-shifting, and I write
How roses first came red and lilies white;
I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing 11
The court of Mab, and of the Fairy King;
I write of hell; I sing (and ever shall)
Of heaven, and hope to have it after all.

UPON THE LOSS OF HIS MISTRESSES

I have lost, and lately, these
Many dainty mistresses:
Stately Julia, prime of all;
Sapho next, a principal;
Smooth Anthea, for a skin 5
White and heaven-like crystalline;
Sweet Electra, and the choice
Myrha, for the lute and voice.
Next, Corinna, for her wit,
And the graceful use of it; 10
With Perilla: all are gone,
Only Herrick's left alone,
For to number sorrow by
Their departures hence, and die.

CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING

Get up, get up for shame, the blooming
morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colors through the air:
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see 5
The dew bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept and bowed toward
the east
Above an hour since: yet you not dressed;
Nay! not so much as out of bed?
When all the birds have matins said 10
And sung their thankful hymns, 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in
May.

Rise and put on your foliage, and be seen 15
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh
and green,

And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair:

Fear not; the leaves will strew

Gems in abundance upon you: 20
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls un-
wept;

Come and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night:

And Titan¹ on the eastern hill 25

Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief
in praying:

Few beads² are best when once we go a-
Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and, coming,
mark

How each field turns a street, each street
a park 30

Made green and trimmed with trees;
see how

Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch: each porch, each door ere
this

An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn, neatly inter-
wove; 35

As if here were those cooler shades of love.

Can such delights be in the street

And open fields and we not see't?

Come, we'll abroad; and let's obey

The proclamation made for May: 40
And sin no more, as we have done, by
staying;

But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl this day
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.

A deal of youth, ere this, is come 45

Back, and with white-thorn laden home.

Some have despatched their cakes and
cream

Before that we have left to dream:

And some have wept, and wooed, and
plighted troth,

And chose their priest, ere we can cast off
sloth: 50

Many a green-gown has been given;

Many a kiss, both odd and even:

¹ the sun.

² prayers.

Many a glance too has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament;
Many a jest told of the keys betraying 55
This night, and locks picked, yet we're
not a-Maying.

Come, let us go while we are in our prime;
And take the harmless folly of the time.

We shall grow old apace, and die

Before we know our liberty. 60

Our life is short, and our days run

As fast away as does the sun;

And, as a vapor or a drop of rain,
Once lost, can ne'er be found again,

So when or you or I are made 65

A fable, song, or fleeting shade,

All love, all liking, all delight

Lies drowned with us in endless night.

Then while time serves, and we are but
decaying,

Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-
Maying. 70

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun, 5
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer; 10
But being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For, having lost but once your prime, 15
You may forever tarry.

HOW ROSES CAME RED

Roses at first were white,
Till they could not agree,
Whether my Sapho's breast
Or they more white should be.

But being vanquished quite, 5
A blush their cheeks bespread;
Since which, believe the rest,
The roses first came red.

TO DAFFODILS

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon.
Stay, stay, 5
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along. 10

We have short time to stay as you;
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.
We die 15
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again. 20

NIGHT-PIECE, TO JULIA

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee. 5

No Will-o'-th'-Wisp mis-light thee,
Nor snake nor slow-worm bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber; 11
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number. 15

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus, to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet
My soul I'll pour into thee. 20

UPON JULIA'S CLOTHES

Whenas in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
The liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes, and see
That brave vibration, each way free, 5
Oh, how that glittering taketh me!

AN ODE FOR BEN JONSON

Ah, Ben!
Say how or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts,
Made at the Sun, 5
The Dog, the Triple Tun;
Where we such clusters had,
As made us nobly wild, not mad?
And yet each verse of thine
Out-did the meat out-did the frolic wine.

My Ben! 11
Or come again,
Or send to us
Thy wit's great overplus;
But teach us yet 15
Wisely to husband it,
Lest we that talent spend;
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock, the store
Of such a wit the world should have no
more. 20

GRACE FOR A CHILD

Here, a little child, I stand,
Heaving up my either hand:
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to thee,
For a benison to fall 5
On our meat, and on us all. Amen.

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT

Is this a fast, to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragg'd to go,
Or show
A downcast look, and sour?

No; 'tis a fast, to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat
And meat
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate,
And hate;
To circumsise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin;
And that's to keep thy Lent.

GEORGE HERBERT (1593-1633)

VIRTUE

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

THE COLLAR

I struck the board, and cried, "No more;
I will abroad!
What! shall I ever sigh and pine?

My lines and life are free; free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store.¹
Shall I be still in suit?

Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me blood, and not restore
What I have lost with cordial² fruit?
Sure there was wine
Before my sighs did dry it; there was
corn

Before my tears did drown it;
Is the year only lost to me?
Have I no bays to crown it,
No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted,
All wasted?

Not so, my heart; but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures; leave thy cold dis-
pute

Of what is fit and not; forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands
Which petty thoughts have made, and
made to thee

Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy law,
While thou didst wink³ and wouldst not
see.

Away! take heed!
I will abroad.
Call in thy death's-head there, tie up thy
fears:

He that forbears
To suit and serve his need
Deserves his load."

But as I raved, and grew more fierce and
wild

At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, "Child!"
And I replied, "My Lord!"

THE QUIP

The merry World did on a day
With his train-bands and mates agree
To meet together where I lay,
And all in sport to jeer at me.

First Beauty crept into a rose,
Which when I plucked not, "Sir," said
she,

"Tell me, I pray, whose hands are those?"
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

¹ plenty.

² revivifying.

³ shut the eyes.

Then Money came, and chinking still,
 "What tune is this, poor man?" said he;
 "I heard in music you had skill;" 11
 But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by
 In silks that whistled, who but he!
 He scarce allowed me half an eye; 15
 But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
 And he would needs a comfort be,
 And, to be short, make an oration:
 But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me. 20

Yet when the hour of Thy design
 To answer these fine things shall come,
 Speak not at large; say, I am Thine,
 And then they have their answer home.

THE PULLEY

When God at first made man,
 Having a glass of blessings standing by;
 "Let us," said He, "pour on him all we
 can:
 Let the world's riches, which dispersèd
 lie,
 Contract into a span." 5

So Strength first made a way;
 Then Beauty flowed; then Wisdom, Honor,
 Pleasure.
 When almost all was out, God made a
 stay,
 Perceiving that alone, of all His treasure,
 Rest in the bottom lay. 10

"For if I should," said He,
 "Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
 He would adore My gifts instead of
 Me,
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Na-
 ture;
 So both should losers be. 15

"Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining restless-
 ness;
 Let him be rich and weary, that at
 least,
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
 May toss him to My breast." 20

RICHARD CRASHAW (1613?-1649)

IN THE HOLY NATIVITY OF OUR LORD GOD

A HYMN SUNG AS BY THE SHEPHERDS

CHORUS

Come, we shepherds, whose blest sight
 Hath met Love's noon in Nature's night;
 Come, lift we up our loftier song
 And wake the sun that lies too long.

To all our world of well-stolen joy 5
 He slept, and dreamt of no such thing,
 While we found out heaven's fairer eye
 And kissed the cradle of our King.
 Tell him he rises now too late
 To show us aught worth looking at. 10

Tell him we now can show him more
 Than he e'er showed to mortal sight,
 Than he himself e'er saw before,
 Which to be seen needs not his light.
 Tell him, Tityrus, where th' hast been
 Tell him, Thyrsis, what th' hast seen. 16

TITYRUS. Gloomy night embraced the
 place

Where the noble Infant lay.

The Babe looked up and showed His
 face;

In spite of darkness, it was day. 20

It was Thy day, Sweet! and did rise
 Not from the east, but from Thine eyes.

CHORUS. It was Thy day, Sweet, etc.

THYRSIS. Winter chid aloud, and sent
 The angry North to wage his wars; 25
 The North forgot his fierce intent,
 And left perfumes instead of scars.

By those sweet eyes' persuasive powers,
 Where he meant frost he scattered flowers.

CHO. By those sweet eyes, etc. 30

BOTH. We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,
 Young dawn of our eternal Day; 35

We saw Thine eyes break from their east
 And chase the trembling shades away.

We saw Thee, and we blest the sight, 35
 We saw Thee by Thine own sweet light.

TIT. Poor world, said I, what wilt thou do

To entertain this starry Stranger?

Is this the best thou canst bestow—

A cold, and not too cleanly, manger? 40

Contend, the powers of heaven and earth,

To fit a bed for this huge birth!

CHO. Contend, the powers, etc.

THYR. Proud world, said I, cease your contest,

And let the mighty Babe alone; 45

The phoenix builds the phoenix' nest,

Love's architecture is his own;

The Babe whose birth embraces this morn,

Made His own bed e'er He was born.

CHO. The Babe whose, etc. 50

TIT. I saw the curled drops, soft and slow,
Come hovering o'er the place's head,

~~Offering their whitest sheets of snow
To furnish the fair Infant's bed.~~

Forbear, said I; be not too bold; 55

Your fleece is white, but 'tis too cold.

CHO. Forbear, said I, etc.

THYR. I saw the obsequious seraphim

Their rosy fleece of fire bestow,

For well they now can spare their wing
Since Heaven itself lies here below. 61

Well done, said I; but are you sure
Your down so warm, will pass for pure?

CHO. Well done, said I, etc.

TIT. No, no, your King's not yet to seek 65
Where to repose His royal head;

See, see how soon His new-bloomed
cheek

'Twixt mother's breasts is gone to bed!

Sweet choice, said we; no way but so
Not to lie cold, yet sleep in snow. 70

CHO. Sweet choice, said we, etc.

BOTH. We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,
Bright dawn of our eternal Day;

We saw Thine eyes break from their
east

And chase the trembling shades away. 75

We saw Thee, and we blest the sight,

We saw Thee by Thine own sweet Light.

CHO. We saw Thee, etc.

FULL CHORUS

Welcome, all wonders in one sight!

Eternity shut in a span! 80

Summer in winter! day in night!

Heaven in earth! and God in man!

Great little one, whose all-embracing
birth

Lifts earth to heaven, stoops heaven to
earth!

Welcome, though nor to gold nor silk, 85

To more than Cæsar's birthright is;

Two sister-seas of virgin-milk \

With many a rarely-tempered kiss,

That breathes at once both maid and
mother,

Warms in the one, cools in the other. 90 *had*

She sings Thy tears asleep, and dips

Her kisses in Thy weeping eye;

She spreads the red leaves of Thy lips

(That in their buds yet blushing lie;

She 'gainst those mother-diamonds tries

The points of her young eagle's eyes. 96

Welcome, though not to those gay flies

Gilded i' th' beams of earthly kings,

Slippery souls in smiling eyes—

But to poor shepherds, homespun things,

Whose wealth's their flock, whose wit,

to be

101

Well read in their simplicity.

~~Yet, when young April's husband
showers~~

Shall bless the fruitful Maia's bed,

We'll bring the first-born of her flowers

To kiss Thy feet and crown Thy head. 106

To Thee, dread Lamb! whose love

must keep

The shepherds, more than they the sheep.

To Thee, meek Majesty, soft King

Of simple graces and sweet loves, 110

Each of us his lamb will bring,

Each his pair of silver doves;

Till burnt at last in fire of Thy fair eyes,

Ourselves become our own best sacrifice!

HENRY VAUGHAN (1622-1695)

THE RETREAT

Happy those early days, when I
 Shined in my angel-infancy;
 Before I understood this place
 Appointed for my second race,
 Or taught my soul to fancy ought 5
 But a white, celestial thought;
 When yet I had not walked above
 A mile or two from my first love,
 And looking back—at that short space—
 Could see a glimpse of His bright face; 10
 When on some gilded cloud or flower
 My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
 And in those weaker glories spy
 Some shadows of eternity;
 Before I taught my tongue to wound 15
 My conscience with a sinful sound,
 Or had the black art to dispense,
 A several sin to every sense,
 But felt through all this fleshly dress
 Bright shoots of everlastingness. 20
 O how I long to travel back,
 And tread again that ancient track!
 That I might once more reach that plain,
 Where first I left my glorious train;
 From whence the enlightened spirit sees 25
 That shady city of palm trees.
 But ah! my soul with too much stay
 Is drunk, and staggers in the way!
 Some men a forward motion love,
 But I by backward steps would move; 30
 And when this dust falls to the urn,
 In that state I came, return.

PEACE

My soul, there is a country
 Afar beyond the stars,
 Where stands a wingèd sentry
 All skilful in the wars.
 There, above noise and danger, 5
 Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,
 And one born in a manger
 Commands the beauteous files.
 He is thy gracious friend,
 And—O my soul, awake!— 10
 Did in pure love descend
 To die here for thy sake.

If thou canst get but thither,
 There grows the flower of peace,
 The rose that can not wither, 15
 Thy fortress and thy ease.
 Leave then thy foolish ranges,
 For none can thee secure
 But one who never changes,
 Thy God, thy life, thy cure. 20

THE WORLD

I saw Eternity the other night,
 Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
 All calm, as it was bright;
 And round beneath it, Time, in hours,
 days, years,
 Driv'n by the spheres 5
 Like a vast shadow moved; in which the
 world
 And all her train were hurled.
 The doting lover in his quaintest strain
 Did there complain;
 Near him, his lute, his fancy, and his 10
 flights,
 Wit's four delights,
 With gloves and knots, the silly snares of
 pleasure;
 Yet his dear treasure,
 All scattered lay, while he his eyes did
 pour
 Upon a flower. 15
 The darksome statesman, hung with
 weights and woe,
 Like a thick midnight-fog, moved there so
 slow,
 He did not stay nor go;
 Condemning thoughts, like sad eclipses,
 scowl
 Upon his soul, 20
 And clouds of crying witnesses without
 Pursued him with one shout;
 Yet digged the mole, and lest his ways be
 found,
 Worked under ground,
 Where he did clutch his prey. But one 25
 did see
 That policy:
 Churches and altars fed him; perjuries
 Were gnats and flies;
 It rained about him blood and tears, but he
 Drank them as free. 30

The fearful miser on a heap of rust
Sat pining all his life there, did scarce
trust

His own hands with the dust,
Yet would not place one piece above, but
lives

In fear of thieves. 35
Thousands there were as frantic as him-
self,

And hugged each one his pelf; .
The downright epicure placed heaven in
sense,

And scorned pretence;
While others, slipped into a wide ex-
cess, 40

Said little less;
The weaker sort, slight, trivial wares en-
slave,

Who think them brave;
And poor, despised Truth sat counting by
Their victory. 45

Yet some, who all this while did weep and
sing,
And sing and weep, soared up into the
ring;

But most would use no wing.
O fools, said I, thus to prefer dark night
Before true light! 50
To live in grots and caves, and hate the
day

Because it shows the way,
The way, which from this dead and dark
abode

Leads up to God;
A way where you might tread the sun, and
be 55

More bright than he!
But, as I did their madness so discuss,
One whispered thus:

"This ring the Bridegroom did for none
provide
But for his bride." 60

EDMUND WALLER (1606-1687)

ON A GIRDLE

That which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind;
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere, 5
The pale which held that lovely deer;
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass, and yet there
Dwelt all that's good and all that's fair; 10
Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round!

GO, LOVELY ROSE!

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be. 5

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died. 10

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired. 15

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair! 20

ANDREW MARVELL (1621-1678)

AN HORATIAN ODE UPON CROM- WELL'S RETURN FROM IRE- LAND

The forward youth that would appear
Must now forsake his muses dear,
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing:

'Tis time to leave the books in dust, 5
And oil the unused armor's rust,
Removing from the wall
The corselet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell would not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace, 10
But through adventurous war
Urgèd his active star;

And, like the three-forked lightning, first
Breaking the clouds where it was nursed,
Did thorough his own side 15
His fiery way divide;

For 'tis all one to courage high,
The emulous, or enemy,
And with such to inclose, 20
Is more than to oppose.

Then burning through the air he went,
And palaces and temples rent;
And Cæsar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame 25
The face of angry heaven's flame;
And if we would speak true,
Much to the man is due,

Who from his private gardens, where
He lived reservèd and austere, 30
As if his highest plot
To plant the bergamot,¹

Could by industrious valor climb
To ruin the great work of Time,
And cast the kingdoms old, 35
Into another mould,

Though Justice against Fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain;
But those do hold or break, 40
As men are strong or weak.

Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war, 45
Where his were not the deepest scar?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art;

Where, twining subtle fears with hope, 50
He wove a net of such a scope
That Charles himself might chase
To Caresbrooke's narrow case,

¹ a kind of pear.

That thence the royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorn,
While round the armed bands 55
Did clap their bloody hands.

He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye 60
The axe's edge did try;

Nor called the gods with vulgar spite
To vindicate his helpless right,
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

This was that memorable hour, 65
Which first assured the forced power;
So, when they did design
The capitol's first line,

A bleeding head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run; 70
And yet in that the state
Foresaw its happy fate.

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed;
So much one man can do, 75
That does both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confessed
How good he is, how just, 80
And fit for highest trust;

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
But still in the republic's hand,
How fit he is to sway,
That can so well obey!

He to the Commons' feet presents 85
A kingdom for his first year's rents;
And, what he may, forbears
His fame, to make it theirs;

And has his sword and spoils ungirt,
To lay them at the public's skirt: 90
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having killed, no more doth search,
But on the next green bough to perch;
Where, when he first does lure, 95
The falconer has her sure.

What may not then our isle presume,
While victory his crest does plume?
What may not others fear,
If thus he crowns each year? 100

As Cæsar, he, ere long, to Gaul,
To Italy a Hannibal,
And to all states not free
Shall climacteric be.

The Pict¹ no shelter now shall find 105
Within his parti-colored mind,
But, from this valor sad,²
Shrink underneath the plaid;

Happy if in the tufted brake
The English hunter him mistake, 110
Nor lay his hounds in near
The Caledonian deer.

But thou, the war's and Fortune's son,
March undefatigably on;
And for the least effect, 115
Still keep the sword erect;

Besides the force it has to fright
The spirits of the shady night,
The same arts that did gain
A power, must it maintain. 120

ABRAHAM COWLEY (1618-1667)

THE CHANGE

Love in her sunny eyes does basking play;
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her
hair;
Love does on both her lips forever stray,
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses
there.
In all her outward parts Love's always
seen; 5
But oh! he never went within!

Within, Love's foes, his greatest foes,
abide:
Malice, Inconstancy, and Pride.
So the earth's face trees, herbs, and
flowers do dress,
But with other beauties numberless; 10
But at the center darkness is, and hell,
There wicked spirits, and there the
damned, dwell.

¹ Scot. :

² resolute.

With me, alas, quite contrary it fares:
Darkness and Death lies in my waking
eyes;
Despair and Paleness in my face ap-
pears, 15
And Grief and Fear, Love's greatest
enemies.
But, like the Persian tyrant, Love within
Keeps his proud court, and ne'er is seen.

Oh take my heart, and by that means
you'll prove
Within, too, stored enough of Love; 20
Give me but yours, I'll by that change so
thrive
That Love in all my parts shall live.
So powerful is this change it render can
My outside woman, and your inside,
man.

THE WISH

Well then! I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree.
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy;
And they, methinks, deserve my pity 5
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd and buzz and murmurings,
Of this great hive, the city.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to the grave
May I a small house and large garden
have, 10
And a few friends, and many books, both
true,
Both wise, and both delightful too!
And since love ne'er will from me flee,
A mistress moderately fair,
And good as guardian angels are, 15
Only beloved, and loving me.

O fountains! when in you shall I
Myself, eased of unpeaceful thoughts,
esp?y?
O fields! O woods! when, when shall I be
made
The happy tenant of your shade? 20
Here's the spring-head of pleasure's
flood:
Here's wealthy Nature's treasury,
Where all the riches lie that she
Has coined and stamped for good.

Pride and ambition here 25
 Only in far-fetched metaphors appear;
 Here naught but winds can hurtful mur-
 murs scatter,
 And naught but Echo flatter.
 The gods, when they descended, hither
 From heaven did always choose their way:
 And therefore we may boldly say 31
 That 'tis the way, too, thither.

How happy here should I
 And one dear She live, and embracing die!
 She who is all the world, and can exclude
 In deserts solitude. 36
 I should have then this only fear:
 Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
 Should hither throng to live like me,
 And so make a city here. 40

THE SWALLOW

Foolish Prater, what do'st thou
 So early at my window do
 With thy tuneless serenade?
 Well 't had been had Tereus made
 Thee as dumb as Philomel: 5
 There his knife had done but well.
 In thy undiscovered nest
 Thou dost all the winter rest,
 And dreamest o'er thy summer joys,
 Free from the stormy season's noise: 10
 Free from th' ill thou'st done to me;
 Who disturbs, or seeks out thee?
 Had'st thou all the charming notes
 Of the wood's poetic throats,
 All thy art could never pay 15
 What thou'st ta'en from me away;
 Cruel bird, thou'st ta'en away
 A dream out of my arms to-day,
 A dream that ne'er must equalled be
 By all that waking eyes may see. 20
 Thou this damage to repair,
 Nothing half so sweet or fair,
 Nothing half so good can'st bring,
 Though men say, "Thou bring'st the
 spring?"

THE THIEF

Thou robbest my days of business and
 delights,
 Of sleep thou robbest my nights;

Ah, lovely thief, what wilt thou do?
 What, rob me of Heaven too?
 Thou even my prayers dost steal from
 me, 5
 And I, with wild idolatry,
 Begin to God, and end them all to thee.

Is it a sin to love, that it should thus
 Like an ill conscience, torture us?
 Whate'er I do, where e'er I go, 10
 (None guiltless e'er was haunted so)
 Still, still, methinks thy face I view,
 And still thy shape does me pursue,
 As if not you me, but I had murdered you.

From books I strive some remedy to take,
 But thy name all the letters make; 16
 Whate'er 'tis writ, I find that there,
 Like points and commas everywhere.
 Me blest for this let no man hold;
 For I, as Midas did of old, 20
 Perish by turning everything to gold.

What do I seek, alas, or why do I
 Attempt in vain from thee to fly?
 For making thee my deity
 I give thee then ubiquity. 25
 My pains resemble hell in this:
 The divine presence there too is,
 But to torment men, not to give them
 bliss.

CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET (1638-1706)

SONG

To all you ladies now at land
 We men at sea indite;
 But first would have you understand
 How hard it is to write:
 The Muses now, and Neptune too, 3
 We must implore to write to you—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la!

For though the Muses should prove kind,
 And fill our empty brain,
 Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind 10
 To wave the azure main,
 Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
 Roll up and down our ships at sea—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la!

Then if we write not by each post, 15
 Think not we are unkind;
 Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
 By Dutchmen or by wind:
 Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
 The tide shall bring them twice a day— 20
 With a fa, la, la, la, la!

The King with wonder and surprise
 Will swear the seas grow bold,
 Because the tides will higher rise
 Than e'er they did of old; 25
 But let him know it is our tears
 Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la!

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
 Our sad and dismal story, 30
 The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
 And quit their fort at Goree;
 For what resistance can they find
 From men who've left their hearts be-
 hind?—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la! 35

Let wind and weather do its worst,
 Be you to us but kind;
 Let Dutchmen vapor,¹ Spaniards curse,
 No sorrow we shall find;
 'Tis then no matter how things go, 40
 Or who's our friend, or who's our foe—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la!

To pass our tedious hours away
 We throw a merry main,
 Or else at serious ombre² play; 45
 But why should we in vain
 Each other's ruin thus pursue?
 We were undone when we left you—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la!

But now our fears tempestuous grow 50
 And cast our hopes away,
 Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
 Sit careless at a play,
 Perhaps permit some happier man
 To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan— 55
 With a fa, la, la, la, la!

When any mournful tune you hear
 That dies in every note,
 As if it sighed with each man's care
 For being so remote, 60

¹ boast.² a game of cards.

Think then how often love we've made
 To you, when all those tunes were played—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la!

In justice you cannot refuse
 To think of our distress, 65
 When we for hopes of honor lose
 Our certain happiness:
 All those designs are but to prove
 Ourselves more worthy of your love—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la! 70

And now we've told you all our loves,
 And likewise all our fears,
 In hopes this declaration moves
 Some pity for our tears:
 Let's hear of no inconstancy— 75
 We have too much of that at sea—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la!

CAROLINE PROSE

SIR THOMAS BROWNE (1606-1682)

From HYDRIOTAPHIA *or*
 URN BURIAL

Now since these dead bones have
 already outlasted the living ones of Me-
 thusaleh, and, in a yard under ground
 and their walls of clay, outworn all the
 strong and specious buildings above it;
 and quietly rested under the drums and
 tramlings of three conquests: what
 prince can promise such diuturnity unto
 his relics, or might not gladly say,

Sic ego componi versus in ossa velim? [10

Time, which antiquates antiquities, and
 hath an art to make dust of all things,
 hath yet spared these minor monuments.

In vain we hope to be known by open
 and visible conservatories, when to be
 unknown was the means of their continua-
 tion, and obscurity their protection. If
 they died by violent hands, and were
 thrust into their urns, these bones be-
 come considerable, and some old [20
 philosophers would honor them, whose
 souls they conceived most pure, which
 were thus snatched from their bodies,
 and to retain a stronger propension unto
 them; whereas they weariedly left a lan-
 guishing corpse, and with faint desires of

reunion. If they fell by long and aged decay, yet wrapped up in the bundle of time, they fall into indistinction, and make but one blot with infants. If we begin to [30 die when we live, and long life be but a prolongation of death, our life is a sad composition; we live with death, and die not in a moment. How many pulses made up the life of Methuselah, were work for Archimedes: common counters sum up the life of Moses his man. Our days become considerable, like petty sums, by minute accumulations; where numerous fractions make up but small [40 round numbers; and our days of a span long, make not one little finger.

If the nearness of our last necessity brought a nearer conformity into it, there were a happiness in hoary hairs, and no calamity in half-senses. But the long habit of living indisposeth us for dying; when avarice makes us the sport of death, when even David grew politicly cruel, and Solomon could hardly be said to [50 be the wisest of men. But many are too early old, and before the date of age. Adversity stretcheth our days, misery makes Alcmena's nights, and time hath no wings unto it. But the most tedious being is that which can unwish itself, content to be nothing, or never to have been, which was beyond the malcontent of Job, who cursed not the day of his life, but his nativity; content to have so [60 far been, as to have title to future being, although he had lived here but in an hidden state of life, and as it were an abortion.

What song the Sirens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture. What time the persons of these ossuaries entered the famous nations of the [70 dead, and slept with princes and counsellors, might admit a wide solution. But who were the proprietaries of these bones, or what bodies these ashes made up, were a question above antiquarianism; not to be resolved by man, nor easily perhaps by spirits, except we consult the provincial guardians, or tutelary observers. Had they made as good provision for their names as they have done for their [80

relics, they had not so grossly erred in the art of perpetuation. But to subsist in bones, and be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration. Vain ashes, which, in the oblivion of names, persons, times and sexes, have found unto themselves a fruitless continuation, and only arise unto late posterity as emblems of mortal vanities, antidotes against pride, vain-glory, and madding vices! Pagan vain- [90 glories, which thought the world might last forever, had encouragement for ambition; and finding no *Atropos* unto the immortality of their names, were never damped with the necessity of oblivion. Even old ambitions had the advantage of ours in the attempts of their vain-glories, who acting early, and before the probable meridian of time, have by this time found great accomplishment of their de- [100 signs, whereby the ancient heroes have already out-last-ed their monuments and mechanical preservations. But in this latter scene of time we cannot expect such mummies unto our memories, when ambition may fear the prophecy of Elias; and Charles the Fifth can never hope to live within two Methuselahs of Hector.

And therefore restless inquietude for the diuturnity of our memories unto [110 present considerations seems a vanity almost out of date, and superannuated piece of folly. We cannot hope to live so long in our names as some have done in their persons. One face of Janus holds no proportion to the other. 'Tis too late to be ambitious. The great mutations of the world are acted, or time may be too short for our designs. To extend our memories by monuments, whose death we [120 daily pray for, and whose duration we cannot hope without injury to our expectations in the advent of the last day, were a contradiction to our beliefs. We, whose generations are ordained in this setting part of time, are providentially taken off from such imaginations; and, being necessitated to eye the remaining particle of futurity, are naturally constituted unto thoughts of the next [130 world, and cannot excusably decline the consideration of that duration which maketh pyramids pillars of snow, and all that's past a moment.

Circles and right lines limit and close all bodies, and the mortal right-lined circle must conclude and shut up all. There is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporally considereth all things: our fathers find their graves [140 in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors. Grave-stones tell truth scarce forty years. Generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks. To be read by bare inscriptions, like many in Gruter, to hope for eternity by enigmatical epithets or first letters of our names, to be studied by antiquaries who we were, and have new names given [150 us like many of the mummies, are cold consolations unto the students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages.

To be content that times to come should only know there was such a man, not caring whether they knew more of him, was a frigid ambition in Cardan, disparaging his horoscopol inclination and judgment of himself. Who cares to subsist like Hippocrates' patients, [160 or Achilles' horses in Homer, under naked nominations, without deserts and noble acts, which are the balsam of our memories, the *entelechia* and soul of our subsistences? To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name, than Herodias with one. And who had not rather have been the good thief, than Pilate? [170

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana; he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advance- [180 tage of our good names, since bad have equal durations; and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon. Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot, than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Without the favor of the everlasting

register the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's [190 long life had been his only chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story before the flood, and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time [200 far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic, which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the *Lucina* of life, and even pagans could doubt whether thus to live were to die; since our longest sun sets at right descensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, [210 and have our light in ashes; since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementos, and time, that grows old in itself, bids us hope no long duration: diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation.

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities, and [220 the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities; miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which notwithstanding is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby [230 we digest the mixture of our few and evil days, and our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls,—a good way to continue their memories; while having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act some- [240 thing remarkable in such variety of beings, and enjoying the fame of their passed

selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last durations. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyzes or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.

In vain do individuals hope for immortality, or any patent from oblivion, in preservations below the moon; men have been deceived even in their flatteries above the sun, and studied conceits to perpetuate their names in heaven. The various cosmography of that part hath already varied the names of contrived constellations; Nimrod is lost in Orion, and Osiris in the dog-star. While we look for incorruption in the heavens, we find they are but like the earth; durable in their main bodies, alterable in their parts: whereof, beside comets and new stars, perspectives begin to tell tales; and the spots that wander about the sun, with Phaëthon's favor, would make clear conviction.

There is nothing strictly immortal but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning may be confident of no end—which is the peculiar of that necessary essence that cannot destroy itself—and the highest strain of omnipotency, to be so powerfully constituted, as not to suffer even from the power of itself. All others have a dependent being and within the reach of destruction. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death makes a folly of posthumous memory. God, who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names hath directly promised no duration. Wherein there is so much of chance, that the boldest expectants have found un-

happy frustration; and to hold long subsistence, seems but a scape in oblivion. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing natiivities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature.

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us. A small fire sufficeth for life; great flames seemed too little after death, while men vainly affected precious pyres, and to burn like Sardanapalus. But the wisdom of funeral laws found the folly of prodigal blazes, and reduced undoing fires unto the rule of sober obsequies, wherein few could be so mean as not to provide wood, pitch, a mourner, and an urn.

Five languages secured not the epitaph of Gordianus. The man of God lives longer without a tomb than any by one, invisibly interred by angels, and adjudged to obscurity, though not without some marks directing human discovery. Enoch and Elias, without either tomb or burial, in an anomalous state of being, are the great examples of perpetuity in their long and living memory, in strict account being still on this side death, and having a late part yet to act upon this stage of earth. If in the decreitory term of the world we shall not all die, but be changed, according to received translation, the last day will make but few graves; at least quick resurrections will anticipate lasting sepultures. Some graves will be opened before they be quite closed, and Lazarus be no wonder, when many that feared to die shall groan that they can die but once. The dismal state is the second and living death, when life puts despair on the damned; when men shall wish the coverings of mountains, not of monuments, and annihilations shall be courted.

While some have studied monuments, others have studiously declined them, and some have been so vainly boisterous that they durst not acknowledge their graves; wherein Alaricus seems most subtle, who had a river turned to hide his bones at the bottom. Even Sylla, that thought himself safe in his urn, could not prevent revenging tongues, and stones thrown

at his monument. Happy are they whom privacy makes innocent, who deal so with men in this world, that they are not afraid to meet them in the next; who, when they die, make no commotion among the dead, and are not touched with that poetical taunt of Isaiah.

* * * * *

To subsist in lasting monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names and predicament of chimeras, [360 was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their Elysiums. But all this is nothing in the metaphysics of true belief. To live indeed, is to be again ourselves, which being not only an hope, but an evidence in noble believers, 'tis all one to lie in St. Innocent's churchyard, as in the sands of Egypt. Ready to be anything, in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with [370 six foot as the *moles* of Adrianus.

THOMAS FULLER (1608-1661)

THE GOOD SCHOOLMASTER

From THE HOLY STATE

There is scarce any profession in the commonwealth more necessary, which is so slightly performed. The reasons whereof I conceive to be these: First, young scholars make this calling their refuge; yea, perchance before they have taken any degree in the university, commence schoolmasters in the country, as if nothing else were required to set up this profession, but only a rod and a [10 ferula. Secondly, others, who are able, use it only as a passage to better preferment, to patch the rents in their present fortune till they can provide a new one, and betake themselves to some more gainful calling. Thirdly, they are disheartened from doing their best with the miserable reward which in some places they receive, being masters to their children and slaves to their parents. [20 Fourthly, being grown rich, they grow negligent, and scorn to touch the school but by the proxy of an usher. But see

how well our schoolmaster behaves himself.

His genius inclines him with delight to his profession. Some men had as lief be schoolboys as schoolmasters, to be tied to the school, as Cooper's "Dictionary" and Scapula's "Lexicon" [30 are chained to the desk therein; and though great scholars, and skilful in other arts, are bunglers in this: but God of His goodness hath fitted several men for several callings, that the necessity of Church and State in all conditions may be provided for. So that he who beholds the fabric thereof may say, "God hewed out this stone, and appointed it to lie in this very place, for it would fit none [40 other so well, and here it doth most excellent." And thus God mouldeth some for a schoolmaster's life, undertaking it with desire and delight, and discharging it with dexterity and happy success.

He studieth his scholars' natures as carefully as they their books, and ranks their dispositions into several forms. And though it may seem difficult for him in a great school to descend to all par- [50 ticulars, yet experienced schoolmasters may quickly make a grammar of boys' natures, and reduce them all, saving some few exceptions, to these general rules:

1. Those that are ingenious and industrious. The conjunction of two such planets in a youth presages much good unto him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping, and a whipping a death; yea, where their master whips them once, [60 shame whips them all the week after. Such natures he useth with all gentleness.

2. Those that are ingenious and idle. These think, with the hare in the fable, that running with snails (so they count the rest of their schoolfellows) they shall come soon enough to the post, though sleeping a good while before their starting. Oh, a good rod would finely take them napping! [70

3. Those that are dull and diligent. Wines, the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are new. Many boys are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age, and such afterwards prove the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright and squared and pointed by nature,

and yet are soft and worthless; whereas, orient ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull [80] natures of youth acquit themselves afterwards the jewels of the country, and therefore their dullness at first is to be borne with, if they be diligent. That schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself who beats nature in a boy for a fault. And I question whether all the whipping in the world can make their parts, which are naturally sluggish, rise one minute before the hour nature hath appointed. [90]

4. Those that are invincibly dull, and negligent also. Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boys he consigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boat-makers will choose those crooked pieces of timber which other carpenters refuse. Those may make excellent merchants [100] and mechanics who will not serve for scholars.

He is able, diligent, and methodical in his teaching; not leading them rather in a circle than forwards. He minces his precepts for children to swallow, hanging clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul, that his scholars may go along with him.

He is, and will be known to be, an absolute monarch in his school. If [110] cockering mothers proffer him money to purchase their sons an exemption from his rod (to live as it were in a peculiar, out of their master's jurisdiction), with disdain he refuseth it, and scorns the late custom in some places of commuting whipping into money, and ransoming boys from the rod at a set price. If he hath a stubborn youth, correction-proof, he debaseth not his authority by contesting [120] with him, but fairly, if he can, puts him away before his obstinacy hath infected others.

He is moderate in inflicting deserved correction. Many a schoolmaster better answereth the name *παιδορπίβης* than *παιδαγωγός*, rather tearing his scholars' flesh with whipping than giving them good education. No wonder if his scholars hate the Muses, being presented unto [130] them in the shapes of fiends and furies.

Junius complains *de insolenti carnificina* of his schoolmaster, by whom *conscindebatur flagris septies aut octies in dies singulos*. Yea, hear the lamentable verses of poor Tusser in his own life:

"From Paul's I went, to Eton sent.
To learn straightways the Latin phrase,
Where fifty-three stripes given to me
At once I had. [140]

"For fault but small, or none at all,
It came to pass thus beat I was;
See Udall, see the mercy of thee
To me, poor lad."

Such an Orbilius mars more scholars than he makes: their tyranny hath caused many tongues to stammer, which spake plain by nature, and whose stuttering at first was nothing else but fears quavering on their speech at their master's [150] presence; and whose mauling them about their heads hath dulled those who, in quickness, exceeded their master.

He makes his school free to him who sues to him *in forma pauperis*. And surely learning is the greatest alms that can be given. But he is a beast who, because the poor scholar cannot pay him his wages, pays the scholar in his whipping. Rather are diligent lads to be encouraged [160] with all excitements to learning. This minds me of what I have heard concerning Mr. Bust, that worthy late schoolmaster of Eton, who would never suffer any wandering begging scholar (such as justly the statute hath ranked in the forefront of rogues) to come into his school, but would thrust him out with earnestness (however privately charitable unto him), lest his schoolboys should be dis- [170] heartened from their books by seeing some scholars, after their studying in the university, preferred to beggary.

He spoils not a good school to make thereof a bad college, therein to teach his scholars logic. For, besides that logic may have an action of trespass against grammar for encroaching on her liberties, syllogisms are solecisms taught in the school, and oftentimes they are forced [180] afterwards in the university to unlearn the fumbling skill they had before.

Out of his school he is no whit pedantical in carriage or discourse; contenting himself to be rich in Latin, though he doth not jingle with it in every company wherein he comes.

To conclude, let this amongst other motives make schoolmasters careful in their place, that the eminencies of [190] their scholars have commended the memories of their schoolmasters to posterity, who otherwise in obscurity had altogether been forgotten. Who had ever heard of R. Bond, in Lancashire, but for the breeding of learned Ascham, his scholar, or of Hartgrave, in Burnley school, in the same county, but because he was the first did teach worthy Dr. Whitaker? Nor do I honor the memory of Mulcaster for [200] anything so much as for his scholar, that gulf of learning, Bishop Andrews. This made the Athenians, the day before the great feast of Theseus, their founder, to sacrifice a ram to the memory of Conidas, his schoolmaster, that first instructed him.

THE LIFE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

From THE HOLY STATE

We intermeddle not with her description, as she was a sovereign prince, too high for our pen, and performed by others already, though not by any done so fully but that still room is left for the endeavors of posterity to add thereunto. We consider her only as she was a worthy lady, her private virtues rendering her to the imitation, and her public to the admiration, of all. [10]

Her royal birth by her father's side doth comparatively make her mother-descent seem low, which otherwise, considered in itself, was very noble and honorable. As for the bundle of scandalous aspersions by some cast on her birth, they are best to be buried without once opening of them. For as the rascal will presume to miscall the best lord, when far enough out of his hearing, so slanderous tongues think they may run riot in railing on any, when once got out of the distance of time and reach of con-

futation. But majesty, which dieth not, will not suffer itself to be so abused, seeing the best assurance which living princes have that their memories shall be honorably continued is founded (next to their own deserts) in the maintaining of the unstained reputation of their predecessors. Yea, Divine Justice seems herein to be a compurgator of the parents of Queen Elizabeth, in that Nicholas Sanders, a Popish priest, the first raiser of these wicked reports, was accidentally famished as he roved up and down in Ireland; either because it was just he should be starved that formerly surfeited with lying, or because that island, out of a natural antipathy against poisonous [40] creatures, would not lend life to so venomous a slanderer.

Under the reign of her father, and brother King Edward VI (who commonly called her his "sister Temperance"), she lived in a princely fashion. But the case was altered with her when her sister Mary came to the crown, who ever looked upon her with a jealous and frowning face, chiefly because of the difference be- [50] tween them in religion. For though Queen Mary is said of herself not so much as to have barked, yet she had under her those who did more than bite; and rather her religion than disposition was guilty in countenancing their cruelty by her authority.

This antipathy against her sister Elizabeth was increased with the remembrance how Catherine dowager, Queen Mary's [60] mother, was justled out of the bed of Henry VIII by Anna Boleyn, mother to Queen Elizabeth; so that these two sisters were born, as I may say, not only in several, but opposite, horizons, so that the elevation and bright appearing of the one inferred the necessary obscurity and depression of the other; and still Queen Mary was troubled with this *fit of the mother*, which incensed her against [70] this her half-sister. To which two grand causes of opposition this third may also be added, because not so generally known, though in itself of lesser consequence: Queen Mary had released Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire, out of the Tower, where long he had been detained

prisoner, a gentleman of a beautiful body, sweet nature, and royal descent; intending him, as it was generally [80 conceived, to be a husband for herself. For when the said earl petitioned the queen for leave to travel, she advised him rather to marry, insuring him that no lady in the land, how high soever, would refuse him for a husband; and urging him to make his choice where he pleased, she pointed herself out unto him as plainly as might stand with the modesty of a maid and majesty of a queen. Here- [90 upon the young earl—whether because that his long durance had some influence on his brain, or that naturally his face was better than his head, or out of some private fancy and affection to the Lady Elizabeth, or out of loyal bashfulness, not presuming to climb higher, but expecting to be called up—is said to have requested the queen for leave to marry her sister Elizabeth, unhappy that [100 his choice either went so high or no higher. For who could have spoken worse treason against Mary, (though not against the queen), than to prefer her sister before her? And she, innocent lady, did afterwards dearly pay the score of this earl's indiscretion.

For these reasons Lady Elizabeth was closely kept and narrowly sifted all her sister's reign, Sir Henry Bedingfield, [110 her keeper, using more severity towards her than his place required, yea, more than a good man should—or a wise man would—have done. No doubt the least tripping of her foot should have cost her the losing of her head, if they could have caught her to be privy to any conspiracies.

This lady as well deserved the title of "Elizabeth the Confessor" as ever Edward, her ancient predecessor, did. [120 Mr. Ascham was a good schoolmaster to her, but affliction was a better; so that it is hard to say whether she was more happy in having a crown so soon, or in having it no sooner, till affliction had first laid in her a low—and therefore sure—foundation of humility for highness to be afterwards built thereupon.

We bring her now from the cross to the crown, and come we now to describe [130 the rare endowments of her mind; when,

behold, her virtues almost stifle my pen, they crowd in so fast upon it.

She was an excellent scholar, understanding the Greek, and perfectly speaking the Latin: witness her extempore speech in answer to the Polish ambassador, and another at Cambridge, *Et si fæminalis iste meus pudor* (for so it began), elegantly making the word *fæminalis*; [140 and well might she mint one new word who did refine so much new gold and silver. Good skill she had in the French and Italian, using interpreters not for need, but state. She was a good poet in English, and fluently made verses. In her time of persecution, when a Popish priest pressed her very hardly to declare her opinion concerning the presence of Christ in the sacrament, she truly and [150 warily presented her judgment in these verses:

"'Twas God the Word that spake it,
He took the bread and brake it;
And what the Word did make it,
That I believe, and take it."

And though perchance some may say, "This was but the best of shifts and the worst of answers, because the distinct manner of the presence must be be- [160 lieved," yet none can deny it to have been a wise return to an adversary who lay at wait for all advantages. Nor was her poetic vein less happy in Latin. When, a little before the Spanish invasion in eighty-eight, the Spanish ambassador, after a larger representation of his master's demands, had summed up the effect thereof in a tetrastich, she instantly in one verse rejoined her answer. We [170 will presume to English both, though confessing the Latin loseth lustre by the translation.

*Te veto ne pergas bello defendere Belgas;
Quæ Dracus eripuit nunc restituantur oportet;
Quas pater evertit jubeo te condere cellas;
Religio Papæ fac restituatur ad unguem.*

"These to you are our commands:
Send no help to the Netherlands;
Of the treasure took by Drake, [180
Restitution you must make;

And those abbeys build anew,
Which your father overthrew;
If for any peace you hope,
In all points restore the Pope."

THE QUEEN'S EXTEMPORE RETURN

*Ad Græcas, bone rex, fient mandata,
Calendas.*

"Worthy King, know this your will
At latter Lammas we'll fulfil."

Her piety to God was exemplary: none more constant or devout in private [190 prayers; very attentive also at sermons, wherein she was better affected with soundness of matter than quaintness of expression. She could not well digest the affected over-elegancy of such as prayed for her by the title of "Defendress of the Faith," and not the "Defender," it being no false construction to apply a masculine word to so heroic a spirit. She was very devout in returning thanks [200 to God for her constant and continual preservations: for one traitor's stab was scarce put by before another took aim at her. But as if the poisons of treason by custom were turned natural to her, by God's protection they did her no harm. In any design of consequence she loved to be long and well advised; but where her resolutions once seized, she would never let go her hold, according to her [210 motto, *Semper eadem*.

By her temperance she improved that stock of health which nature bestowed on her, using little wine and less physic. Her continence from pleasures was admirable, and she the paragon of spotless chastity, whatever some Popish priests (who count all virginity hid under a nun's veil) have feigned to the contrary. The best is, *their* words are no slander *whose* words [220 are all slander, so given to railing that they must be dumb if they do not blaspheme magistrates. One Jesuit made this false anagram on her name *Elizabeth*, JESABEL: false both in matter and manner. For allow it the abatement of H, (as all anagrams must sue in chancery for moderate favor), yet was it both unequal and ominous that T, a solid letter, should be omitted—the presage of the gallows [230

whereon this anagrammatist was afterwards justly executed. Yea, let the testimony of Pope Sixtus V himself be believed, who professed that amongst all the princes in Christendom he found but two who were worthy to bear command, had they not been stained with heresy: namely, Henry IV, King of France, and Elizabeth, Queen of England. And we may presume that the Pope, if commending his enemy, is [240 therein infallible.

We come to her death, the discourse whereof was more welcome to her from the mouth of her private confessor than from a public preacher; and she loved rather to tell herself than to be told of her mortality, because the open mention thereof made, as she conceived, her subjects divide their loyalty betwixt the present and the future prince. We need [250 look into no other cause of her sickness than old age, being seventy years old (David's age), to which no king of England since the Conquest did attain. Her weakness was increased by her removal from London to Richmond in a cold winter day, sharp enough to pierce through those who were armed with health and youth. Also melancholy (the worst natural parasite—whosoever [260 feeds him shall never be rid of his company) much afflicted her, being given over to sadness and silence.

Then prepared she herself for another world, being more constant in prayer and pious exercises than ever before. Yet spake she very little to any, sighing out more than she said, and making still music to God in her heart. And as the red rose, though outwardly not so fra- [270 grant, is inwardly far more cordial than the damask, being more thrifty of its sweetness and reserving it in itself, so the religion of this dying queen was most turned inward, in soliloquies betwixt God and her own soul, though she wanted not outward expressions thereof. When her speech failed her, she spake with her heart, tears, eyes, hands, and other signs, so commending herself to God, the [280 best Interpreter, who understands what his saints desire to say. Thus died Queen Elizabeth: whilst living, the first maid on earth, and when dead, the second in

heaven. Surely the kingdom had died with their queen had not the fainting spirits thereof been refreshed by the coming-in of gracious King James.

She was of person, tall; of hair and complexion, fair, well-favored, but [290 high-nosed; of limbs and feature, neat; of a stately and majestic deportment. She had a piercing eye, wherewith she used to touch what mettle strangers were made of who came into her presence. But as she counted it a pleasant conquest with her majestic look to dash strangers out of countenance, so she was merciful in pursuing those whom she overcame; and afterwards would cherish and comfort [300 them with her smiles, if perceiving towardliness and an ingenuous modesty in them. She much affected rich and costly apparel; and if ever jewels had just cause to be proud, it was with her wearing them.

IZAAK WALTON (1593-1683)

From THE COMPLETE ANGLER

CHAPTER IV

OBSERVATIONS OF THE NATURE AND BREEDING OF THE TROUT, AND HOW TO FISH FOR HIM.

PISCATOR. The trout is a fish highly valued, both in this and foreign nations. He may be justly said, as the old poet said of wine, and we English say of venison, to be a generous fish: a fish that is so like the buck that he also has his seasons; for it is observed that he comes in and goes out of season with the stag and buck. Gesner says his name is of a German offspring, and says he is a fish that [10 feeds clean and purely, in the swiftest streams, and on the hardest gravel; and that he may justly contend with all fresh-water fish, as the mullet may with all sea-fish, for precedence and daintiness of taste; and that being in right season, the most dainty palates have allowed precedence to him.

And before I go farther in my discourse, let me tell you, that you are to [20 observe, that as there be some barren

does that are good in summer, so there be some barren trouts that are good in winter; but there are not many that are so, for usually they be in their perfection in the month of May, and decline with the buck. Now you are to take notice that in several countries, as in Germany and in other parts, compared to ours, fish do differ much in their bigness [30 and shape, and other ways, and so do trouts: it is well known that in the Lake Lemman, the Lake of Geneva, there are trouts taken of three cubits long, as is affirmed by Gesner, a writer of good credit; and Mercator says the trouts that are taken in the Lake of Geneva are a great part of the merchandise of that famous city. And you are further to know that there be certain waters that [40 breed trouts remarkable both for their number and smallness. I know a little brook in Kent that breeds them to a number incredible, and you may take them twenty or forty in an hour, but none greater than about the size of a gudgeon. There are also in divers rivers, especially that relate to or be near to the sea, as Winchester, or the Thames about Windsor, a little trout called a [50 samlet or skegger trout, in both which places I have caught twenty or forty at a standing, that will bite as fast and as freely as minnows: these be by some taken to be young salmons; but in those waters they never grow to be bigger than a herring.

There is also in Kent, near to Canterbury, a trout called there a Fordidge trout, a trout that bears the name of the [60 town where it is usually caught, that is accounted the rarest of fish: many of them near the bigness of salmon, but known by their different color; and in their best season they cut very white; and none of these have been known to be caught with an angle, unless it were one that was caught by Sir George Hastings, an excellent angler, and now with God: and he hath told me, he thought [70 that trout bit not for hunger but wantonness; and it is rather to be believed, because both he then, and many others before him, have been curious to search into their bellies, what the food was by

which they lived, and have found out nothing by which they might satisfy their curiosity.

Concerning which you are to take notice that it is reported by good authors that grasshoppers and some fish have no mouths, but are nourished and take breath by the porousness of their gills, man knows not how: and this may be believed, if we consider that when the raven hath hatched her eggs, she takes no further care, but leaves her young ones to the care of the God of nature, who is said, in the Psalms, "to feed the young ravens that call upon him." [90 And they be kept alive and fed by a dew, or worms that breed in their nests, or some other ways that we mortals know not. And this may be believed of the Fordidge trout, which, as it is said of the stork that "he knows his season," so he knows his times, I think almost his day of coming into that river out of the sea, where he lives, and, it is like, feeds, nine months of the year, and fasts three [100 in the river of Fordidge. And you are to note, that those townsmen are very punctual in observing the time of beginning to fish for them, and boast much that their river affords a trout that exceeds all others. And just so does Sussex boast of several fish: as namely, a Shelsey cockle, a Chichester lobster, an Arundel mullet, and an Amerly trout.

And now for some confirmation of [110 the Fordidge trout: you are to know that this trout is thought to eat nothing in the fresh water; and it may be the better believed, because it is well known that swallows, and bats, and wagtails, which are called half-year birds, and not seen to fly in England for six months in the year, but about Michaelmas leave us for a hotter climate, yet some of them that have been left behind their fellows, [120 have been found, many thousands at a time, in hollow trees, or clay caves, where they have been observed to live and sleep out the whole winter without meat. And so Albertus observes, that there is one kind of frog that hath her mouth naturally shut up about the end of August, and that she lives so all the winter; and though it be strange to some, yet it is

known to too many among us to be [130 doubted.

And so much for these Fordidge trouts, which never afford an angler sport, but either live their time of being in the fresh water, by their meat formerly got in the sea, not unlike the swallow or frog, or by the virtue of the fresh water only; or, as the birds of Paradise and the chameleon are said to live by the sun and the air.

There is also in Northumberland a [140 trout called a bull trout, of a much greater length and bigness than any in the southern parts. And there are, in many rivers that relate to the sea, salmon trouts, as much different from others, both in shape and in their spots, as we see sheep in some countries differ one from another in their shape and bigness, and in the fineness of their wool. And certainly, as some pastures breed larger sheep, so do [150 some rivers, by reason of the ground over which they run, breed larger trouts.

Now the next thing that I will commend to your consideration is that the trout is of a more sudden growth than other fish. Concerning which, you are also to take notice that he lives not so long as the perch and divers other fishes do, as Sir Francis Bacon hath observed in his *History of Life and Death*. [160

And next you are to take notice that he is not like the crocodile, which if he lives never so long, yet always thrives till his death: but 'tis not so with the trout; for after he is come to his full growth, he declines in his body, and keeps his bigness or thrives only in his head till his death. And you are to know that he will about, especially before, the time of his spawning, get almost [170 miraculously through weirs and flood-gates against the stream; even through such high and swift places as is almost incredible. Next, that the trout usually spawns about October or November, but in some rivers a little sooner or later; which is the more observable, because most other fish spawn in the spring or summer, when the sun hath warmed both the earth and the water, and made [180 it fit for generation. And you are to note, that he continues many months out of season; for it may be observed of the

trout, that he is like the buck or the ox, that will not be fat in many months, though he go in the very same pastures that horses do, which will be fat in one month; and so you may observe that most other fishes recover strength, and grow sooner fat and in season, than [190 the trout doth.

* * * * *

Now you are to know that it is observed that usually the best trouts are either red or yellow; though some, as the Fordidge trout, be white and yet good; but that is not usual: and it is a note observable, that the female trout hath usually a less head and a deeper body than the male trout, and is usually the better meat. And note that a hog- [200 back and a little head, to either trout, salmon, or any other fish, is a sign that that fish is in season.

But yet you are to note that as you see some willows or palm-trees bud and blossom sooner than others do, so some trouts be, in rivers, sooner in season; and as some hollies or oaks are longer before they cast their leaves, so are some trouts, in rivers, longer before they go [210 out of season.

And you are to note that there are several kinds of trouts; but these several kinds are not considered but by very few men; for they go under the general name of trouts, just as pigeons do in most places; though it is certain there are tame and wild pigeons; and of the tame, there be helmets, and runts, and carriers, and coppers, and indeed too [220 many to name. Nay, the Royal Society have found and published lately that there be thirty and three kinds of spiders; and yet all, for aught I know, go under that one general name of spider. And it is so with many kinds of fish, and of trouts especially, which differ in their bigness, and shape, and spots, and color. The great Kentish hens may be an instance, compared to other hens. And, [230 doubtless, there is a kind of small trout, which will never thrive to be big, that breeds very many more than others do, that be of a larger size; which you may rather believe if you consider that the

little wren and titmouse will have twenty young ones at a time, when usually the noble hawk or the musical thrassel or blackbird exceed not four or five.

And now you shall see me try my [240 skill to catch a trout; and at my next walking, either this evening or to-morrow morning, I will give you direction how you yourself shall fish for him.

VENATOR. Trust me, master, I see now it is a harder matter to catch a trout than a chub; for I have put on patience and followed you these two hours, and not seen a fish stir, neither at your minnow nor your worm. [250

PISCATOR. Well, scholar, you must endure worse luck some time, or you will never make a good angler. But what say you now? There is a trout now, and a good one too, if I can but hold him; and two or three turns more will tire him. Now you see he lies still, and the sleight is to land him: reach me that landing-net. So, sir, now he is mine own. What say you now? is not this worth all my [260 labor and your patience?

VENATOR. On my word, master, this is a gallant trout: what shall we do with him?

PISCATOR. Marry, e'en eat him to supper: we'll go to my hostess, from whence we came; she told me, as I was going out of door, that my brother Peter, a good angler and a cheerful companion, had sent word that he would lodge there [270 to-night, and bring a friend with him. My hostess has two beds, and I know you and I may have the best; we'll rejoice with my brother Peter and his friend, tell tales, or sing ballads, or make a catch, or find some harmless sport to content us, and pass away a little time without offense to God or man.

VENATOR. A match, good master; let's go to that house, for the linen looks [280 white and smells of lavender, and I long to lie in a pair of sheets that smell so. Let's be going, good master, for I am hungry again with fishing.

PISCATOR. Nay, stay a little, good scholar. I caught my last trout with a worm; now I will put on a minnow, and try a quarter of an hour about yonder trees for another; and so walk towards

our lodging. Look you, scholar, there- [290
about we shall have a bite presently or
not at all. Have with you, sir! o' my
word I have hold of him. Oh! it is a
great logger-headed chub; come, hang
him upon that willow twig, and let's be
going. But turn out of the way a
little, good scholar, towards yonder high
honeysuckle hedge; there we'll sit and
sing, whilst this shower falls so gently
upon the teeming earth, and gives yet [300
a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that
adorn these verdant meadows.

Look! under that broad beech-tree I
sat down, when I was last this way a-
fishing. And the birds in the adjoining
grove seemed to have a friendly con-
tention with an echo, whose dead voice
seemed to live in a hollow tree, near to
the brow of that primrose hill. There
I sat viewing the silver streams glide [310
silently towards their center, the tem-
pestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by
rugged roots and pebble-stones, which
broke their waves, and turned them
into foam. And sometimes I beguiled
time by viewing the harmless lambs;
some leaping securely in the cool shade,
whilst others sported themselves in the
cheerful sun; and saw others craving com-
fort from the swollen udders of their [320
bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and
other sights had so fully possessed my
soul with content, that I thought, as the
poet hath happily expressed it,

"I was for that time lifted above earth,
And possessed joys not promised in my
birth."

As I left this place, and entered into
the next field, a second pleasure enter-
tained me; 'twas a handsome milkmaid,
that had not yet attained so much age [330
and wisdom as to load her mind with any
fears of many things that will never be,
as too many men too often do; but she
cast away all care, and sung like a
nightingale. Her voice was good, and the
ditty fitted for it: it was that smooth song
which was made by Kit Marlow, now at
least fifty years ago; and the milkmaid's
mother sung an answer to it, which was
made by Sir Walter Raleigh, in his [340

younger days. They were old-fashioned
poetry, but choicely good; I think much
better than the strong lines that are now
in fashion in this critical age. Look
yonder! on my word, yonder they both
be a-milking again. I will give her the
chub, and persuade them to sing those
two songs to us.

God speed you, good woman! I have
been a-fishing, and am going to Bleak [350
Hall to my bed; and having caught more
fish than will sup myself and my friend, I
will bestow this upon you and your
daughter, for I use to sell none.

MILK-WOMAN. Marry, God requite you,
sir, and we'll eat it cheerfully; and if you
come this way a-fishing two months
hence, a grace of God! I'll give you a
syllabub of new verjuice in a new-made
hay-cock for it. And my Maudlin shall [360
sing you one of her best ballads; for she
and I both love all anglers, they be such
honest, civil, quiet men. In the mean-
time will you drink a draft of red cow's
milk? You shall have it freely.

PISCATOR. No, I thank you; but, I
pray, do us a courtesy that shall stand
you and your daughter in nothing, and
yet we will think ourselves still something
in your debt; it is but to sing us a song [370
that was sung by your daughter when I
last passed over this meadow, about eight
or nine days since.

MILK-WOMAN. What song was it, I
pray? Was it "Come, shepherds, deck
your heads"? or, "As at noon *Dulcina*
rested"? or, "*Phillida* flouts me"? or,
"*Chevy Chase*"? or, "*Johnny Arm-*
strong"? or, "*Troy Town*"?

PISCATOR. No, it is none of those; it [380
is a song that your daughter sung the first
part, and you sung the answer to it.

MILK-WOMAN. Oh, I know it now.
I learned it the first part in my golden
age, when I was about the age of my
poor daughter; and the latter part, which
indeed fits me best now, but two or three
years ago, when the cares of the world
began to take hold of me: but you shall,
God willing, hear them both, and sung [390
as well as we can, for we both love anglers.
Come, Maudlin, sing the first part to
the gentlemen, with a merry heart; and
I'll sing the second when you have done.

THE MILKMAID'S SONG

Come, live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, or hills, or field,
Or woods, and steepy mountains yield;

Where we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed our flocks, [400
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And then a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lined choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold; [410

A belt of straw and ivy-buds;
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come, live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for my meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall, on an ivory table, be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight, each May morning. [420
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

VENATOR. Trust me, master, it is a choice song, and sweetly sung by honest Maudlin. I now see it was not without cause that our good Queen Elizabeth did so often wish herself a milkmaid all the month of May, because they are not troubled with fears and cares, but sing sweetly all the day, and sleep securely [430 all the night; and without doubt, honest, innocent, pretty Maudlin does so. I'll bestow Sir Thomas Overbury's milkmaid's wish upon her, "That she may die in the spring, and being dead, may have good store of flowers stuck round about her winding-sheet."

THE MILKMAID'S MOTHER'S ANSWER

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move [440
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
Then Philomel becometh dumb,
And age complains of care to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields.
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies, [451
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten;
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

What should we talk of dainties, then,
Of better meat than's fit for men?
These are but vain: that's only good [460
Which God hath blest, and sent for food.

But could youth last, and love still breed;
Had joys no date, nor age no need;
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

* * * * *

PISCATOR. Well sung, good woman; I thank you. I'll give you another dish of fish one of these days, and then beg another song of you. Come, scholar! let Maudlin alone; do not you offer to [470 spoil her voice. Look! yonder comes mine hostess, to call us to supper. How now? Is my brother Peter come?

HOSTESS. Yes, and a friend with him; they are both glad to hear that you are in these parts, and long to see you; and long to be at supper, for they be very hungry.

From CHAPTER VIII

If this direction to catch a pike do you no good, yet I am certain this direction how to roast him when he is caught is choicely good, for I have tried it; and it is somewhat the better for not being common. But with my direction you must take this caution, that your pike must not be a small one; that is, it must be more than half a yard, and should be bigger. [10]

First open your pike at the gills, and if need be cut also a little slit towards the belly. Out of these take his guts, and keep his liver, which you are to shred very small with thyme, sweet marjoram, and winter-savory. To these put some pickled oysters, and some anchovies, two or three, (both these last whole, for the anchovies will melt, and the oysters should not). To these you must add also a pound [20 of sweet butter, which you are to mix with the herbs that are shred; and let them all be well salted (if the pike be more than a yard long, then you may put into these herbs more than a pound; or if he be less, then less butter will suffice). These being thus mixed, with a blade or two of mace, must be put into the pike's belly, and then his belly sewed up. Then you are to thrust the spit through his mouth out at his [30 tail; and then take four, or five, or six split sticks or very thin laths, and a convenient quantity of tape or fileting. These laths are to be tied round about the pike's body, from his head to his tail, and the tape tied somewhat thick to prevent his breaking or falling off from the spit. Let him be roasted very leisurely, and often basted with claret wine and anchovies and butter mixed together, and [40 also with what moisture falls from him into the pan. When you have roasted him sufficiently you are to hold under him, when you unwind or cut the tape that ties him, such a dish as you purpose to eat him out of; and let him fall into it with the sauce that is roasted in his belly; and by this means the pike will be kept unbroken and complete. Then to the sauce which was within him, and also [50 that sauce in the pan, you are to add a fit quantity of the best butter, and to

squeeze the juice of three or four oranges. Lastly, you may either put into the pike with the oysters two cloves of garlic, and take it whole out when the pike is cut off the spit; or, to give the sauce a *haut gout*, let the dish into which you let the pike fall be rubbed with it; the using or not using of this garlic is left to your discretion. [60

JEREMY TAYLOR (1613-1667)*From HOLY DYING*

It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every person, and it is visible to us who are alive. Reckon but from the sprightfulness of youth and the fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood, from the vigorousness and strong flexure of the joints of five-and-twenty, to the hollowness and dead paleness, to the loathsomeness and horror of a three days' burial, and we shall perceive the [10 distance to be very great and very strange. But so have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven as a lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly [20 age: it bowed the head and broke its stalk, and at night, having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and outworn faces. The same is the portion of every man and every woman: the heritage of worms and serpents, rottenness and cold dishonor, and our beauty so changed that our acquaintance quickly know us not; and that change mingled with so much [30 horror, or else meets so with our fears and weak discourings, that they who six hours ago tended upon us, either with charitable or ambitious services, cannot without regret stay in the room alone where the body lies stripped of its life and honor. I have read of a fair young German gentleman, who, living, often refused to be pictured, but put off the

importunity of his friends' desire by [40 giving way that, after a few days' burial, they might send a painter to his vault, and, if they saw cause for it, draw the image of his death unto the life. They did so, and found his face half eaten, and his midriff and backbone full of serpents; and so he stands pictured among his armed ancestors. So does the fairest beauty change, and it will be as bad for you and me; and then what servants [50 shall we have to wait upon us in the grave? what friends to visit us? what officious people to cleanse away the moist and unwholesome cloud reflected upon our faces from the sides of the weeping vaults, which are the longest weepers for our funeral?

This discourse will be useful if we consider and practise by the following rules and considerations respectively. [60

1. All the rich and all the covetous men in the world will perceive, and all the world will perceive for them, that it is but an ill recompense for all their cares that by this time all that shall be left will be this, that the neighbors shall say, "He died a rich man;" and yet his wealth will not profit him in the grave, but hugely swell the sad accounts of doomsday. And he that kills the Lord's [70 people with unjust or ambitious wars, for an unrewarding interest shall have this character, that he threw away all the days of his life that one year might be reckoned with his name, and computed by his reign or consulship; and many men by great labors and affronts, many indignities and crimes, labor only for a pompous epitaph and a loud title upon their marble; whilst those into whose [80 possessions their heirs or kindred are entered are forgotten, and lie unregarded as their ashes, and without concernment or relation, as the turf upon the face of their grave. A man may read a sermon, the best and most passionate that ever man preached, if he shall but enter into the sepulchres of kings. In the same Escorial where the Spanish princes live in greatness and power, and decree [90 war or peace, they have wisely placed a cemetery, where their ashes and their glory shall sleep till time shall be no

more; and where our kings have been crowned their ancestors lie interred, and they must walk over their grandsire's head to take his crown. There is an acre sown with royal seed, the copy of the greatest change, from rich to naked, from ceiled roofs to arched coffins, from [100 living like gods to die like men. There is enough to cool the flames of lust, to abate the heights of pride, to appease the itch of covetous desires, to sully and dash out the dissembling colors of a lustful, artificial, and imaginary beauty. There the warlike and the peaceful, the fortunate and the miserable, the beloved and the despised princes mingle their dust, and pay down their symbol of mortality, [110 and tell all the world that when we die our ashes shall be equal to kings', and our accounts easier, and our pains or our crowns shall be less. To my apprehension, it is a sad record which is left by Athenaeus concerning Ninus, the great Assyrian monarch, whose life and death are summed up in these words: "Ninus the Assyrian had an ocean of gold and other riches more than the sand in [120 the Caspian Sea; he never saw the stars, and perhaps he never desired it; he never stirred up the holy fire among the Magi, nor touched his god with the sacred rod according to the laws; he never offered sacrifice, nor worshipped the deity, nor administered justice, nor spake to his people, nor numbered them; but he was most valiant to eat and drink, and having mingled his wines, he threw the rest [130 upon the stones. This man is dead; behold his sepulchre; and now hear where Ninus is. Sometimes I was Ninus, and drew the breath of a living man, but now am nothing but clay. I have nothing but what I did eat, and what I served to myself in lust; that was and is all my portion. The wealth with which I was esteemed blessed, my enemies, meeting together, shall bear away, as the mad [140 Thyades carry a raw goat. I am gone to hell; and when I went thither I neither carried gold, nor horse, nor silver chariot. I that wore a mitre am now a little heap of dust." I know not anything that can better represent the evil condition of a wicked man or a changing greatness.

From the greatest secular dignity to dust and ashes his nature bears him; and from thence to hell his sins carry him, [150 and there he shall be for ever under the dominion of chains and devils, wrath and an intolerable calamity. This is the reward of an unsanctified condition, and a greatness ill-gotten or ill-administered.

2. Let no man extend his thoughts, or let his hopes wander towards future and far-distant events and accidental contingencies. This day is mine and yours, but ye know not what shall be on [160 the morrow; and every morning creeps out of a dark cloud, leaving behind it an ignorance and silence deep as midnight and undiscerned as are the phantasms that make a chrisom-child to smile; so that we cannot discern what comes hereafter, unless we had a light from heaven brighter than the vision of an angel, even the spirit of prophecy. Without revelation we cannot tell whether we [170 shall eat tomorrow, or whether a squinancy shall choke us; and it is written in the unrevealed folds of divine predestination that many who are this day alive shall tomorrow be laid upon the cold earth, and the women shall weep over their shroud, and dress them for their funeral. St. James, in his Epistle, notes the folly of some men his contemporaries, who were so impatient of the event [180 of tomorrow, or the accidents of next year, or the good or evils of old age, that they would consult astrologers and witches, oracles and devils, what should befall them the next calends—what should be the event of such a voyage—what God had written in his book concerning the success of battles, the election of emperors, the heirs of families, the price of merchandise, the return of the Tyrian [190 fleet, the rate of Sidonian carpets; and as they were taught by the crafty and lying demons, so they would expect the issue; and oftentimes by disposing their affairs in order towards such events, really did produce some little accidents according to their expectation, and that made them trust the oracles in greater things, and in all. Against this he opposes his counsel that we should not search [200 after forbidden records, much less by

uncertain significations; for whatsoever is disposed to happen by the order of natural causes or civil counsels may be rescinded by a peculiar decree of Providence, or be prevented by the death of the interested persons; who, while their hopes are full, and their causes conjoined, and the work brought forward, and the sickle put into the harvest, [210 and the first-fruits offered and ready to be eaten, even then, if they put forth their hand to an event that stands but at the door, at that door their body may be carried forth to burial before the expedition shall enter into fruition. When Richilda, the widow of Albert, earl of Ebersberg, had feasted the emperor Henry III, and petitioned in behalf of her nephew Welfo for some lands formerly pos- [220 sessed by the earl her husband, just as the emperor held out his hand to signify his consent, the chamber floor suddenly fell under them, and Richilda, falling upon the edge of a bathing-vessel, was bruised to death, and stayed not to see her nephew sleep in those lands which the emperor was reaching forth to her, and placed at the door of restitution.

3. As our hopes must be confined, so [230 must our designs: let us not project long designs, crafty plots, and diggings so deep that the intrigues of a design shall never be unfolded till our grandchildren have forgotten our virtues or our vices. The work of our soul is cut short, facile, sweet, and plain, and fitted to the small portions of our shorter life; and as we must not trouble our inquiry, so neither must we intricate our labor and pur- [240 poses with what we shall never enjoy. This rule does not forbid us to plant orchards, which shall feed our nephews with their fruit, for by such provisions they do something towards an imaginary immortality, and do charity to their relatives; but such projects are reprov'd which discompose our present duty by long and future designs: such which, by casting our labors to events at distance, make us less to [250 remember our death standing at the door. It is fit for a man to work for his day's wages, or to contrive for the hire of a week, or to lay a train to make provisions for such a time as is within our

eye, and in our duty, and within the usual periods of man's life, for whatsoever is made necessary is also made prudent; but while we plot and busy ourselves in the toils of an ambitious war, [260 or the levies of a great estate, night enters in upon us, and tells all the world how like fools we lived and how deceived and miserably we died. Seneca tells of Senecio Cornelius, a man crafty in getting, and tenacious in holding, a great estate, and one who was as diligent in the care of his body as of his money, curious of his health as of his possessions, that he all day long attended upon his sick and [270 dying friend; but when he went away was quickly comforted, supped merrily, went to bed cheerfully, and on a sudden being surprised by a squinancy, scarce drew his breath until the morning, but by that time died, being snatched from the torrent of his fortune, and the swelling tide of wealth, and a likely hope bigger than the necessities of ten men. This accident was much noted then in [280 Rome, because it happened in so great a fortune, and in the midst of wealthy designs; and presently it made wise men to consider how imprudent a person he is who disposes of ten years to come when he is not lord of tomorrow.

* * * * *

5. Since we stay not here, being people but of a day's abode, and our age is like that of a fly, and contemporary with a gourd, we must look somewhere else [290 for an abiding city, a place in another country to fix our house in, whose walls and foundation is God, where we must find rest, or else be restless forever. For whatsoever ease we can have or fancy here is shortly to be changed into sadness or tediousness; it goes away too soon like the periods of our life, or stays too long like the sorrows of a sinner; its own weariness, or a contrary disturbance, [300 is its load; or it is eased by its revolution into vanity and forgetfulness; and where either there is sorrow or an end of joy, there can be no true felicity; which, because it must be had by some instrument, and in some period of our duration, we must carry up our affections to the

mansion prepared for us above, where eternity is the measure, felicity is the state, angels are the company, the Lamb is [310 the light, and God is the portion and inheritance.

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674)

L'ALLEGRO

Hence, loathèd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes and shrieks and
sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell, 5
Where brooding darkness spreads his
jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There under ebon shades and low-
browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell. 10
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept¹ Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more, 15
To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sager² sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying, 20
There on beds of violets blue
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom,³ blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee 25
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathèd smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek; 30
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee 35
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,

¹ called.

² more wisely.

³ sprightly.

To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unproved pleasures free: 40
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing, startle the dull night,
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
 Then to come in spite of sorrow, 45
 And at my window bid good-morrow,
 Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine;
 While the cock, with lively din,
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before:
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill, 55
 Through the high wood echoing shrill:
 Sometime walking, not unseen,
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate
 Where the great sun begins his state, 60
 Robed in flames and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
 While the ploughman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe, 65
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
 Whilst the landskip¹ round it measures: 70
 Russet lawns and fallows grey,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The laboring clouds do often rest;
 Meadows trim with daisies pied, 75
 Shallow brooks and rivers wide;
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosomed high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The cynosure² of neighboring eyes. 80
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met
 Are at their savory dinner set
 Of herbs and other country messes, 85
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tanned haycock in the mead. 90

¹ landscape.² center of observation.

Sometimes, with secure delight,
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks³ sound 95
 To many a youth and many a maid
 Dancing in the chequered shade;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holiday,
 Till the livelong daylight fail:
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale, 100
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How faery Mab the junkets eat.
 She was pinched and pulled, she said;
 And he, by friar's lantern⁴ led,
 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat 105
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
 That ten day-laborers could not end;
 Then lies him down, the lubber⁵ fiend, 110
 And, stretched out all the chimney's
 length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep, 115
 By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
 Towered cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold, 120
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear 125
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp and feast and revelry,
 With mask and antique pageantry;
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream. 130
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.
 And ever, against eating cares, 135
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
 In notes with many a winding bout⁶
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out, 140
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,

³ fiddles.⁴ will o' the wisp.⁵ awkward.⁶ turn.

Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head 145
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto to have quite set free
 His half-regained Eurydice. 150
 These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO

Hence, vain deluding Joys;
 The brood of Folly without father bred!
 How little you bested,¹
 Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys!
 Dwell in some idle brain, 5
 And fancies fond² with gaudy shapes
 possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the sun-
 beams,
 Or likest hovering dreams,
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus'
 train. 10
 But hail, thou Goddess sage and holy,
 Hail, divinest Melancholy!
 Whose saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight,
 And therefore to our weaker view 15
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
 Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
 Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
 To set her beauty's praise above 20
 The sea nymphs', and their powers of-
 fended.
 Yet thou art higher far descended:
 Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore
 To solitary Saturn bore;
 His daughter she (in Saturn's reign 25
 Such mixture was not held a stain).
 Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
 Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove. 30
 Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,

¹ profit.² foolish.

And sable stole of cypress lawn 35
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step, and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes: 40
 There, held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet, 46
 And hears the Muses in a ring
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
 And add to these retirèd Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure; 50
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
 The cherub Contemplation;
 And the mute Silence hist along, 55
 'Less Philomel³ will deign a song,
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak. 60
 Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of
 folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy!
 Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among,
 I woo, to hear thy even-song;
 And, missing thee, I walk unseen 65
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wandering moon
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
 And oft, as if her head she bowed, 71
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off curfew sound
 Over some wide-watered shore, 75
 Swinging slow with sullen roar;
 Or if the air will not permit,
 Some still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom, 80
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.
 Or let my lamp, at midnight hour, 85
 Be seen in some high lonely tower

³ the nightingale.

Where I may oft outwatch the Bear
 With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What worlds or what vast regions hold 90
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
 And of those demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or underground,
 Whose power hath a true consent, 95
 With planet or with element.
 Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
 In sceptered pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
 Or the tale of Troy divine, 100
 Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskined stage.
 But, O sad Virgin! that thy power
 Might raise Musæus from his bower;
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing 105
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made Hell grant what love did seek;
 Or call up him that left half-told
 The story of Cambuscan bold, 110
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
 And who had Canace to wife
 That owned the virtuous¹ ring and glass,
 And of the wondrous horse of brass,
 On which the Tartar king did ride; 115
 And if aught else great bards beside
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of tourneys, and of trophies hung,
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the
 ear. 120
 Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited Morn appear,
 Not tricked² and frownc'd as she was wont
 With the Attic boy to hunt,
 But kerchieft in a comely cloud, 125
 While rocking winds are piping loud;
 Or ushered with a shower still,
 When the gust hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rustling leaves,
 With minute-drops from off the eaves. 130
 And when the sun begins to fling
 His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
 To arch'd walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
 Of pine, or monumental oak, 135
 Where the rude axe with heav'd stroke
 Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.

¹ magical.² adorned.

There in close covert by some brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look, 140
 Hide me from day's garish eye,
 While the bee, with honeyed thigh,
 That at her flowery work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring,
 With such consort as they keep, 145
 Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep;
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings in airy stream
 Of lively portraiture displayed,
 Softly on my eyelids laid; 150
 And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
 Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
 But let my due feet never fail 155
 To walk the studious cloister's pale,³
 And love the high embow'd roof,
 With antique pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight,⁴
 Casting a dim religious light. 160
 There let the pealing organ blow
 To the full-voiced quire below
 In service high and anthems clear
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into ecstasies, 165
 And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell⁵ 170
 Of every star that heaven doth shew,
 And every herb that sips the dew,
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain.
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give, 175
 And I with thee will choose to live.

LYCIDAS

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637; and by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted Clergy, then in their height.

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and
 crude,
 And with forced fingers rude

³ enclosure.⁴ ornamented.⁵ reason, study.

Shatter your leaves before the mellowing
year. 5

Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his
peer.

Who would not sing for Lycidas? he
knew 10

Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter¹ to the parching wind,
Without the meed² of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well 15
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth
spring;

Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the
string.

Hence with denial vain and coy excuse;
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favor my destined urn,
And as he passes turn, 21
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nursed upon the self-same
hill,

Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade,
and rill;

Together both, ere the high lawns ap-
peared 25

Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the grey-fly winds her sultry
horn,

Battering³ our flocks with the fresh dews
of night,

Oft till the star that rose at evening,
bright, 30

Toward heaven's descent had sloped his
westerling wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to the oaten flute;

Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with
cloven heel

From the glad sound would not be absent
long; 35

And old Damœtas loved to hear our
song.

But oh! the heavy change, now thou
art gone,

Now thou art gone, and never must re-
turn!

Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert
caves,

With wild thyme and the gadding vine
o'ergrown, 40

And all their echoes, mourn.

The willows and the hazel copses green

Shall now no more be seen,

Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft
lays.

As killing as the canker to the rose, 45

Or taint-worm to the weanling⁴ herds that
graze,

Or frost to flowers, that their gay ward-
robe wear,

When first the white-thorn blows;

Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the re-
morseless deep 50

Closed o'er the head of your loved Lyci-
das?

For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids,
lie,

Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,

Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard
stream. 55

Ay me, I fondly⁵ dream!

Had ye been there—for what could that
have done?

What could the Muse herself that Orpheus
bore,

The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament, 60

When by the rout that made the hideous
roar

His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian
shore?

Alas! what boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's
trade, 65

And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,

To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,

Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth
raise 70

(That last infirmity of noble mind)

To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon⁶ when we hope to

find,

And think to burst out into sudden
blaze,

Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred
shears, 75

¹ toss.

² tribute.

³ fattening.

⁴ young, weaned.

⁵ foolishly.

⁶ reward.

And slits the thin-spun life. "But not
the praise,"

Phœbus replied, and touched my trem-
bling ears:

"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal
soil,

Nor in the glistening foil

Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor
lies; 80

But lives and spreads aloft by those pure
eyes

And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;

As he pronounces lastly on each deed,

Of so much fame in heaven expect thy
meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honored
flood, 85

Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with
vocal reeds,

That strain I heard was of a higher mood:

But now my oat proceeds,

And listens to the herald of the sea,

That came in Neptune's plea. 90

He asked the waves, and asked the felon¹
winds,

What hard mishap hath doomed this
gentle swain?

And questioned every gust of rugged
wings

That blows from off each beakèd promon-
tory:

They know not of his story; 95

And sage Hippotades their answer brings,

That not a blast was from his dungeon
strayed;

The air was calm, and on the level brine

Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.

It was that fatal and perfidious bark, 100

Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses
dark,

That sunk so low that sacred head of
thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went foot-
ing slow,

His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,

Inwrought with figures dim, and on the
edge 105

Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with
woe.

"Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my
dearest pledge?"²

Last came, and last did go,

The pilot of the Galilean lake;

¹ criminal.

² child.

Two massy keys he bore of metals twain 110
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).
He shook his mitred locks, and stern be-
spoke:

"How well could I have spared for thee,
young swain,

Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the
fold! 115

Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers'
feast

And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves
know how to hold

A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else
the least 120

That to the faithful herdman's art be-
longs!

What reck's it them? What need they?
They are sped;³

And when they list, their lean and flashy
songs

Grate on their scrannel⁴ pipes of wretched
straw;

The hungry sheep look up, and are not
fed, 125

But swoln with wind and the rank mist
they draw,

Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy
paw

Daily devours apace, and nothing said.
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no
more." 131

Return, Alpheus; the dread voice is
past

That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian
Muse,

And call the vales, and bid them hither
cast

Their bells and flowerets of a thousand
hues. 135

Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers
use⁵

Of shades and wanton winds and gushing
brooks,

On whose fresh lap the swart star⁶ sparsely
looks,

Throw hither all your quaint enamelled
eyes,

³ accomplish their end.

⁴ dwell.

⁵ harsh, discordant.

⁶ the Dog-star, Sirius.

That on the green turf suck the honeyed
showers, 140
And purple all the ground with vernal
flowers.
Bring the rathe¹ primrose that forsaken
dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked
with jet,
The glowing violet, 145
The musk-rose, and the well-attired wood-
bine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive
head,
And every flower that sad embroidery
wears;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where
Lycid lies. 151
For so, to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false sur-
mise:
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sound-
ing seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are
hurled; 155
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming
tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous
world;
Or whether thou, to our moist² vows
denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, 160
Where the great vision of the guarded
mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's
hold.
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt
with ruth;³
And O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep
no more, 165
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery
floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks⁴ his beams, and with new-
spangled ore 170
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,

¹ early.² tearful.³ pity.⁴ adorns.

Through the dear might of Him that
walked the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams
along, 174
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive⁵ nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and
love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies, 179
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no
more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius⁶ of the
shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.
Thus sang the uncouth⁷ swain to the
oaks and rills, 186
While the still morn went out with sandals
grey;
He touched the tender stops of various
quills,⁸
With eager thought warbling his Doric
lay:
And now the sun had stretched out all the
hills, 190
And now was dropped into the western bay.
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle
blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures
new.

SONNETS

ON HIS HAVING ARRIVED AT THE
AGE OF TWENTY-THREE

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of
youth,
Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth
year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom
shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the
truth 5
That I to manhood am arrived so near;
And inward ripeness doth much less ap-
pear,
That some more timely-happy spirits
endu'th.

⁵ inexpressible. ⁶ guardian angel. ⁷ unknown. ⁸ reeds.

Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure
 even 10
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will
 of Heaven;
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

ON SHAKESPEARE

What needs my Shakespeare for his
 honored bones
 The labor of an age in pilèd stones?
 Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
 Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
 Dear son of memory, great heir of fame, 5
 What need'st thou such weak witness of
 thy name?
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment
 Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
 For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavor-
 ing art,
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each
 heart 10
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued¹
 book
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression
 took,
 Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
 Dost make us marble with too much
 conceiving,
 And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie 15
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to
 die.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROM- WELL

MAY, 1652

ON THE PROPOSALS OF CERTAIN MINISTERS AT THE COMMITTEE FOR PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a
 cloud
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
 To peace and truth thy glorious way
 hast ploughed,

¹ invaluable.

And on the neck of crownèd Fortune
 proud 5
 Hast reared God's trophies, and his work
 pursued,
 While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots
 imbrued,
 And Dunbar field, resounds thy praises
 loud,
 And Worcester's laureate wreath: yet
 much remains
 To conquer still; Peace hath her vic-
 tories 10
 No less renowned than War: new foes
 arise,
 Threatening to bind our souls with
 secular chains.
 Help us to save free conscience from the
 paw
 Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their
 maw.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

When I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and
 wide,
 And that one talent which is death to
 hide
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul
 more bent 4
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he returning chide;
 "Doth God exact day-labor, light de-
 nied?"
 I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, "God doth
 not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts.
 Who best 10
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best.
 His state
 Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without
 rest;
 They also serve who only stand and
 wait."

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIED- MONT

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints,
 whose bones
 Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains
 cold;

Even them who kept thy truth so pure of
old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks
and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their
groans 5
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient
fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that
rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their
moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and
ashes sow 10
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth
sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may
grow
A hundredfold, who, having learnt thy
way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

TO CYRIACK SKINNER

Cyriack, this three years' day these eyes,
though clear
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun or moon or star throughout the
year, 5
Or man or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a
jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and
steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost
thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them
overplied 10
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe talks from side to
side.
This thought might lead me through the
world's vain mask
Content, though blind, had I no better
guide.

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE

Methought I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,

Whom Jove's great son to her glad hus-
band gave,
Rescued from Death by force, though pale
and faint.
Mine, as whom washed from spot of child-
bed taint 5
Purification in the old law did save,
And such as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without re-
straint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind.
Her face was veiled; yet to my fancied
sight 10
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person
shined
So clear as in no face with more delight.
But, oh! as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back
my night.

PARADISE LOST

BOOK I

THE ARGUMENT

This First Book proposes, first in brief,
the whole subject,—Man's disobedience,
and the loss thereupon of Paradise,
wherein he was placed: then touches
the prime cause of his fall,—the Ser-
pent, or rather Satan in the Serpent;
who, revolting from God, and drawing
to his side many legions of Angels, was,
by the command of God, driven out of
Heaven, with all his crew, into the great
Deep. Which action passed over, the
Poem hastens into the midst of things;
presenting Satan, with his Angels, now
fallen into Hell—described here, not in
the Center (for Heaven and earth may
be supposed as yet not made, certainly
not yet accursed), but in a place of utter
darkness, fitliest called Chaos. Here
Satan with his Angels, lying on the burn-
ing lake, thunderstruck and astonished,
after a certain space recovers, as from
confusion; calls up him who, next in
order and dignity, lay by him: they
confer of their miserable fall. Satan
awakens all his legions, who lay till then
in the same manner confounded. They
rise; their numbers; array of battle; their

chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech; comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven; but tells them lastly of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy, or report, in Heaven—for that Angels were long before this visible creation was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the Deep: the infernal Peers there sit in council.

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat, 5
Sing, Heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of Chaos: or, if Sion hill 10
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast¹ by the oracle of God, I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer 17
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread, 20
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark,

¹ close.

Illumine; what is low, raise and support;
That to the highth of this great argument
I may assert² Eternal Providence, 25
And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first—for Heaven hides nothing
from Thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell—say first what cause
Moved our grand Parents, in that happy state,
Favored of Heaven so highly, to fall off 30
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For³ one restraint, lords of the world besides.
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?
The infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile,
Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived 35
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host
Of rebel Angels, by whose aid, aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equalled the Most High, 40
If he opposed; and, with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God,
Raised impious war in Heaven, and battle proud,
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky, 45
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
In adamant chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day
and night 50
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded, though immortal. But his doom
Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain 55
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
Mixed with obdurate pride, and steadfast hate.

² vindicate.³ because of.

At once, as far as Angel's ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild. 60
A dungeon horrible on all sides round
As one great furnace flamed; yet from
those flames

No light; but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where
peace 65
And rest can never dwell; hope never
comes

That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.
Such place Eternal Justice had prepared 70
For those rebellious; here their prison or-
dained

In utter darkness, and their portion set,
As far removed from God and light of
Heaven,
As from the center thrice to the utmost
pole.

Oh how unlike the place from whence they
fell! 75
There the companions of his fall, o'er-
whelmed

With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous
fire,
He soon discerns; and weltering by his
side

One next himself in power, and next in
crime,

Long after known in Palestine, and named
Beëlzebub. To whom the Arch-Enemy, 81
And thence in Heaven called Satan, with
bold words

Breaking the horrid silence, thus began:—
“If thou beest he—but oh how fallen!
how changed

From him who, in the happy realms of
light, 85
Clothed with transcendent brightness,
didst outshine

Myriads, though bright!—if he, whom
mutual league,

United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Joined with me once, now misery hath
joined 90

In equal ruin; into what pit thou seest
From what highth fallen, so much the
stronger proved

He with his thunder: and till then who
knew

The force of those dire arms? Yet not for
those,

Nor what the potent Victor in his rage 95
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
Though changed in outward luster, that
fixed mind,

And high disdain from sense of injured
merit,

That with the Mightiest raised me to
contend,

And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of Spirits armed, 101

That durst dislike his reign, and, me pre-
ferring,

His utmost power with adverse power op-
posed

In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,
And shook his throne. What though the
field be lost? 105

All is not lost: the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome;

That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for
grace 111

With suppliant knee, and deify his power
Who, from the terror of this arm, so late
Doubted his empire¹—that were low in-
deed;

That were an ignominy and shame be-
neath 115

This downfall; since by fate the strength of
gods

And this empyreal substance cannot fail;
Since, through experience of this great
event,

In arms not worse, in foresight much ad-
vanced,

We may with more successful hope re-
solve 120

To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,

Who now triumphs, and in the excess of
joy

Sole reigning holds the tyranny of
Heaven.”

So spake the apostate Angel, though in
pain, 125

Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep de-
spair;

And him thus answered soon his bold com-
peer:—

¹ sovereignty.

"O Prince! O Chief of many thrond
 powers
 That led the embattled Seraphim to war
 Under thy conduct,¹ and, in dreadful
 deeds 130
 Fearless, endangered Heaven's perpetual
 King,
 And put to proof his high supremacy,
 Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or
 fate!
 Too well I see and rue the dire event
 That with sad overthrow and foul de-
 feat 135
 Hath lost us Heaven, and all this mighty
 host
 In horrible destruction laid thus low,
 As far as gods and heavenly essences
 Can perish: for the mind and spirit re-
 mains
 Invincible, and vigor soon returns, 140
 Though all our glory extinct, and happy
 state
 Here swallowed up in endless misery.
 But what if he our Conqueror (whom I
 now
 Of force believe almighty, since no less
 Than such could have o'erpowered such
 force as ours) 145
 Have left us this our spirit and strength
 entire,
 Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
 That we may so suffice² his vengeful ire,
 Or do him mightier service as his thralls
 By right of war, whate'er his business
 be, 150
 Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,
 Or do his errands in the gloomy Deep?
 What can it then avail, though yet we feel
 Strength undiminished, or eternal being
 To undergo eternal punishment?" 155
 Whereto with speedy words the Arch-
 Fiend replied:—
 "Fallen Cherub, to be weak is miserable,
 Doing or suffering: but of this be sure—
 To do aught good never will be our task,
 But ever to do ill our sole delight, 160
 As being the contrary to his high will
 Whom we resist. If then his providence
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
 Our labor must be to pervert that end,
 And out of good still to find means of evil;
 Which ofttimes may succeed so as per-
 haps 166

¹ command.² satisfy.

Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
 His inmost counsels from their destined
 aim.

But see! the angry Victor hath recalled
 His ministers of vengeance and pursuit 170
 Back to the gates of Heaven; the sul-
 phurous hail,
 Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath
 laid

The fiery surge that from the precipice
 Of Heaven received us falling; and the
 thunder,

Winged with red lightning and impetuous
 rage, 175

Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases
 now

To bellow through the vast and boundless
 Deep.

Let us not slip³ the occasion, whether scorn
 Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.

Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and
 wild, 180

The seat of desolation, void of light,
 Save what the glimmering of these livid
 flames

Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us
 tend

From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
 There rest, if any rest can harbor there; 185
 And, reassembling our afflicted powers,
 Consult how we may henceforth most of-
 fend

Our Enemy, our own loss how repair,
 How overcome this dire calamity,
 What reinforcement we may gain from
 hope, 190

If not what resolution from despair."

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
 With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
 That sparkling blazed; his other parts be-
 sides,

Prone on the flood, extended long and
 large, 195

Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
 As whom⁴ the fables name of monstrous
 size,

Titanian, or Earth-born, that warred on
 Jove,

Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
 By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast
 Leviathan, which God of all his works 201
 Created hugest that swim the ocean-
 stream.

³ let slip.⁴ those whom.

Him, haply slumbering on the Norway
foam,
The pilot of some small night-foundered¹
skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind, ²⁰⁶
Moors by his side under the lee, while
night
Invests the sea, and wishèd morn delays.
So stretched out huge in length the Arch-
Fiend lay,
Chained on the burning lake; nor ever
thence ²¹⁰
Had risen or heaved his head, but that the
will
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark de-
signs,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he
sought ²¹⁵
Evil to others, and enraged might see
How all his malice served but to bring
forth
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy, shown
On Man by him seduced; but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance
poured. ²²⁰
Forthwith upright he rears from off the
pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the
flames
Driven backward slope their pointing
spires, and, rolled
In billows, leave i' the midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his
flight ²²⁵
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
That felt unusual weight; till on dry
land
He lights—if it were land that ever burned
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire,
And such appeared in hue, as when the
force ²³⁰
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side
Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible
And fuelled entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublimed² with mineral fury, aid the
winds, ²³⁵
And leave a singèd bottom all involved
With stench and smoke: such resting found
the sole

¹ overtaken by night.² sublimated.

Of unblest feet. Him followed his next
mate,
Both glorying to have scaped the Stygian
flood
As gods, and by their own recovered
strength, ²⁴⁰
Not by the sufferance of supernal power.
“Is this the region, this the soil, the
clime,”
Said then the lost Archangel, “this the seat
That we must change for Heaven? this
mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since
he ²⁴⁵
Who now is sovran can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is
best,
Whom reason hath equalled, force hath
made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy forever dwells! Hail, horrors!
hail, ²⁵⁰
Infernal world! and thou, profoundest
Hell,
Receive thy new possessor, one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of
Heaven. ²⁵⁵
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but³ less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here
at least
We shall be free; the Almighty hath not
built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure, and in my
choice ²⁶¹
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in
Heaven.
But wherefore let we then our faithful
friends,
The associates and co-partners of our
loss, ²⁶⁵
Lie thus astonished⁴ on the oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their
part
In this unhappy mansion, or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regained in Heaven, or what more lost in
Hell?” ²⁷⁰
So Satan spake; and him Beëlzebub

³ only.⁴ confounded.

Thus answered:—"Leader of those armies
 bright
 Which but the Omnipotent none could
 have foiled,
 If once they hear that voice, their liveliest
 pledge
 Of hope in fears and dangers—heard so
 oft ²⁷⁵
 In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
 Of battle when it raged, in all assaults
 Their surest signal—they will soon resume
 New courage and revive, though now they
 lie
 Grovelling and prostrate on yon lake of
 fire, ²⁸⁰
 As we erewhile, astounded and amazed:
 No wonder, fallen such a pernicious
 highth!"
 He scarce had ceased when the superior
 Fiend
 Was moving toward the shore; his ponder-
 ous shield,
 Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
 Behind him cast. The broad circum-
 ference ²⁸⁶
 Hung on his shoulders like the moon,
 whose orb
 Through optic glass the Tuscan artist
 views
 At evening from the top of Fesole,
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands, ²⁹⁰
 Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
 His spear—to equal which the tallest pine
 Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
 Of some great ammiral,¹ were but a
 wand—
 He walked with, to support uneasy
 steps ²⁹⁵
 Over the burning marl,² not like those
 steps
 On Heaven's azure; and the torrid clime
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with
 fire.
 Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
 Of that inflamèd sea he stood, and called
 His legions, Angel forms, who lay en-
 tranced, ³⁰¹
 Thick as autumnal leaves, that strew the
 brooks
 In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian
 shades,
 High over-arched, embower; or scattered
 sedge

¹ flag-ship.² soil.

Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion
 armed ³⁰⁵
 Hath vexed the Red Sea coast, whose
 waves o'erthrew
 Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
 While with perfidious hatred they pursued
 The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
 From the safe shore their floating car-
 casses ³¹⁰
 And broken chariot-wheels. So thick be-
 strown,
 Abject and lost lay these, covering the
 flood,
 Under amazement of³ their hideous
 change.
 He called so loud, that all the hollow deep
 Of Hell resounded:—"Princes, Poten-
 tates, ³¹⁵
 Warriors, the Flower of Heaven,—once
 yours, now lost,
 If such astonishment as this can seize
 Eternal Spirits! Or have ye chosen this
 place
 After the toil of battle to repose
 Your wearied virtue, for the ease you
 find ³²⁰
 To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
 To adore the Conqueror, who now beholds
 Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
 With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon
 His swift pursuers from Heaven-gates dis-
 cern ³²⁶
 The advantage, and descending tread us
 down
 Thus drooping, or with linkèd thunder-
 bolts
 Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf?
 Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n!" ³³⁰
 They heard, and were abashed, and up
 they sprung
 Upon the wing; as when men, wont to
 watch,
 On duty sleeping found by whom they
 dread,
 Rouse and bestir themselves ere well
 awake.
 Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
 In which they were, or the fierce pains not
 feel; ³³⁶
 Yet to their General's voice they soon
 obeyed,
 Innumerable. As when the potent rod

³ overwhelmed by.

Of Amram's son,¹ in Egypt's evil day,
 Waved round the coast, up-called a pitchy
 cloud 340
 Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
 That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh
 hung
 Like night, and darkened all the land of
 Nile:
 So numberless were those bad Angels seen
 Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell,
 'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding
 fires; 346
 Till, as a signal given, the uplifted spear
 Of their great Sultan waving to direct
 Their course, in even balance down they
 light
 On the firm brimstone, and fill all the
 plain: 350
 A multitude like which the populous
 North
 Poured never from her frozen loins, to
 pass
 Rhene or the Danaw,² when her barbarous
 sons
 Came like a deluge on the South, and
 spread
 Beneath³ Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.
 Forthwith from every squadron and each
 band 356
 The heads and leaders thither haste where
 stood
 Their great Commander; godlike shapes,
 and forms
 Excelling human, princely Dignities,
 And Powers that erst in Heaven sat on
 thrones; 360
 Though of their names in Heavenly records
 now
 Be no memorial, blotted out and rased
 By their rebellion from the Books of Life.
 Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
 Got them new names, till, wandering o'er
 the Earth, 365
 Through God's high sufferance, for the
 trial of man,
 By falsities and lies the greatest part
 Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
 God their Creator, and the invisible
 Glory of him that made them, to trans-
 form 370
 Oft to the image of a brute, adorned
 With gay religions⁴ full of pomp and gold,
 And devils to adore for deities:

Then were they known to men by various
 names,
 And various idols through the heathen
 world. 375
 Say, Muse, their names then known,
 who first, who last,
 Roused from the slumber on that fiery
 couch,
 At their great Emperor's call, as next in
 worth,
 Came singly where he stood on the bare
 strand,
 While the promiscuous crowd stood yet
 aloof. 380
 The chief were those who from the pit of
 Hell
 Roaming to seek their prey on Earth, durst
 fix
 Their seats, long after, next the seat of
 God,
 Their altars by his altar, gods adored
 Among the nations round, and durst
 abide 385
 Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned
 Between the Cherubim; yea, often placed
 Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,
 Abominations; and with cursèd things
 His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned,
 And with their darkness durst affront his
 light. 391
 First, Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with
 blood
 Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears;
 Though, for the noise of drums and tim-
 brels loud,
 Their children's cries unheard that passed
 through fire 395
 To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
 Worshipped in Rabba and her watery
 plain,
 In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
 Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
 Audacious neighborhood, the wisest heart
 Of Solomon he led by fraud to build 401
 His temple right against the temple of
 God,
 On that opprobrious hill, and made his
 grove
 The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet
 thence
 And black Gehenna called, the type of
 Hell. 405
 Next, Chemos, the obscene dread of
 Moab's sons,

¹ Mooses.² Danube.³ south of.⁴ rites.

From Aroer to Nebo and the wild
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
And Horonáim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines,
And Eleále to the Asphaltic pool; 411
Peor his other name, when he enticed
Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites, which cost them
woe.

Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged 415
Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate,
Till good Josiah drove them thence to
Hell.

With these came they who, from the
bordering flood

Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general
names 421

Of Baälim and Ashtaroth: those male,
These feminine. For Spirits, when they
please,

Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure,
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb, 426
Nor founded on the brittle strength of
bones,

Like cumbrous flesh; but, in what shape
they choose,

Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
Can execute their aëry purposes, 430
And works of love or enmity fulfil.

For those the race of Israel oft forsook
Their living Strength, and unfrequented
left

His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial gods; for which their heads as
low 435

Bowed down in battle, sunk before the
spear

Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came Astoreth, whom the Phenicians
called

Astarté, Queen of Heaven, with crescent
horns;

To whose bright image nightly by the
moon 440

Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs;
In Sion also not unsung, where stood
Her temple on the offensive mountain,
built

By that uxorious king whose heart, though
large,

Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell 445

To idols foul. Thammuz came next be-
hind,

Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with
blood 451

Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-
tale

Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
Whose wanton passions in the sacred
porch

Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led, 455
His eye surveyed the dark idolatries

Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourned in earnest, when the captive
ark

Maimed his brute image, head and hands
lopt off

In his own temple, on the grunsel-edge,¹ 460
Where he fell flat, and shamed his wor-
shippers:

Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward
man

And downward fish; yet had his temple
high

Reared in Azotus, dreaded through the
coast

Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon, 465
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him followed Rimmon, whose delightful
seat

Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.

He also against the house of God was bold:
A leper once he lost, and gained a king, 471

Ahaz, his sottish conqueror, whom he drew
God's altar to disparage and displace

For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious offerings, and adore the gods 475

Whom he had vanquished. After these
appeared

A crew who, under names of old renown,
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,

With monstrous shapes and sorceries
abused²

Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek 480
Their wandering gods disguised in brutish
forms

Rather than human. Nor did Israel scape
The infection, when their borrowed gold
composed

¹ threshold.

² deceived.

The calf in Oreb, and the rebel king
 Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan, 485
 Likening his Maker to the grazèd ox—
 Jehovah, who, in one night, when he
 passed
 From Egypt marching, equalled with one
 stroke
 Both her first-born and all her bleating
 gods.
 Belial came last, than whom a Spirit more
 lewd 490
 Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to
 love
 Vice for itself. To him no temple stood
 Or altar smoked; yet who more oft than
 he
 In temples and at altars, when the priest
 Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who filled
 With lust and violence the house of God?
 In courts and palaces he also reigns, 497
 And in luxurious cities, where the noise
 Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
 And injury and outrage; and when night
 Darkens the streets, then wander forth the
 sons 501
 Of Belial, flown¹ with insolence and wine.
 Witness the streets of Sodom, and that
 night
 In Gibeah, when the hospitable door
 Exposed a matron, to avoid worse rape. 505
 These were the prime in order and in
 might;
 The rest were long to tell, though far re-
 nowned
 The Ionian gods—of Javan's issue held
 Gods, yet confessed later than Heaven and
 Earth,
 Their boasted parents;—Titan, Heaven's
 first-born, 510
 With his enormous brood, and birthright
 seized
 By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove,
 His own and Rhea's son, like measure
 found;
 So Jove usurping reigned. These, first in
 Crete
 And Ida known, thence on the snowy top
 Of cold Olympus ruled the middle air, 516
 Their highest Heaven; or on the Delphian
 cliff,
 Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
 Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
 Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields, 520

¹ flushed.

And o'er the Celtic roamed the utmost
 isles.
 All these and more came flocking; but
 with looks
 Downcast and damp, yet such wherein
 appeared
 Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have
 found their Chief
 Not in despair, to have found themselves
 not lost 525
 In loss itself; which on his countenance
 cast
 Like doubtful hue. But he, his wonted
 pride
 Soon recollecting,² with high words that
 bore
 Semblance of worth, not substance, gently
 raised
 Their fainting courage, and dispelled their
 fears: 530
 Then straight commands that at the war-
 like sound
 Of trumpets loud and clarions, be up-
 reared
 His mighty standard. That proud honor
 claimed
 Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall:
 Who forthwith from the glittering staff
 unfurled 535
 The imperial ensign, which, full high ad-
 vanced,
 Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
 With gems and golden lustre rich em-
 blazed,
 Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
 Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds: 540
 At which the universal host up-sent
 A shout that tore Hell's concave, and be-
 yond
 Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
 All in a moment through the gloom were
 seen
 Ten thousand banners rise into the air, 545
 With orient colors waving; with them rose
 A forest huge of spears; and thronging
 helms
 Appeared, and serried³ shields in thick
 array
 Of depth immeasurable. Anon they move
 In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood 550
 Of flutes and soft recorders⁴—such as
 raised
 To highth of noblest temper heroes old

² recovering.³ interlocked.⁴ flageolets.

Arming to battle, and instead of rage
 Deliberate valor breathed, firm and un-
 moved
 With dread of death to flight or foul re-
 treat; 555
 Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage,¹
 With solemn touches troubled thoughts,
 and chase
 Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow
 and pain
 From mortal or immortal minds. Thus
 they,
 Breathing united force with fixèd thought,
 Moved on in silence to soft pipes that
 charmed 561
 Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and
 now
 Advanced in view they stand, a horrid
 front
 Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in
 guise
 Of warriors old, with ordered spear and
 shield, 565
 Awaiting what command their mighty
 Chief
 Had to impose. He through the armèd
 files
 Darts his experienced eye, and soon trav-
 erse²
 The whole battalion views—their order
 due,
 Their visages and stature as of gods; 570
 Their number last he sums. And now his
 heart
 Distends with pride, and hardening in his
 strength,
 Glories; for never, since created man,
 Met such embodied force as, named³ with
 these,
 Could merit more than that small in-
 fantry 575
 Warred on by cranes: though all the giant
 brood
 Of Phlegra with the heroic race were joined
 That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each
 side
 Mixed with auxiliar gods; and what re-
 sounds
 In fable or romance of Uther's son, 580
 Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
 And all who since, baptized or infidel,
 Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,
 Damascus, or Marocco, or Trebisond;

¹ assuage.² across.³ compared.

Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore 585
 When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
 By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed⁴
 Their dread Commander. He, above the
 rest
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent, 590
 Stood like a tower; his form had yet not
 lost
 All her original brightness, nor appeared
 Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess
 Of glory obscured: as when the sun new-
 risen
 Looks through the horizontal misty air 595
 Shorn of his beams, or from behind the
 moon,
 In dim eclipse, disastrous⁵ twilight sheds
 On half the nations, and with fear of
 change
 Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet
 shone
 Above them all the Archangel; but his
 face 600
 Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and
 care
 Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
 Of dauntless courage, and considerate⁶
 pride
 Waiting revenge. Cruel his eye, but cast
 Signs of remorse and passion, to behold 605
 The fellows of his crime, the followers
 rather
 (Far other once beheld in bliss), con-
 demned
 Forever now to have their lot in pain;
 Millions of Spirits for his fault amerced⁷
 Of Heaven, and from eternal splendors
 flung 610
 For his revolt; yet faithful how they
 stood,
 Their glory withered: as, when Heaven's
 fire
 Hath scathed the forest oaks or mountain
 pines,
 With singèd top their stately growth,
 though bare,
 Stands on the blasted heath. He now pre-
 pared 615
 To speak; whereat their doubled ranks
 they bend
 From wing to wing, and half enclose him
 round

⁴ obeyed.
⁵ meditative.⁶ threatening disaster.
⁷ deprived.

With all his peers: attention held them
mute.
Thrice he assayed, and thrice, in spite of
scorn,
Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth: at
last 620
Words interwove with sighs found out
their way:—
“O myriads of immortal Spirits! O
Powers
Matchless, but with the Almighty!—and
that strife
Was not inglorious, though the event¹ was
dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change,
Hateful to utter. But what power of
mind, 626
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have
feared
How such united force of gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know re-
pulse? 630
For who can yet believe, though after
loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied Heaven, shall fail to re-
ascend,
Self-raised, and repossess their native
seat?
For me, be witness all the host of Heaven,
If counsels different, or danger shunned 636
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who
reigns
Monarch in Heaven, till then as one secure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent or custom, and his regal state 640
Put forth at full, but still his strength con-
cealed;
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought
our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know
our own,
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war provoked. Our better part re-
mains 645
To work² in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not; that he no less
At length from us may find, who over-
comes
By force hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds; whereof
so rife 650

¹ outcome.² accomplish.

There went a fame in Heaven that he ere
long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation whom his choice regard
Should favor equal to the Sons of Heaven.
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps 655
Our first eruption;³ thither, or elsewhere;
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial Spirits in bondage, nor the
Abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these
thoughts
Full counsel must mature. Peace is de-
spaired, 660
For who can think submission? War,
then, war,
Open or understood,⁴ must be resolved.”
He spake; and, to confirm his words,
outflew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the
thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze 665
Far round illumined Hell; highly they
raged
Against the Highest, and fierce with
grasped arms
Clashed on their sounding shields the din
of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of
Heaven.
There stood a hill not far, whose grisly
top 670
Belched fire and rolling smoke; the rest en-
tire
Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither, winged
with speed,
A numerous brigad hastened: as when
bands 675
Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe
armed,
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them
on:
Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell
From Heaven; for even in Heaven his
looks and thoughts 680
Were always downward bent, admiring
more
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden
gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed

³ sortie.⁴ secretly decided on.

In vision beatific. By him first
 Men also, and by his suggestion taught, 685
 Ransacked the Center, and with impious
 hands
 Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth
 For treasures, better hid. Soon had his
 crew
 Opened into the hill a spacious wound,
 And digged out ribs of gold. Let none
 admire¹ 690
 That riches grow in Hell; that soil may
 best
 Deserve the precious bane. And here let
 those
 Who boast in mortal things, and wonder-
 ing tell
 Of Babel, and the works of Memphian
 kings,
 Learn how their greatest monuments of
 fame, 695
 And strength and art, are easily outdone
 By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
 What in an age they, with incessant toil
 And hands innumerable, scarce perform.
 Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepared,
 That underneath had veins of liquid fire 701
 Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude
 With wondrous art founded² the massy
 ore,
 Severing³ each kind, and scummed the
 bullion dross.
 A third as soon had formed within the
 ground 705
 A various mold, and from the boiling cells,
 By strange conveyance, filled each hollow
 nook:
 As in an organ, from one blast of wind,
 To many a row of pipes the sound-board
 breathes.
 Anon, out of the earth a fabric huge 710
 Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
 Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet—
 Built like a temple, where pilasters round
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
 With golden architrave; nor did there
 want 715
 Cornice or frieze, with bossy⁴ sculptures
 graven:
 The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
 Nor great Alcaïro, such magnificence
 Equalled in all their glories, to enshrine
 Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat 720

¹ wonder.
² separating.

³ melted.
⁴ embossed, in high relief.

Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria
 strove
 In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile
 Stood fixed her stately highth, and straight
 the doors,
 Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide
 Within, her ample spaces o'er the smooth
 And level pavement; from the archèd
 roof, 726
 Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
 Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
 With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
 As from a sky. The hasty multitude 730
 Admiring entered, and the work some
 praise,
 And some the architect. His hand was
 known
 In Heaven by many a towered structure
 high
 Where sceptered Angels held their res-
 idence,
 And sat as Princes, whom the supreme
 King 735
 Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
 Each in his hierarchy, the Orders bright.
 Nor was his name unheard or unadored
 In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
 Men called him Mulciber; and how he
 fell 740
 From Heaven they fabled, thrown by
 angry Jove
 Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from
 morn
 To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
 A summer's day; and with the setting sun
 Dropped from the zenith like a falling
 star, 745
 On Lemnos, the Ægean isle. Thus they
 relate,
 Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
 Fell long before; nor aught availed him
 now
 To have built in Heaven high towers; nor
 did he scape
 By all his engines,⁵ but was headlong
 sent 750
 With his industrious crew to build in Hell.
 Meanwhile, the wingèd heralds, by com-
 mand
 Of sovran power, with awful ceremony
 And trumpet's sound, throughout the
 host proclaim
 A solemn council forthwith to be held 755

⁵ contrivances.

At Pandemonium, the high capital
 Of Satan and his peers. Their summons
 called
 From every band and squared regiment
 By place or choice the worthiest; they
 anon,
 With hundreds and with thousands, troop-
 ing came, 760
 Attended. All access was thronged; the
 gates
 And porches wide, but chief the spacious
 hall
 (Though like a covered field, where cham-
 pions bold
 Wont¹ ride in armed, and at the Soldan's
 chair
 Defied the best of Panim² chivalry 765
 To mortal combat, or career with lance),
 Thick swarmed, both on the ground and in
 the air,
 Brushed with the hiss of rustling wings.
 As bees
 In spring-time, when the Sun with Taurus
 rides,
 Pour forth their populous youth about the
 hive 770
 In clusters; they among fresh dews and
 flowers
 Fly to and fro, or on the smoothèd plank,
 The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
 New rubbed with balm, expatiate³ and
 confer⁴
 Their state-affairs. So thick the aery-
 crowd 775
 Swarmed and were straitened; till, the
 signal given,
 Behold a wonder! they but now who
 seemed
 In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,
 Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow
 room
 Throng numberless, like that pygmean
 race 780
 Beyond the Indian mount; or faery elves,
 Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side
 Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
 Or dreams he sees, while overhead the
 Moon
 Sits arbitress,⁵ and nearer to the Earth 785
 Wheels her pale course; they, on their
 mirth and dance
 Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;

¹ used to.
⁴ discuss.

² pagan.

³ walk about.
⁵ governess.

At once with joy and fear his heart re-
 bounds.
 Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms
 Reduced their shapes immense, and were
 at large, 790
 Though without number still, amidst the
 hall
 Of that infernal court. But far within,
 And in their own dimensions like them-
 selves,
 The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
 In close recess⁶ and secret conclave sat, 795
 A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,
 Frequent⁷ and full. After short silence
 then,
 And summons read, the great consult
 began.

BOOK II

THE ARGUMENT

The consultation begun, Satan debates
 whether another battle be to be haz-
 arded for the recovery of Heaven:
 some advise it, others dissuade. A
 third proposal is preferred, mentioned
 before by Satan—to search the truth
 of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven
 concerning another world, and another
 kind of creature, equal, or not much
 inferior, to themselves, about this time
 to be created. Their doubt who shall
 be sent on this difficult search: Satan,
 their chief, undertakes alone the voy-
 age; is honored and applauded. The
 council thus ended, the rest betake
 them several ways and to several em-
 ployments, as their inclinations lead
 them, to entertain the time till Satan
 return. He passes on his journey to
 Hell-gates, finds them shut, and who
 sat there to guard them; by whom at
 length they are opened, and discover
 to him the great gulf between Hell
 and Heaven; with what difficulty he
 passes through, directed by Chaos, the
 Power of that place, to the sight of
 this new World which he sought.

High on a throne of royal state, which far
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of
 Ind,

⁶ retirement.

⁷ crowded.

Or where the gorgeous East with richest
hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and
gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised 5
To that bad eminence; and, from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with Heaven; and, by success¹
untaught,
His proud imaginations thus displayed:—
“Powers and Dominions, Deities of
Heaven! 11
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigor, though oppressed and
fallen,
I give not Heaven for lost: from this de-
scent
Celestial Virtues rising will appear 15
More glorious and more dread than from
no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second
fate!
Me though just right, and the fixed laws of
Heaven,
Did first create your leader, next, free
choice,
With what besides in council or in fight 20
Hath been achieved of merit, yet this loss,
Thus far at least recovered, hath much
more
Established in a safe, unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier
state
In Heaven, which follows dignity, might
draw 25
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thunderer’s
aim
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest
share
Of endless pain? Where there is, then, no
good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up
there 31
From faction: for none sure will claim in
Hell
Precedence; none whose portion is so small
Of present pain that with ambitious mind
Will covet more! With this advantage,
then, 35
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,

¹ the event.

More than can be in Heaven, we now re-
turn
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us; and by what best
way, 40
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate. Who can advise may
speak.”
He ceased; and next him Moloch, scept-
red king,
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest
Spirit
That fought in Heaven, now fiercer by
despair. 45
His trust was with the Eternal to be
deemed
Equal in strength, and rather than be less
Cared not to be at all; with that care
lost
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse,
He recked not, and these words thereafter
spake:— 50
“My sentence² is for open war. Of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need;
not now.
For while they sit contriving, shall the
rest—
Millions that stand in arms, and longing
wait 55
The signal to ascend—sit lingering here,
Heaven’s fugitives, and for their dwelling-
place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No! let us rather choose, 60
Armed with Hell-flames and fury, all at
once
O’er Heaven’s high towers to force resist-
less way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the Torturer; when, to meet the
noise
Of his almighty engine, he shall hear 65
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his Angels, and his throne itself
Mixed with Tartarean sulphur and strange
fire, 69
His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe?

² judgment.

Let such bethink them, if the sleepy
drench

Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend 75

Up to our native seat; descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken
rear

Insulting, and pursued us through the
deep,

With what compulsion and laborious
flight 80

We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy,
then;

The event is feared? Should we again
provoke

Our stronger, some worse way his wrath
may find

To our destruction—if there be in Hell
Fear to be worse destroyed? What can be
worse 85

Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss,
condemned

In this abhorred deep to utter woe;

Where pain of unextinguishable fire

Must exercise us, without hope of end,

The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour, 91

Calls us to penance? More destroyed
than thus,

We should be quite abolished, and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to
incense

His utmost ire? which, to the highth en-
raged, 95

Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential¹—happier far

Than miserable to have eternal being!—

Or, if our substance be indeed divine,

And cannot cease to be, we are at worst 100

On this side nothing; and by proof we feel

Our power sufficient to disturb his Heaven,

And with perpetual inroads to alarm,

Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:

Which, if not victory, is yet revenge." 105

He ended frowning, and his look de-
nounced²

Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous
To less than gods. On the other side up

rose

Belial, in act more graceful and humane;

A fairer person lost not Heaven; he seemed

For dignity composed, and high exploit. 111

¹ this being of ours.

² threatened.

But all was false and hollow; though his
tongue

Dropped manna, and could make the
worse appear

The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were
low— 115

To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful. Yet he pleased
the ear,

And with persuasive accent thus began:—

"I should be much for open war, O Peers,
As not behind in hate, if what was urged
Main reason to persuade immediate war
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to
cast 122

Ominous conjecture on the whole success;
When he who most excels in fact of arms,

In what he counsels and in what excels 125

Mistrustful, grounds his courage on de-
spair

And utter dissolution, as the scope

Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.

First, what revenge? The towers of
Heaven are filled

With armed watch, that render all access

Impregnable: oft on the bordering deep 131

Encamp their legions, or with obscure
wing

Scout far and wide into the realm of Night,

Scorning surprise. Or could we break our
way

By force, and at our heels all Hell should
rise 135

With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heaven's purest light, yet our great

Enemy,

All incorruptible, would on his throne

Sit unpolled, and the ethereal mould,

Incapable of stain, would soon expel 140

Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,

Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope

Is flat despair: we must exasperate

The Almighty Victor to spend all his
rage,

And that must end us; that must be our
cure— 145

To be no more. Sad cure! for who would
lose,

Though full of pain, this intellectual being,

Those thoughts that wander through
eternity,

To perish rather, swallowed up and lost

In the wide womb of uncreated Night, 150

Devoid of sense and motion? And who knows,

Let this be good, whether our angry Foe
Can give it, or will ever? How he can
Is doubtful; that he never will is sure.

Will He, so wise, let loose at once his ire,¹⁵⁵
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? 'Wherefore cease we
then?'

Say they who counsel war; 'we are decreed,
Reserved, and destined to eternal woe; ¹⁶¹
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse?' Is this then
worst,

Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What when we fled amain, pursued and
strook ¹⁶⁵

With Heaven's afflicting thunder, and be-
sought

The Deep to shelter us? This Hell then
seemed

A refuge from those wounds. Or when we
lay

Chained on the burning lake? That sure
was worse.

What if the breath that kindled those grim
fires, ¹⁷⁰

Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold
rage,

And plunge us in the flames; or from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? What if
all

Her stores were opened, and this firma-
ment ¹⁷⁵

Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous
fall

One day upon our heads; while we per-
haps,

Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurled,
Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and
prey ¹⁸¹

Of racking whirlwinds, or forever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapped in
chains,

There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved, ¹⁸⁵
Ages of hopeless end? This would be
worse.

War therefore, open or concealed, alike

My voice dissuades: for what can¹ force or
guile

With him, or who deceive his mind, whose
eye

Views all things at one view? He from
Heaven's highth ¹⁹⁰

All these our motions vain sees and de-
rides;

Not more almighty to resist our might
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and
wiles.

Shall we, then, live thus vile—the race of
Heaven

Thus trampled, thus expelled to suffer here
Chains and these torments? Better these
than worse, ¹⁹⁶

By my advice; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The Victor's will. To suffer, as to do,

Our strength is equal; nor the law unjust
That so ordains: this was at first resolved,
If we were wise, against so great a foe ²⁰²
Contending, and so doubtful what might
fall.

I laugh when those who at the spear are
bold

And venturous, if that fail them, shrink,
and fear ²⁰⁵

What yet they know must follow—to en-
dure

Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their conqueror. This is
now

Our doom; which if we can sustain and
bear,

Our Supreme Foe in time may much remit
His anger, and perhaps, thus far removed,
Not mind us not offending, satisfied ²¹²

With what is punished; whence these rag-
ing fires

Will slacken, if his breath stir not their
flames.

Our purer essence then will overcome ²¹⁵
Their noxious vapor, or, inured, not feel;
Or, changed at length, and to the place
conformed

In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat; and, void of pain,
This horror will grow mild, this darkness
light; ²²⁰

Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance,
what change

¹avail.

Worth waiting,—since our present lot appears

For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more woe."

Thus Belial, with words clothed in reason's garb, ²²⁶
Counselled ignoble ease and peaceful sloth,
Not peace; and after him thus Mammon spake:—

"Either to disenthroned the King of Heaven

We war, if war be best, or to regain ²³⁰
Our own right lost. Him to unthroned we then

May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield

To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife.

The former, vain to hope, argues as vain
The latter; for what place can be for us ²³⁵
Within Heaven's bound, unless Heaven's Lord Supreme

We overpower? Suppose he should relent,
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we ²³⁹

Stand in his presence, humble, and receive
Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing

Forced Halleluiahs, while he lordly sits
Our envied sovran, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odors and ambrosial flowers, ²⁴⁵
Our servile offerings? This must be our task

In Heaven, this our delight. How wearisome

Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue,

By force impossible, by leave obtained ²⁵⁰
Unacceptable, though in Heaven, our state
Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own

Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,

Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easy yoke ²⁵⁶
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear

Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,

Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,

We can create, and in what place soe'er ²⁶⁰
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain

Through labor and endurance. This deep world

Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth Heaven's all-ruling Sire

Choose to reside, his glory unobscured, ²⁶⁵
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne, from whence deep thunders roar,

Mustering their rage, and Heaven resembles Hell!

As he our darkness, cannot we his light
Imitate when we please? This desert soil
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold; ²⁷¹

Nor want we skill or art from whence to raise

Magnificence; and what can Heaven show more?

Our torments also may, in length of time,
Become our elements, these piercing fires
As soft as now severe, our temper changed
Into their temper; which must needs remove ²⁷⁷

The sensible¹ of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may ²⁸⁰
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are and where, dismissing quite
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise."

He scarce had finished, when such murmur filled

The assembly, as when hollow rocks retain ²⁸⁵

The sound of blustering winds, which all night long

Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull

Seafaring men o'erwatched, whose bark by chance,

Or pinnacle, anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest: such applause was heard ²⁹⁰

As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,

Advising peace; for such another field
They dreaded worse than Hell; so much the fear

Of thunder and the sword of Michael

¹ sense.

Wrought still within them; and no less
 desire 295
 To found this nether empire, which might
 rise,
 By policy, and long process of time,
 In emulation opposite to Heaven.
 Which when Beëlzebub perceived—than
 whom,
 Satan except, none higher sat—with grave
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed 301
 A pillar of state. Deep on his front en-
 graven
 Deliberation sat and public care;
 And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
 Majestic, though in ruin. Sage he stood,
 With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear 306
 The weight of mightiest monarchies; his
 look
 Drew audience and attention still as night
 Or summer's noontide air, while thus he
 spake:—
 "Thrones and Imperial Powers, Off-
 spring of Heaven, 310
 Ethereal Virtues! or these titles now
 Must we renounce, and, changing style,
 be called
 Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote
 Inclines—here to continue, and build up
 here
 A growing empire; doubtless! while we
 dream, 315
 And know not that the King of Heaven
 hath doomed
 • This place our dungeon—not our safe re-
 treat
 Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
 From Heaven's high jurisdiction, in new
 league
 Banded against his throne, but to re-
 main
 In strictest bondage, though thus far re-
 moved, 321
 Under the inevitable curb, reserved
 His captive multitude. For he, be sure,
 In highth or depth, still first and last will
 reign
 Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no
 part 325
 By our revolt, but over Hell extend
 His empire, and with iron sceptre rule
 Us here, as with his golden those in
 Heaven.
 What sit we then projecting peace and
 war?

War hath determined us,¹ and foiled with
 loss 330
 Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
 Vouchsafed or sought; for what peace will
 be given
 To us enslaved, but custody severe,
 And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
 Inflicted? and what peace can we return,
 But, to our power, hostility and hate, 336
 Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though
 slow,
 Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least
 May reap his conquest, and may least re-
 joice
 In doing what we most in suffering feel? 340
 Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
 With dangerous expedition to invade
 Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault
 or siege,
 Or ambush from the Deep. What if we
 find 344
 Some easier enterprise? There is a place
 (If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven
 Err not), another World, the happy seat
 Of some new race called Man, about this
 time
 To be created like to us, though less 349
 In power and excellence, but favored more
 Of him who rules above; so was his will
 Pronounced among the gods, and, by an
 oath
 That shook Heaven's whole circumference,
 confirmed.
 Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to
 learn
 What creatures there inhabit, of what
 mould 355
 Or substance, how endued, and what their
 power,
 And where their weakness: how attempted
 best,
 By force or subtlety. Though Heaven be
 shut,
 And Heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure
 In his own strength, this place may lie ex-
 posed, 360
 The utmost border of his kingdom, left
 To their defence who hold it; here, perhaps,
 Some advantageous act may be achieved
 By sudden onset—either with Hell-fire
 To waste his whole creation, or possess 365
 All as our own, and drive, as we were
 driven,

¹ made an end of.

The puny habitants; or if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting
hand

Abolish his own works. This would sur-
pass 370

Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In his disturbance; when his darling sons,
Hurled headlong to partake with us, shall
curse

Their frail original, and faded bliss— 375
Faded so soon! Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires." Thus Beëlzebub
Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devised
By Satan, and in part proposed; for
whence, 380

But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and Earth with
Hell

To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? But their spite still
serves 385

His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleased highly those Infernal States, and
joy

Sparkled in all their eyes: with full assent
They vote: whereat his speech he thus
renews:—

"Well have ye judged, well ended long
debate, 390

Synod of gods! and, like to what ye are,
Great things resolved; which from the
lowest deep

Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seat—perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence, with
neighboring arms 395

And opportune excursion, we may chance
Re-enter Heaven; or else in some mild
zone

Dwell, not unvisited of Heaven's fair light,
Secure, and at the brightening orient beam
Purge off this gloom: the soft delicious air,
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires, 401
Shall breathe her balm. But first, whom
shall we send

In search of this new world? whom shall
we find

Sufficient? who shall tempt with wander-
ing feet

The dark, unbottomed, infinite Abyss, 405

And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his aery flight,
Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy isle? What strength, what art,
can then 410

Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict senteries and stations
thick

Of Angels watching round? Here he had
need

All circumspection: and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we
send, 415

The weight of all, and our last hope, relies."

This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appeared
To second, or oppose, or undertake

The perilous attempt. But all sat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts;
and each 421

In other's countenance read his own dis-
may,

Astonished. None among the choice and
prime

Of those Heaven-warring champions could
be found

So hardy as to proffer or accept, 425
Alone, the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory
raised

Above his fellows, with monarchical pride
Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus
spake:—

"O Progeny of Heaven! Empyrean
Thrones! 430

With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seized us, though undismayed. Long is
the way

And hard, that out of Hell leads up to
Light.

Our prison strong, this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold; and gates of burning adamant,
Barred over us, prohibit all egress. 437

These passed, if any pass, the void pro-
found

Of unessential¹ Night receives him next,
Wide-gaping, and with utter loss of being
Threatens him, plunged in that abortive
gulf. 441

If thence he scape into whatever world
Or unknown region, what remains him less

¹ devoid of being, or essence.

Than unknown dangers and as hard escape?
 But I should ill become this throne, O
 Peers, 445
 And this imperial sovranity, adorned
 With splendor, armed with power, if
 aught proposed
 And judged of public moment, in the shape
 Of difficulty or danger, could deter
 Me from attempting. Wherefore do I
 assume 450
 These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
 Refusing to accept as great a share
 Of hazard as of honor, due alike
 To him who reigns, and so much to him
 due
 Of hazard more, as he above the rest 455
 High honored sits? Go therefore, mighty
 Powers,
 Terror of Heaven, though fallen; intend at
 home,
 While here shall be our home, what best
 may ease
 The present misery, and render Hell
 More tolerable; if there be cure or charm
 To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain 461
 Of this ill mansion; intermit no watch
 Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad
 Through all the coasts of dark destruction
 seek
 Deliverance for us all. This enterprise 465
 None shall partake with me." Thus say-
 ing, rose
 The Monarch, and prevented all reply;
 Prudent, lest, from his resolution raised,¹
 Others among the chief might offer now,
 Certain to be refused, what erst they
 feared, 470
 And, so refused, might in opinion stand
 His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
 Which he through hazard huge must earn.
 But they
 Dreaded not more the adventure than his
 voice
 Forbidding; and at once with him they
 rose. 475
 Their rising all at once was as the sound
 Of thunder heard remote. Towards him
 they bend
 With awful reverence prone, and as a god
 Extol him equal to the Highest in Heaven.
 Nor failed they to express how much they
 praised 480

¹ encouraged by his resolution.

That for the general safety he despised
 His own; for neither do the Spirits damned
 Lose all their virtue,—lest bad men should
 boast
 Their specious deeds on Earth, which glory
 excites,
 Or close ambition varnished o'er with zeal.
 Thus they their doubtful consultations
 dark 486
 Ended, rejoicing in their matchless Chief:
 As when from mountain-tops the dusky
 clouds
 Ascending, while the North-wind sleeps,
 o'erspread
 Heaven's cheerful face, the louting ele-
 ment 490
 Scowls o'er the darkened landskip snow or
 shower,
 If chance the radiant sun with farewell
 sweet
 Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
 The birds their notes renew, and bleating
 herds 494
 Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
 O shame to men! Devil with devil damned
 Firm concord holds; men only disagree
 Of creatures rational, though under hope
 Of heavenly grace; and, God proclaiming
 peace,
 Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife 500
 Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
 Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:
 As if (which might induce us to accord)
 Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
 That day and night for his destruction
 wait! 505
 The Stygian council thus dissolved; and
 forth
 In order came the grand Infernal Peers:
 Midst came their mighty Paramount, and
 seemed
 Alone the antagonist of Heaven, nor less
 Than Hell's dread Emperor, with pomp
 supreme, 510
 And god-like imitated state; him round
 A globe of fiery Seraphim enclosed
 With bright emblazonry and horrent²
 arms.
 Then of their session ended they bid cry
 With trumpet's regal sound the great
 result: 515
 Toward the four winds four speedy
 Cherubim

² bristling.

Put to their mouths the sounding alchymy,¹
By harald's voice explained; the hollow
Abyss

Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell
With deafening shout returned them loud
acclaim. 520

Thence more at ease their minds, and
somewhat raised

By false presumptuous hope, the ranged
Powers

Disband; and, wandering, each his several
way

Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
Leads him perplexed, where he may like-
liest find 525

Truce to his restless thoughts, and enter-
tain

The irksome hours, till his great Chief
return.

Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,²
Upon the wing or in swift race contend,
As at the Olympian games or Pythian
fields; 530

Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the
goal

With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades
form:

As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds; before each van
Prick forth the aery knights, and couch
their spears, 536

Till thickest legions close; with feats of
arms

From either end of Heaven the welkin
burns.

Others, with vast Typhoean rage, more
fell,

Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the
air 540

In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild
uproar:

As when Alcides, from Æchalia crowned
With conquest, felt the envenomed robe,
and tore

Through pain up by the roots Thessalian
pines,

And Lichas from the top of Æta threw 545
Into the Euboic sea. Others, more mild,

Retreated in a silent valley, sing

With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds, and hapless fall

By doom of battle, and complain that Fate

¹ trumpet.

² raised.

Free Virtue should enthrall to Force or
Chance. 551

Their song was partial, but the harmony
(What could it less when Spirits immortal
sing?)

Suspended Hell, and took with ravish-
ment

The thronging audience. In discourse
more sweet 555

(For eloquence the soul, song charms the
sense)

Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned
high

Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and
fate,

Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge ab-
solute, 560

And found no end, in wandering mazes
lost.

Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happiness and final misery,

Passion and apathy, and glory and shame:
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy!—

Yet with a pleasing sorcery could charm
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite 567

Fallacious hope, or arm the obdured³
breast

With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
Another part, in squadrons and gross

bands, 570

On bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps

Might yield them easier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march, along the

banks

Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge 575
Into the burning lake their baleful streams:

Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron, of sorrow, black and deep;

Cocytus, named of lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce

Phlegeton, 580

Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with
rage.

Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls

Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks
Forthwith his former state and being

forgets, 585

Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and
pain.

Beyond this flood a frozen continent

³ obdurate.

Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
 Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems 590
 Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,
 A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
 Betwixt Damietta and Mount Casius old,
 Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
 Burns frore,¹ and cold performs the effect of fire. 595
 Thither, by harpy-footed Furies haled,
 At certain revolutions all the damned
 Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
 Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
 From beds of raging fire to starve² in ice
 Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine 601
 Immovable, infixed, and frozen round
 Periods of time,—thence hurried back to fire.
 They ferry over this Lethæan sound
 Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,
 And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach 606
 The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
 All in one moment, and so near the brink;
 But Fate withstands, and, to oppose the attempt 610
 Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
 The ford, and of itself the water flies
 All taste of living wight, as once it fled
 The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
 In confused march forlorn, the adventurous bands, 615
 With shuddering horror pale, and eyes aghast,
 Viewed first their lamentable lot, and found
 No rest. Through many a dark and dreary vale
 They passed, and many a region dolorous,
 O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp, 620
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death—
 A universe of death, which God by curse
 Created evil, for evil only good;

¹ frozen.² extinguish.

Where all life dies, death lives, and Nature breeds,
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things, 625
 Abominable, inutterable, and worse
 Than fables yet have feigned, or fear conceived,
 Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.
 Meanwhile the Adversary of God and Man,
 Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design, 630
 Puts on swift wings, and toward the gates of Hell
 Explores his solitary flight: sometimes
 He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left;
 Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
 Up to the fiery concave towering high. 635
 As when far off at sea a fleet descried
 Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
 Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
 Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
 Their spicy drugs; they on the trading flood, 640
 Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,
 Ply stemming nightly toward the pole: so seemed
 Far off the flying Fiend. At last appear
 Hell-bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
 And thrice threefold the gates; three folds were brass, 645
 Three iron, three of adamant rock
 Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
 Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat
 On either side a formidable Shape.
 The one seemed woman to the waist, and fair, 650
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold,
 Voluminous and vast—a serpent armed
 With mortal sting. About her middle round
 A cry of Hell-hounds never-ceasing barked
 With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung 655
 A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep,
 If aught disturbed their noise, into her womb,

And kennel there; yet there still barked
and howled
Within unseen. Far less abhorred than
these 659
Vexed Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore;
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when,
called
In secret, riding through the air she
comes,
Lured with the smell of infant blood, to
dance
With Lapland witches, while the laboring
moon 665
Eclipses at their charms. The other
Shape—
If shape it might be called that shape had
none.
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be called that shadow
seemed,
For each seemed either—black it stood as
Night, 670
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seemed
his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast,
With horrid strides; Hell trembled as he
strode. 676
The undaunted Fiend what this might be
admired¹—
Admired, not feared—God and his Son
except,
Created thing naught valued he nor
shunned—
And with disdainful look thus first began:
“Whence and what art thou, execrable
Shape, 681
That dar’st, though grim and terrible,
advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? Through them I mean
to pass,
That be assured, without leave asked of
thee. 685
Retire; or taste thy folly, and learn by
proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of
Heaven.”
To whom the Goblin, full of wrath, re-
plied:—

¹ wondered.

“Art thou that Traitor-Angel, art thou he
Who first broke peace in Heaven and faith,
till then 690
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of Heaven’s
sons,
Conjured against the Highest, for which
both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here con-
demned
To waste eternal days in woe and pain? 695
And recon’st thou thyself with Spirits of
Heaven,
Hell-doomed, and breath’st defiance here
and scorn,
Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee
more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punish-
ment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue 701
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this
dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs un-
felt before.”
So spake the grisly Terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatening, grew ten-
fold 705
More dreadful and deform. On the other
side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burned,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid
hair 710
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the
head
Levelled his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend; and such a frown
Each cast at the other as when two black
clouds,
With Heaven’s artillery fraught, come
rattling on 715
Over the Caspian—then stand front to
front
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid-air.
So frowned the mighty combatants that
Hell
Grew darker at their frown; so matched
they stood; 720
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe. And now great
deeds

Had been achieved, whereof all Hell had rung,
 Had not the snaky Sorceress that sat 724
 Fast by Hell-gate and kept the fatal key,
 Risen, and with hideous outcry rushed between.

"O father, what intends thy hand," she cried,
 "Against thy only son? What fury, O son,
 Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
 Against thy father's head? and know'st for whom? 730

For him who sits above, and laughs the while
 At thee, ordained his drudge to execute
 Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids—

His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both!"

She spake, and at her words the hellish Pest 735

Forbore: then these to her Satan returned:
 "So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange

Thou interposest, that my sudden hand,
 Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds
 What it intends, till first I know of thee 740
 What thing thou art, thus double-formed, and why,

In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st
 Me father; and that phantasm call'st my son.

I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
 Sight more detestable than him and thee."

To whom thus the Portress of Hell-gate replied:— 746

"Hast thou forgot me, then, and do I seem
 Now in thine eye so foul? once deemed so fair

In Heaven, when at the assembly, and in sight

Of all the Seraphim with thee combined 750
 In bold conspiracy against Heaven's King,

All on a sudden miserable pain
 Surprised thee; dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum

In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast

Threw forth, till on the left side opening wide, 755

Likest to thee in shape and countenance bright,

Then shining heavenly fair, a goddess armed,

Out of thy head I sprung. Amazement seized

All the host of Heaven: back they recoiled afraid 759

At first, and called me *Sin*, and for a sign
 Portentous held me; but, familiar grown,
 I pleased, and with attractive graces won
 The most averse; thee chiefly, who full oft
 Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing
 Becam'st enamored; and such joy thou took'st 765

With me in secret, that my womb conceived

A growing burden. Meanwhile war arose,
 And fields were fought in Heaven; wherein remained

(For what could else?) to our Almighty Foe

Clear victory; to our part loss and rout 770
 Through all the Empyrean. Down they fell,

Driven headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down

Into this deep; and in the general fall

I also: at which time this powerful key

Into my hands was given, with charge to keep 775

These gates forever shut, which none can pass

Without my opening. Pensive here I sat

Alone; but long I sat not, till my womb,
 Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,

Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes.
 At last this odious offspring whom thou seest, 781

Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,
 Tore through my entrails, that, with fear, and pain

Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
 Transformed; but he, my inbred enemy,

Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart,
 Made to destroy. I fled, and cried out

Death! 787

Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sighed

From all her caves, and back resounded *Death!*

I fled; but he pursued (though more, it seems, 790

Inflamed with lust than rage) and, swifter far,

Me overtook, his mother, all dismayed,
 And, in embraces forcible and foul

Engendering with me, of that rape begot
These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless
cry 795

Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceived

And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
To me: for, when they list, into the womb
That bred them they return, and howl,
and gnaw

My bowels, their repast; then, bursting
forth 800

Afresh, with conscious terrors vex me
round,

That rest or intermission none I find.

Before mine eyes in opposition sits

Grim Death, my son and foe, who sets
them on,

And me, his parent, would full soon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involved, and knows
that I 807

Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
Whenever that shall be: so Fate pronounced.

But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope 811
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
Though tempered heavenly; for that mortal dint,

Save he who reigns above, none can resist."

She finished; and the subtle Fiend his
lore 815

Soon learned, now milder, and thus answered smooth:—

"Dear daughter—since thou claim'st me
for thy sire,

And my fair son here show'st me, the dear
pledge

Of dalliance had with thee in Heaven, and
joys

Then sweet, now sad to mention, through
dire change 820

Befallen us unforeseen, unthought of—
know,

I come no enemy, but to set free

From out this dark and dismal house of
pain

Both him and thee, and all the Heavenly
host

Of Spirits that, in our just pretences
armed, 825

Fell with us from on high. From them I go
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all

Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
The unfounded Deep, and through the
void immense

To search with wandering quest a place
foretold 830

Should be—and by concurring signs, ere
now

Created vast and round—a place of bliss
In the purlieu of Heaven; and therein
placed

A race of upstart creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more
removed, 835

Lest Heaven, surcharged with potent multitude,

Might hap to move new broils. Be this,
or aught

Than this more secret, now designed, I
haste

To know; and, this once known, shall soon
return,

And bring ye to the place where thou and
Death 840

Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen

Wing silently the buxom¹ air, embalmed
With odors: there ye shall be fed and filled
Immeasurably; all things shall be your
prey."

He ceased; for both seemed highly
pleased, and Death 845

Grinned horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be filled, and blessed his
maw

Destined to that good hour. No less rejoiced

His mother bad, and thus bespake her
sire:—

"The key of this infernal pit, by due 850
And by command of Heaven's all-powerful
King,

I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
These adamantine gates; against all force

Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o'ermatched by living
might. 855

But what owe I to his commands above,
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me
down

Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To sit in hateful office here confined,

Inhabitant of Heaven and Heavenly-
born,— 860

¹ yielding, obedient.

Here in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrors and with clamors compassed
round

Of mine own brood, that on my bowels
feed?

Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My being gav'st me; whom should I obey
But thee? whom follow? Thou wilt bring
me soon 866

To that new world of light and bliss, among
The gods who live at ease, where I shall
reign

At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without
end." 870

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And, towards the gate rolling her bestial
train,

Forthwith the huge portcullis high up-
drew,

Which but herself not all the Stygian
Powers 875

Could once have moved; then in the key-
hole turns

The intricate wards, and every bolt and
bar

Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
Unfastens. On a sudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
The infernal doors, and on their hinges
grate 881

Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom
shook

Of Erebus. She opened; but to shut
Excelled her power: the gates wide open
stood,

That with extended wings a bannered
host, 885

Under spread ensigns marching, might
pass through

With horse and chariots ranked in loose
array;

So wide they stood; and like a furnace-
mouth

Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy
flame.

Before their eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoary Deep, a dark 891
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension; where length, breadth,
and highth,

And time, and place, are lost; where eldest
Night

And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold 895
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four
champions fierce,

Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the
flag 900

Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-armed or heavy, sharp, smooth,
swift, or slow,

Swarm populous, unnumbered as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring winds, and
poise 905

Their lighter wings. To whom these most
adhere,

He rules a moment; Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray
By which he reigns; next him, high arbiter,
Chance governs all. Into this wild Abyss,
The womb of Nature, and perhaps her
grave, 911

Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes
mixed

Confusedly, and which thus must ever
fight, 914

Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds—
Into this wild Abyss the wary Fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell and looked
awhile,

Pondering his voyage; for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less
pealed 920

With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with small) than when Bel-
lona storms

With all her battering engines, bent to
rase

Some capital city; or less than if this frame
Of Heaven were falling, and these elements
In mutiny had from her axle torn 926
The steadfast Earth. At last his sail-
broad vans

He spreads for flight, and, in the surging
smoke

Uplifted, spurns the ground; thence many
a league,

As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides 930
Audacious; but, that seat soon failing,
meets

A vast vacuity. All unawares,

Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb-down
 he drops
 Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this
 hour
 Down had been falling, had not, by ill
 chance, 935
 The strong rebuff of some tumultuous
 cloud,
 Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
 As many miles aloft. That fury stayed—
 Quenched in a boggy Syrtis,¹ neither
 sea
 Nor good dry land—nigh foundered, on
 he fares, 940
 Treading the crude consistence, half on
 foot,
 Half flying; behoves him now both oar
 and sail.
 As when a gryphon through the wilderness
 With winged course, o'er hill or moory
 dale,
 Pursues the Arimaspians, who by stealth 945
 Had from his wakeful custody purloined
 The guarded gold: so eagerly the Fiend
 O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough,
 dense, or rare,
 With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues
 his way,
 And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps,
 or flies. 950
 At length a universal hubbub wild
 Of stunning sounds and voices all confused,
 Borne through the hollow dark, assaults
 his ear
 With loudest vehemence. Thither he plies
 Undaunted, to meet there whatever
 Power 955
 Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss
 Might in that noise reside, of whom to
 ask
 Which way the nearest coast of darkness
 lies
 Bordering on light; when straight behold
 the throne
 Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread 960
 Wide on the wasteful Deep! With him
 enthroned
 Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
 The consort of his reign; and by them stood
 Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
 Of Demogorgon; Rumor next, and Chance,
 And Tumult, and Confusion, all em-
 broiled, 966

¹quicksand.

And Discord with a thousand various
 mouths.

To whom Satan, turning boldly, thus:—
 “Ye Powers

And Spirits of this nethermost Abyss,
 Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy,
 With purpose to explore or to disturb 971
 The secrets of your realm; but, by con-
 straint

Wandering this darksome desert, as my
 way

Lies through your spacious empire up to
 light,

Alone and without guide, half lost, I seek
 What readiest path leads where your
 gloomy bounds 976

Confine² with Heaven; or if some other
 place,

From your dominion won, the Ethereal
 King

Possesses lately, thither to arrive
 I travel this profound. Direct my course:

Directed, no mean recompense it brings
 To your behoof, if I that region lost, 982

All usurpation thence expelled, reduce
 To her original darkness and your sway
 (Which is my present journey), and once
 more 985

Erect the standard there of ancient Night.
 Yours be the advantage all, mine the re-
 venge!”

Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch
 old,

With faltering speech and visage incom-
 posed,

Answered:—“I know thee, stranger, who
 thou art: 990

That mighty leading Angel, who of late
 Made head against Heaven's King, though
 overthrown.

I saw and heard; for such a numerous host
 Fled not in silence through the frightened
 Deep,

With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout, 995
 Confusion worse confounded; and Heaven-
 gates

Poured out by millions her victorious
 bands,

Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
 Keep residence; if all I can will serve

That little which is left so to defend, 1000
 Encroached on still through our intestine
 broils,

²are contiguous to.

Weakening the sceptre of old Night: first,
 Hell,
 Your dungeon, stretching far and wide
 beneath;
 Now lately Heaven and Earth, another
 world
 Hung o'er my realm, linked in a golden
 chain 1005
 To that side Heaven from whence your
 legions fell!
 If that way be your walk, you have not
 far;
 So much the nearer danger. Go, and
 speed!
 Havoc, and spoil, and ruin, are my gain."
 He ceased; and Satan stayed not to
 reply, 1010
 But, glad that now his sea should find a
 shore,
 With fresh alacrity and force renewed
 Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,
 Into the wild expanse, and through the
 shock.
 Of fighting elements, on all sides round
 Environed, wins his way; harder beset 1016
 And more endangered, than when Argo
 passed
 Through Bosphorus betwixt the justling
 rocks;
 Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunned
 Charybdis, and by the other whirlpool
 steered: 1020
 So he with difficulty and labor hard
 Moved on. With difficulty and labor he;
 But, he once passed, soon after, when Man
 fell,
 Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
 Following his track (such was the will of
 Heaven) 1025
 Paved after him a broad and beaten way
 Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling gulf
 Tamely endured a bridge of wondrous
 length,
 From Hell continued, reaching the utmost
 orb
 Of this frail World; by which the Spirits
 perverse 1030
 With easy intercourse pass to and fro
 To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
 God and good Angels guard by special
 grace.
 But now at last the sacred influence
 Of light appears, and from the walls of
 Heaven 1035

Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night
 A glimmering dawn. Here Nature first
 begins
 Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire,
 As from her outmost works, a broken foe,
 With tumult less and with less hostile
 din; 1040
 That Satan with less toil, and now with
 ease,
 Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious
 light,
 And, like a weather-beaten vessel, holds
 Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle
 torn; 1044
 Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,
 Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to be-
 hold
 Far off the empyreal Heaven, extended
 wide
 In circuit, undetermined square or round,
 With opal towers, and battlements
 adorned 1049
 Of living sapphire, once his native seat;
 And fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
 This pendent World, in bigness as a star
 Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.
 Thither, full fraught with mischievous re-
 venge,
 Accurst, and in a cursed hour, he hies. 1055

From BOOK XII

THE EXPULSION FROM PARADISE

He ended, and they both descend the
 hill. 604
 Descended, Adam to the bower where Eve
 Lay sleeping ran before, but found her
 waked;
 And thus with words not sad she him re-
 ceived:—
 "Whence thou return'st and whither
 went'st I know; 610
 For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,
 Which he hath sent propitious, some great
 good
 Presaging, since, with sorrow and heart's
 distress
 Wearied, I fell asleep. But now lead on;
 In me is no delay; with thee to go 615
 Is to stay here; without thee here to stay
 Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
 Art all things under Heaven, all places
 thou,

Who for my wilful crime art banished
hence.

This further consolation yet secure 620
I carry hence: though all by me is lost,
Such favor I unworthy am voutsafed,
By me the Promised Seed shall all restore."

So spake our mother Eve; and Adam
heard

Well pleased, but answered not; for now
too nigh 625

The Archangel stood, and from the other
hill

To their fixed station, all in bright array,
The Cherubim descended, on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
Risen from a river o'er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the laborer's
heel 631

Homeward returning. High in front ad-
vanced,

The brandished sword of God before them
blazed,

Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapor as the Libyan air adust,¹ 635
Began to parch that temperate clime;
whereat

In either hand the hastening Angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern
gate

Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain—then disappeared.
They, looking back, all the eastern side
beheld 641

Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand; the
gate

With dreadful faces thronged and fiery
arms.

Some natural tears they dropped, but
wiped them soon; 645

The world was all before them, where to
choose

Their place of rest, and Providence their
guide.

They, hand in hand, with wandering steps
and slow,

Through Eden took their solitary way.

From AREOPAGITICA

I deny not, but that it is of greatest
concernment in the Church and Common-
wealth, to have a vigilant eye how books

¹ scorched.

demean themselves as well as men; and
thereafter to confine, imprison, and do
sharpest justice on them as malefactors.
For books are not absolutely dead things,
but do contain a potency of life in them
to be as active as that soul was whose
progeny they are; nay, they do pre- [10
serve as in a vial the purest efficacy and
extraction of that living intellect that
bred them. I know they are as lively,
and as vigorously productive, as those
fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown
up and down, may chance to spring up
armed men. And yet on the other hand,
unless wariness be used, as good almost
kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a
man kills a reasonable creature, God's [20
image; but he who destroys a good book,
kills reason itself, kills the image of God,
as it were in the eye. Many a man lives
a burden to the earth; but a good book is
the precious lifeblood of a master spirit,
embalmed and treasured up on purpose
to a life beyond life. 'Tis true, no age
can restore a life, whereof perhaps there
is no great loss; and revolutions of ages
do not oft recover the loss of a rejected [30
truth, for the want of which whole na-
tions fare the worse. We should be wary
therefore what persecution we raise against
the living labors of public men, how we
spill that seasoned life of man, preserved
and stored up in books; since we see a
kind of homicide may be thus committed,
sometimes a martyrdom, and if it extend
to the whole impression, a kind of mas-
sacre, whereof the execution ends not [40
in the slaying of an elemental life, but
strikes at that ethereal and fifth essence
the breath of reason itself; slays an im-
mortality rather than a life. . . . But
some will say, "What though the in-
ventors were bad, the thing for all that
may be good?" It may so; yet if that
thing be no such deep invention, but
obvious, and easy for any man to light
on, and yet best and wisest common- [50
wealths through all ages and occasions
have forborne to use it, and falsest se-
ducers and oppressors of men were the
first who took it up, and to no other pur-
pose but to obstruct and hinder the first
approach of Reformation, I am of those
who believe, it will be a harder alchemy

than Lullius ever knew, to sublimate any good use out of such an invention. Yet this only is what I request to gain [60 from this reason, that it may be held a dangerous and suspicious fruit, as certainly it deserves, for the tree that bore it, until I can dissect one by one the properties it has. . . . Books are as meats and viands are; some of good, some of evil substance; and yet God in that unapocryphal vision, said without exception, "Rise, Peter, kill and eat," leaving the choice to each man's discretion. [70 Wholesome meats to a vitiated stomach differ little or nothing from unwholesome; and best books to a naughty mind are not unapplicable to occasions of evil. Bad meats will scarce breed good nourishment in the healthiest concoction; but herein the difference is of bad books, that they to a discreet and judicious reader serve in many respects to discover, to confute, to forewarn, and to illustrate. [80 Whereof what better witness can ye expect I should produce, than one of your own now sitting in Parliament, the chief of learned men reputed in this land, Mr. Selden; whose volume of natural and national laws proves, not only by great authorities brought together, but by exquisite reasons and theorems almost mathematically demonstrative, that all opinions, yea errors, known, read, [90 and collated, are of main service and assistance toward the speedy attainment of what is truest. I conceive, therefore, that when God did enlarge the universal diet of man's body, saving ever the rules of temperance, He then also, as before, left arbitrary the dieting and repasting of our minds; as wherein every mature man might have to exercise his own leading capacity. How great a virtue [100 is temperance, how much of moment through the whole life of man! Yet God commits the managing so great a trust, without particular law or prescription, wholly to the demeanor of every grown man. And therefore when He Himself tabled the Jews from heaven, that omer, which was every man's daily portion of manna, is computed to have been more than might have well sufficed the [110 heartiest feeder thrice as many meals.

For those actions which enter into a man, rather than issue out of him, and therefore defile not, God uses not to captivate under a perpetual childhood of prescription, but trusts him with the gift of reason to be his own chooser; there were but little work left for preaching, if law and compulsion should grow so fast upon those things which heretofore [120 were governed only by exhortation. . . . Good and evil we know in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed on Psyche as an incessant labor to cull out and sort asunder, were not [130 more intermixed. It was from out the rind of one apple tasted that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil, that is to say of knowing good by evil. As therefore the state of man now is, what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear, without [140 the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true warfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland [150 is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather; that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue therefore which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure; her whiteness is but an excremental whiteness; which was the reason why our sage and serious poet Spenser, whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas, describing true temperance under the person of

Guyon, brings him in with his palmer through the cave of Mammon, and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain. Since therefore the knowledge and survey of [170 vice is in this world so necessary to the constituting of human virtue, and the scanning of error to the confirmation of truth, how can we more safely, and with less danger scout into the regions of sin and falsity than by reading all manner of tractates and hearing all manner of reason? And this is the benefit which may be had of books promiscuously read.

* * * * *

I lastly proceed from the no good [180 it can do, to the manifest hurt it causes, in being first the greatest discouragement and affront that can be offered to learning, and to learned men.

It was the complaint and lamentation of prelates, upon every least breath of a motion to remove pluralities, and distribute more equally Church revenues, that then all learning would be for ever dashed and discouraged. But as for that [190 opinion, I never found cause to think that the tenth part of learning stood or fell with the clergy: nor could I ever but hold it for a sordid and unworthy speech of any churchman who had a competency left him. If therefore ye be loth to dishearten heartily and discontent, not the mercenary crew of false pretenders to learning, but the free and ingenuous sort of such as evidently were born to [200 study, and love learning for itself, not for lucre, or any other end, but the service of God and of truth, and perhaps that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose published labors advance the good of mankind, then know, that so far to distrust the judgment and the honesty of one who hath but a common repute in learn- [210 ing, and never yet offended, as not to count him fit to print his mind without a tutor and examiner, lest he should drop a schism, or something of corruption, is the greatest displeasure and indignity to a free and knowing spirit that can be put upon him. What advantage is it to be a

man over it is to be a boy at school, if we have only escaped the ferular to come under the fescu of an *Imprimatur*? if [220 serious and elaborate writings, as if they were no more than the theme of a grammar-lad under his pedagogue must not be uttered without the cursory eyes of a temporising and extemporising licenser? He who is not trusted with his own actions, his drift not being known to be evil, and standing to the hazard of law and penalty, has no great argument to think himself reputed in the Common- [230 wealth wherein he was born, for other than a fool or a foreigner. When a man writes to the world, he summons up all his reason and deliberation to assist him; he searches, meditates, is industrious, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends; after all which done, he takes himself to be informed in what he writes, as well as any that writ before him; if in this the most consummate act [240 of his fidelity and ripeness, no years, no industry, no former proof of his abilities, can bring him to that state of maturity, as not to be still mistrusted and suspected, unless he carry all his considerate diligence, all his midnight watchings, and expense of Palladian oil, to the hasty view of an unlesured licenser, perhaps much his younger, perhaps far his inferior in judgment, perhaps one who never knew [250 the labor of book writing; and if he be not repulsed, or slighted, must appear in print like a puny with his guardian, and his censor's hand on the back of his title to be his bail and security that he is no idiot, or seducer,—it can not be but a dishonor and derogation to the author, to the book, to the privilege and dignity of learning. . . .

Lords and Commons of England, [260 consider what nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors: a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit, acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to. Therefore the studies of learning in her deepest sciences have been so ancient and so eminent among us, that writers of [270 good antiquity and ablest judgment have

been persuaded that even the school of Pythagoras and the Persian wisdom took beginning from the old philosophy of this island. And that wise and civil Roman, Julius Agricola, who governed once here for Cæsar, preferred the natural wits of Britain, before the labored studies of the French. . . . Yet that which is above all this, the favor and the love of [280] Heaven, we have great argument to think in a peculiar manner propitious and propending towards us. Why else was this nation chosen before any other, that out of her as out of Sion should be proclaimed and sounded forth the first tidings and trumpet of Reformation to all Europe? . . . But now, as our obdurate clergy have with violence demeaned the matter, we are become hitherto the latest [290] and the backwardest scholars, of whom God offered to have made us the teachers. Now once again by all concurrence of signs, and by the general instinct of holy and devout men, as they daily and solemnly express their thoughts, God is decreeing to begin some new and great period in His church, even to the reforming of Reformation itself: what does He then but reveal Himself to His serv- [300] ants, and as His manner is, first to His Englishmen: I say as His manner is, first to us, though we mark not the method of His counsels, and are unworthy. Behold now this vast city: a city of refuge, the mansion house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with His protection. The shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers waking, to fashion out the plates and instruments of [310] armed justice in defense of beleaguered truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching Reformation; others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and conviction. What could a man require more from [320] a nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge? What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil, but wise and faithful laborers, to make a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of

sages, and of worthies? We reckon more than five months yet to harvest; there need not be five weeks; had we but eyes to lift up, the fields are white already. Where there is much desire to learn, [330] there of necessity will be much arguing, much writing, many opinions; for opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making. Under these fantastic terrors of sect and schism, we wrong the earnest and zealous thirst after knowledge and understanding which God hath stirred up in this city. What some lament of, we rather should rejoice at; should rather praise this pious forwardness among [340] men, to reassume the ill-deputed care of their religion into their own hands again. A little generous prudence, a little forbearance of one another, and some grain of charity might win all these diligences to join and unite in one general and brotherly search after truth, could we but forego this prelatical tradition of crowding free consciences and Christian liberties into canons and precepts of [350] men. I doubt not, if some great and worthy stranger should come among us, wise to discern the mould and temper of a people, and how to govern it, observing the high hopes and aims, the diligent alacrity of our extended thoughts and reasonings in the pursuance of truth and freedom, but that he would cry out as Pyrrhus did, admiring the Roman docility and courage, "If such were my [360] Epirots, I would not despair the greatest design that could be attempted to make a church or kingdom happy." Yet these are the men cried out against for schismatics and sectaries; as if, while the temple of the Lord was building, some cutting, some squaring the marble, others hewing the cedars, there should be a sort of irrational men who would not consider there must be many schisms [370] and many dissections made in the quarry and in the timber, ere the house of God can be built. And when every stone is laid artfully together, it cannot be united into a continuity, it can but be contiguous in this world; neither can every piece of the building be of one form; nay, rather the perfection consists in this, that out of many moderate varieties and brotherly

dissimilitudes that are not vastly [380] disproportional, arises the goodly and the graceful symmetry that commends the whole pile and structure. Let us therefore be more considerate builders, more wise in spiritual architecture, when great reformation is expected. For now the time seems come, wherein Moses the great prophet may sit in heaven rejoicing to see that memorable and glorious wish of his fulfilled, when not only our [390] seventy elders, but all the Lord's people, are become prophets. No marvel then though some men, and some good men too, perhaps, but young in goodness, as Joshua then was, envy them. They fret, and out of their own weakness are in agony, lest those divisions and subdivisions will undo us. The adversary again applauds, and waits the hour; when they have branched themselves out (saith [400] he) small enough into parties and partitions, then will be our time. Fool! he sees not the firm root, out of which we all grow, though into branches; nor will beware until he see our small divided maniples cutting through at every angle of his ill-united and unwieldy brigade. . . .

And now the time in special is, by privilege to write and speak what may help [410] to the further discussing of matters in agitation. The temple of Janus with his two controversial faces might now not unsignificantly be set open. And though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse, in a free [420] and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. He who hears what praying there is for light and clearer knowledge to be sent down among us, would think of other matters to be constituted beyond the discipline of Geneva, framed and fabricked already to our hands. Yet when the new light which we beg for shines in upon us, there be who envy and oppose, if it come not [430] first in at their casements. What a collusion is this, whenas we are exhorted by the wise man to use diligence, to seek for

wisdom as for hidden treasures early and late, that another order shall enjoin us to know nothing but by statute? When a man hath been laboring the hardest labor in the deep mines of knowledge, hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage, drawn forth his reasons as it were [440] a battle ranged, scattered and defeated all objections in his way, calls out his adversary into the plain, offers him the advantage of wind and sun, if he please, only that he may try the matter by dint of argument—for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambushments, to keep a narrow bridge of licensing where the challenger should pass, though it be valor enough in soldiership, is but weakness [450] and cowardice in the wars of Truth. For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, no stratagems, no licensings to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defenses that error uses against her power. Give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps, for then she speaks not true, as the old Proteus did, who spake oracles only when he was caught and [460] bound; but then rather she turns herself into all shapes, except her own, and perhaps tunes her voice according to the time, as Micaiah did before Ahab, until she be adjured into her own likeness. Yet it is not impossible that she may have more shapes than one. What else is all that rank of things indifferent, wherein Truth may be on this side, or on the other, without being unlike herself? [470] What but a vain shadow else is the abolition of those ordinances, that hand-writing nailed to the cross? what great purchase is this Christian liberty which Paul so often boasts of? His doctrine is, that he who eats or eats not, regards a day or regards it not, may do either to the Lord. How many other things might be tolerated in peace, and left to conscience, had we but charity, and were it not the [480] chief stronghold of our hypocrisy to be ever judging one another. I fear yet this iron yoke of outward conformity hath left a slavish print upon our necks; the ghost of a linen decency yet haunts us. We stumble and are impatient at the least dividing of one visible congregation from

another, though it be not in fundamentals; and through our forwardness to suppress, and our backwardness to re- [490 cover any enthralled piece of truth out of the gripe of custom, we care not to keep truth separated from truth, which is the fiercest rent and disunion of all. We do not see that while we still affect by all means a rigid external formality, we may as soon fall again into a gross conforming stupidity, a stark and dead congealment of wood and hay and stubble forced and frozen together, which is more to the [500 sudden degenerating of a church than many subdichotomies of petty schisms. Not that I can think well of every light separation, or that all in a church is to be expected gold and silver and precious stones. It is not possible for man to sever the wheat from the tares, the good fish from the other fry; that must be the angels' ministry at the end of mortal things. Yet if all cannot be of one [510 mind, (as who looks they should be?) this doubtless is more wholesome, more prudent, and more Christian, that many be tolerated, rather than all compelled. I mean not tolerated popery, and open superstition, which, as it extirpates all religions and civil supremacies, so itself should be extirpate, provided first that all charitable and compassionate means be used to win and regain the weak [520 and the misled: that also which is impious or evil absolutely either against faith or manners, no law can possibly permit that intends not to unlay itself. But those neighboring differences, or rather indifferences, are what I speak of, whether in some point of doctrine or of discipline, which though they may be many, yet need not interrupt the unity of Spirit, if we could but find among us [530 the bond of peace. In the meanwhile if any one would write, and bring his helpful hand to the slow-moving reformation which we labor under, if Truth have spoken to him before others, or but seemed at least to speak, who hath so bejesuited us that we should trouble that man with asking license to do so worthy a deed? and not consider this, that if it come to prohibiting, there is not aught [540 more likely to be prohibited than truth

itself; whose first appearance to our eyes bleared and dimmed with prejudice and custom, is more unsightly and unpalatable than many errors, even as the person is of many a great man slight and contemptible to see to. And what do they tell us vainly of new opinions, when this very opinion of theirs, that none must be heard but whom they like, is the [550 worst and newest opinion of all others, and is the chief cause why sects and schisms do so much abound, and true knowledge is kept at distance from us, besides yet a greater danger which is in it? For when God shakes a kingdom with strong and healthful commotions to a general reforming, 'tis not untrue that many sectaries and false teachers are then busiest in seducing; but yet [560 more true it is, that God then raises to His own work men of rare abilities, and more than common industry, not only to look back and revise what hath been taught heretofore, but to gain further and go on, some new enlightened steps in the discovery of truth. For such is the order of God's enlightening His church, to dispense and deal out by degrees His beam, so as our earthly eyes may [570 best sustain it. Neither is God appointed and confined, where and out of what place these His chosen shall be first heard to speak; for He sees not as man sees, chooses not as man chooses, lest we should devote ourselves again to set places, and assemblies, and outward callings of men; planting our faith one while in the old Convocation House, and another while in the Chapel at West- [580 minster; when all the faith and religion that shall be there canonized, is not sufficient without plain convincement, and the charity of patient instruction, to supple the least bruise of conscience, to edify the meanest Christian, who desires to walk in the Spirit, and not in the letter of human trust, for all the number of voices that can be there made;—no, though Harry VII himself there, with [590 all his liege tombs about him, should lend them voices from the dead, to swell their number. . . .

And as for regulating the Press, let no man think to have the honor of advising

ye better than yourselves have done in that order published next before this, "that no book be printed, unless the printer's and the author's name, or at least the printer's, be registered." Those [600 which otherwise come forth, if they be found mischievous and libelous, the fire and the executioner will be the timeliest and the most effectual remedy that man's prevention can use. For this authentic Spanish policy of licensing books, if I have said aught, will prove the most unlicensed book itself within a short while; and was the immediate image of a Star Chamber decree to that purpose made [610 in those very times when that court did the rest of those her pious works, for which she is now fallen from the stars with Lucifer. Whereby ye may guess what kind of state prudence, what love of the people, what care of religion or good manners, there was at the contriving, although with singular hypocrisy it pretended to bind books to their good behavior. . . . But of these sophisms [620 and elenchs of merchandise I skill not. This I know, that errors in a good government and in a bad are equally almost incident; for what magistrate may not be misinformed, and much the sooner, if liberty of printing be reduced into the power of a few? But to redress willingly and speedily what hath been erred, and in highest authority to esteem a plain advertisement more than others have [630 done a sumptuous bribe, is a virtue (honored Lords and Commons) answerable to your highest actions, and whereof none can participate but greatest and wisest men.

SAMUEL PEPYS (1633-1703)

From his DIARY

Jan. 1, 1660 (Lord's day). This morning (we living lately in the garret), I rose, put on my suit with great skirts, having not lately worn any other clothes but them. Went to Mr. Gunning's chapel at Exeter House, where he made a very good sermon. Dined at home in the garret, where my wife dressed the re-

mains of a turkey, and in the doing of it she burned her hand. I stayed at [10 home all the afternoon, looking over my accounts; then went with my wife to my father's, and in going observed the great posts which the City have set up at the Conduit in Fleet Street.

Mar. 5th. To Westminster by water, only seeing Mr. Pinkney at his own house, where he showed me how he had always kept the lion and unicorn, in the back of his chimney, bright, in ex- [20 pectation of the King's coming again. At home I found Mr. Hunt, who told me how the Parliament had voted that the Covenant be printed and hung in churches again. Great hopes of the King's coming again. To bed.

6th. Everybody now drinks the King's health without any fear, whereas before it was very private that a man dare do it.

22nd. To Westminster, and re- [30 ceived my warrant of Mr. Blackburne to be secretary to the two Generals of the Fleet.

23rd. My Lord, Captain Isham, Mr. Thomas, John Crewe, W. Howe, and I in a hackney to the Tower, where the barges stayed for us; my Lord and the Captain in one, and W. Howe and I, &c., in the other, to the Long Reach, where the *Swiftsure* lay at anchor; (in our way we [40 saw the great breach which the late high water had made, to the loss of many £1,000 to the people about Limehouse). Soon as my Lord on board, the guns went off bravely from the ships. And a little while after comes the Vice-Admiral Lawson, and seemed very respectful to my Lord, and so did the rest of the commanders of the frigates that were thereabouts. I to the cabin allotted for [50 me, which was the best that any had that belonged to my Lord.

May 1. To-day I hear they were very merry at Deal setting up the King's flag upon one of their maypoles, and drinking his health upon their knees in the streets, and firing the guns, which the soldiers of the castle threatened, but durst not oppose.

2nd. In the morning at a breakfast [60 of radishes in the Purser's cabin. After that, to writing till dinner. At which

time comes Dunne from London, with letters that tell us the welcome news of the Parliament's votes yesterday, which will be remembered for the happiest May-day that hath been many a year to England. The King's letter was read in the House, wherein he submits himself and all things to them, as to an Act of [70 Oblivion to all, unless they shall please to except any.

13th (Lord's day). Trimmed in the morning, after that to the cook's room with Mr. Sheply, the first time I was there this voyage. Then to the quarter-deck, upon which the tailors and painters were at work cutting out some pieces of yellow cloth into the fashion of a crown and C. R. and put it upon a fine sheet, and that [80 into the flag instead of the State's arms; which, after dinner, was finished and set up, after it had been shown to my Lord, who liked it so well as to bid me give the tailors 20s. among them for doing of it.

23rd. The Doctor and I waked very merry, only my eye was very red and ill in the morning from yesterday's hurt. In the morning came infinity of people on board from the King to go along [90 with him. . . . The King, with the two Dukes, and Queen of Bohemia, Princess Royal, and Prince of Orange, came on board, where I in their coming in kissed the King's, Queen's, and Princess's hands. . . . Infinite shooting off of the guns, and that in a disorder on purpose, which was better than if it had been otherwise. . . . After dinner the King and duke altered the names of some [100 of the ships; viz., the *Naseby* into *Charles*; the *Richard*, *James*; the *Speaker*, *Mary*; the *Dunbar*, the *Henry*. . . . All the afternoon the King walked here and there, up and down (quite contrary to what I thought him to have been), very active and stirring. Upon the quarter-deck he fell into discourse of his escape from Worcester, where it made me ready to weep to hear the stories that he told [110 of his difficulties that he had passed through, as his travelling four days and three nights on foot, every step up to his knees in dirt, with nothing but a green coat and a pair of country breeches on, and a pair of country shoes that made

him so sore all over his feet that he could scarce stir. Yet he was forced to run away from a miller and other company that took them for rogues. His sitting [120 at table at one place, where the master of the house, that had not seen him in eight years, did know him, but kept it private; when at the same table there was one that had been of his own regiment at Worcester, could not know him, but made him drink the King's health, and said that the King was at least four fingers higher than he. At another place he was by some servants of the house made to drink, [130 that they might know him not to be a Roundhead, which they swore he was. In another place at his inn, the master of the house, as the King was standing with his hands upon the back of a chair by the fireside, kneeled down and kissed his hand, privately, saying that he would not ask him who he was, but bid God bless him whither he was going. . . . Under sail all night, and most glorious weather. [140

24th. Up, and make myself as fine as I could, with the linen stockings on and wide canons that I bought the other day at Hague. Extraordinary press of noble company, and great mirth all the day.

25th. By the morning we were come close to the land, and everybody made ready to get on shore. The King and the two dukes did eat their breakfast before they went, and there being set some [150 ship's diet before them, only to show them the manner of the ship's diet, they eat of nothing else but peas and pork and boiled beef. I had Mr. Darcy in my cabin; and Dr. Clerke, who eat with me, told me how the King had given £50 to Mr. Sheply for my Lord's servants, and £500 among the officers and common men of the ship. I spoke with the Duke of York about business, who called me Pepys by [160 name, and upon my desire did promise me his future favor. Great expectation of the King's making some knights, but there was none. About noon . . . went in a boat by ourselves, and so got on shore when the King did, who was received by General Monk with all imaginable love and respect at his entrance upon the land of Dover. Infinite the crowd of people, and the horsemen, citizens, and noble- [170

men of all sorts. The Mayor of the town came and gave him his white staff, the badge of his place, which the King did give him again. The Mayor also presented him from the town a very rich Bible, which he took, and said it was the thing that he loved above all things in the world.

September 2nd, 1666 (Lord's day). Some of our maids sitting up late [180 last night to get things ready against our feast today, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the city. So I rose and slipped on my night-gown, and went to her window, and thought it to be on the back side of Mark Lane at the farthest; but, being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off; and so went to bed again and to sleep. About [190 seven rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was and further off. So to my closet to set things to rights after yesterday's cleaning. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above three hundred houses have been burned down tonight by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street, by London Bridge. So I made [200 myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower, and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge; which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge. So down, with my heart full [210 of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding Lane, and that it hath burned St. Magnus's Church and most part of Fish Street already. So I down to the waterside, and there got a boat, and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burned that way, and the [220 fire running further, that in a very little time it got as far as the Steel-yard, while I was there. Everybody endeavoring to

remove their goods, and flinging into the river, or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs by the waterside to another. And among [230 other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconies till they were some of them burned, their wings, and fell down. Having stayed, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way, and nobody, to my sight, endeavoring to quench it, but to remove their goods, and leave all to the fire, and having seen it get as far as the Steel- [240 yard, and the wind mighty high and driving it into the city, and every thing, after so long a drought, proving combustible, even the very stones of the churches, and among other things the poor steeple by which pretty Mrs. — lives, and whereof my old schoolfellow Elborough is parson, taken fire in the very top, and there burned till it fell down: I to Whitehall (with a gentleman with me who de- [250 sired to go off from the Tower, to see the fire, in my boat); to Whitehall, and there up to the King's closet in the Chapel, where people come about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried in to the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King and Duke of York what I saw, and that unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down nothing could stop [260 the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. . . . Here meeting with Captain Cock, I in his coach, which he lent me, and Creed with me, to Paul's, and there walked along Watling Street, as well as I could; every creature coming away loaden with [270 goods to save, and here and there sick people carried away in beds. Extraordinary good goods carried in carts and on backs. At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning Street, like a man spent, with a handkercher about his neck. To the King's message he cried, like a fainting

woman, "Lord! what can I do? I am spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire [280 overtakes us faster than we can do it." That be needed no more soldiers; and that for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home, seeing people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar, in Thames Street; and [290 warehouses of oil, and wines, and brandy, and other things. . . .

Met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe, and there called Sir Richard Browne to them. Their order was only to pull down houses apace, and so below bridge at the waterside; but little was or could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. Good hopes there was of stop- [300 ping it at the Three Cranes above, and at Buttolph's wharf below bridge, if care be used; but the wind carries it into the city, so as we know not by the waterside what it do there. River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and good goods swimming in the water. . . . So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's face in the wind, you were almost burned [310 with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true; so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire,—three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little ale-house on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there stayed till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow; and as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and [320 in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the city, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. . . . We stayed till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see [330 it. . . . So home with a sad heart.

3rd. About four o'clock in the morning, my Lady Batten sent me a cart to carry away all my money, and plate, and best things, to Sir W. Rider's at Bednall Green. Which I did, riding myself in my night-gown in the cart; and Lord! to see how the streets and the highways are crowded with people running and riding, and getting of carts at any rate to [340 fetch away things. . . . At night lay down a little upon a quilt of W. Hewer's in the office, all my own things being packed up or gone; and after me my poor wife did the like, we having fed upon the remains of yesterday's dinner, having no fire nor dishes, nor any opportunity of dressing anything.

4th. Up by break of day to get away the remainder of my things; which [350 I did by a lighter at the Iron Gate; and my hands so few, that it was the afternoon before we could get them all away. . . . Sir W. Batten not knowing how to remove his wine, did dig a pit in the garden, and laid it in there; and I took the opportunity of laying all the papers of my office that I could not otherwise dispose of. And in the evening Sir W. Penn and I did dig another, and put our wine in it, and [360 I my Parmezan cheese, as well as my wine and some other things. . . . Now begins the practise of blowing up of houses in Tower Street, those next the Tower; which at first did frighten people more than anything; but it stopped the fire where it was done, it bringing down the houses to the ground in the same places they stood; and then it was easy to quench what little fire was in it, though it [370 kindled nothing almost.

January 2nd, 1667. Up, I, and walked to Whitehall to attend the Duke of York, as usual. My wife up, and with Mrs. Penn to walk in the fields to frost-bite themselves. . . . With Sir W. Penn by coach to the Temple, and there 'light and eat a bit at an ordinary by, and then alone to the King's House, and there saw *The Custom of the Country*, the second [380 time of its being acted, wherein Knipp does the Widow well; but, of all the plays that ever I did see, the worst—having neither plot, language, nor anything in

the earth that is acceptable; only Knipp sings a little song admirably. But fully the worst play that ever I saw or I believe shall see. So away home, much displeased for the loss of so much time, and dis-obliging my wife by being there with- [390 out her. So, by link, walked home, it being mighty cold but dry, yet bad walking because very slippery with the frost and treading. Home and to my chamber to set down my journal, and then to thinking upon establishing my vows against the next year, and so to supper and to bed.

August 19th. Up, and at the office all the morning very busy. Towards [400 noon I to Westminster about some tallies at the Exchequer, and then straight home again and dined, and then to sing with my wife with great content, and then I to the office again, where busy, and then out and took coach and to the Duke of York's House, all alone, and there saw *Sir Martin Mar-all* again, though I saw him but two days since, and do find it the most comical play that ever I saw in my [410 life.

20th. Up, and to my chamber to set down my journal for the last three days, and then to the office, where busy all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and then with my wife abroad; set her down at the Exchange, and I to St. James's. . . . Thence with my Lord Bruncker to the Duke's playhouse (telling my wife so at the 'Change, where I left her), and [420 there saw *Sir Martin Mar-all* again, which I have now seen three times, and it hath been acted but four times, and still find it a very ingenious play, and full of variety. So home, and to the office, where my eyes would not suffer me to do anything by candle-light, and so called my wife and walked in the garden. She mighty pressing for a new pair of cuffs, which I am against the laying out [430 of money upon yet, which makes her angry. So home to supper and to bed.

21st. Up, and my wife and I fell out about the pair of cuffs, which she hath a mind to have to go to see the ladies dancing tomorrow at Betty Turner's school; and do vex me so that I am resolved to deny them her. However, by-and-by a

way was found that she had them, and I well satisfied, being unwilling to let [440 our difference grow higher upon so small an occasion and frowardness of mine.

22nd. After dinner with my Lord Bruncker and his mistress to the King's playhouse, and there saw *The Indian Emperor*; where I find Nell come again, which I am glad of; but was most infinitely displeased with her being put to act the Emperor's daughter, which is a great and serious part, which she [450 do most basely. The rest of the play, though pretty good, was not well acted by most of them, methought; so that I took no great content in it.

October 19th. At the office all the morning, where very busy, and at noon home to a short dinner, being full of my desire of seeing my Lord Orrery's new play this afternoon at the King's House, *The Black Prince*, the first time it is [460 acted; where, though we come by two o'clock, yet there was no room in the pit, but we were forced to go into one of the upper boxes, at 4s. a piece, which is the first time I ever sat in a box in my life. And in the same box come, by and by, behind me, my Lord Berkeley and his lady; but I did not turn my face to them to be known, so that I was excused from giving them my seat; and this pleas- [470 ure I had, that from this place the scenes do appear very fine indeed, and much better than in the pit. The house infinite full, and the King and Duke of York was there. . . . So after having done business at the office, I home to supper and to bed.

LOYALIST STALL BALLADS

TO MAKE CHARLES A GREAT KING

To make Charles a great King, and give him no power;
To honor him much, and not obey him an hour;
To provide for his safety, and take away his Tower;
And to prove all is sweet, be it never so sour:

The new order of the land, and the land's new order. 5

To secure men their lives, liberties, and estates,
By arbitrary power, as it pleaseth the fates;
To take away taxes by imposing great rates,
And to make us a plaster by breaking our pates:
The new order, etc.

To sit and consult for ever and a day; 10
To counterfeit treason by a Parliamentary way;
To quiet the land by a tumultuous sway;
New plots to devise, then them to betray:
The new order, etc.

To send them their zealots to Heaven in a string,
Who else to confusion religion will bring, 15
Who say the Lord's Prayer is a Popish thing,
Who pray for themselves, but leave out their King:
The new order of the land, and the land's new order.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

If, Charles, thou wilt but be so kind
To give us leave to take our mind
Of all thy store,
When we, thy loyal subjects, find
Thou 'ast nothing left to give behind, 5
We'll ask no more.

First, for religion, it is meet
We make it go upon new feet;
'Twas lame before;
One from Geneva would be sweet: 10
Let Warwick fetch't home with his fleet,
We'll ask no more.

Let us a consultation call
Of honest men, but Roundheads all, 15
God knows wherefore;
Allow them but a place to bawl
'Gainst Bishops' courts canonical,
We'll ask no more.

Reform each University,
And in them let no learning be, 20
A great eye-sore;

From hence make Rome's Arminians flee,
That none may have free-will but we,
We'll ask no more.

In this we will not be denied, 25
Because in you we'll not confide,
We know wherefore;
The citizens their plate provide;
Do you but send in yours beside,
We'll ask no more. 30

THE CHARACTER OF A ROUND-HEAD

What creature's this with his short hairs,
His little band, and huge long ears,
That this new faith hath founded?
The Puritans were never such;
The Saints themselves had ne'er so much;
Oh, such a knave's a Roundhead.

What's he that doth the Bishops hate,
And count their calling reprobate,
Cause by the Pope propounded,
And say a zealous cobbler's better 10
Than he that studieth every letter?
Oh, such a knave's a Roundhead.

What's he that doth high treason say
As often as his yea and nay,
And wish the King confounded; 15
And dare maintain that Master Pym
Is fitter for the crown than him?
Oh, such a knave's a Roundhead.

COME, DRAWER, SOME WINE

Come, Drawer, some wine,
Or we'll pull down the sign,
For we are all jovial compounders:
We'll make the house ring
With healths to our King, 5
And confusion light on his confounders.

And next, who e'er sees,
We drink on our knees,
To the King,—may he thirst that re-
pines;
A fig for those traitors 10
That look to our waters,
They have nothing to do with our wines.

And next, here's a cup
To the Queen; fill it up!
Were it poison we would make an end
on't; 15

May Charles and she meet,
And tread under feet
Both Presbyter and Independent.

To the Prince, and all others,
His sisters and brothers, 20
As low in condition as high-born,
We'll drink this, and pray
That shortly they may
See all them that wrongs them at
Tyburn.

And next, here's three bowls 25
To all gallant souls
That for the King did, and will venture;
May they flourish when those
That are his, and their foes,
Are hanged, and rammed down to the
center. 30

And next, let a glass
To our undoers pass,
Attended with two or three curses;
May plagues sent from hell
Stuff their bodies as well 35
As the cavaliers' coin doth their purses!

THE PROTECTING BREWER

A brewer may be a burgess grave,
And carry the matter so fine and so brave,
That he the better may play the knave,
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may be a Parliament-man, 5
For there the knavery first began;
And brew most cunning plots he can,
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may put on a *Nabal* face,
And march to the wars with so much
grace, 10
That he may get a Captain's place,
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may speak so wondrous well
That he may rise strange things to tell,
And so to be made a Colonel, 15
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may make his foes to flee,
And raise his fortunes so that he
Lieutenant-General may be,
Which nobody can deny. 20

A brewer he may be all in all,
And raise his powers both great and small,
That he may be a Lord-General,
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may be as bold as Hector, 25
When he has drunk off his cup of nectar,
And a brewer may be a Lord Protector,
Which nobody can deny.

Now here remains the strangest thing,
How this brewer about his liquor did
bring, 30
To be an Emperor or a King,
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may do what he will,
And rob the church and state, to sell
His soul unto the devil of hell, 35
Which nobody can deny!

THE LAWYERS' LAMENTATION FOR THE LOSS OF CHARING CROSS

Undone! undone! the lawyers cry;
They ramble up and down;
We know not the way to Westminster
Now Charing Cross is down.
Then fare thee well, old Charing
Cross, 5
Then fare thee well, old stump;
It was a thing set up by the King,
And so pulled down by the Rump.

And when they came to the bottom of the
Strand,
They were all at a loss; 10
This is not the way to Westminster,
We must go by Charing Cross.
Then fare thee well, etc.

The Parliament did vote it down,
As a thing they thought most fitting,
For fear it should fall, and so kill 'em
all, 15
In the House as they were sitting.
Then fare thee well, etc.

The Whigs they do affirm and say,
To Popery it was bent;
For what I know it might be so,
For to church it never went.
Then fare thee well, etc.

20

This cursed Rump rebellious crew
They were so damned hard-hearted,
They passed a vote that Charing Cross
Should be taken down and carted.
Then fare thee well, etc.

Now, Whigs, I would advise you all, 25
'Tis what I'd have you do;
For fear the King should come again,
Pray pull down Tyburn too!
Then fare thee well, old Charing
Cross,
Then fare thee well, old stump; 30
It was a thing set up by the
King,
And so pulled down by the
Rump.

THE AGE OF CLASSICISM

JOHN DRYDEN (1631-1700)

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL

In pious times, ere priestcraft did begin,
Before polygamy was made a sin,
When man on many multiplied his kind,
Ere one to one was cursedly confined,— 4

Then Israel's monarch, . . .
 . . . wide as his command,
 Scattered his Maker's image through the
 land. 10

Of all this numerous progeny was none
So beautiful, so brave, as Absalon.

Early in foreign fields he won renown
With kings and states allied to Israel's
crown;

In peace the thoughts of war he could re-
move, 25
And seemed as he were only born for
love.

Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,

In him alone 'twas natural to please;
His motions all accompanied with grace,
And Paradise was opened in his face. 30

With secret joy indulgent David viewed
His youthful image in his son renewed;

To all his wishes nothing he denied,
And made the charming Annabel his
bride.

What faults he had (for who from faults is free?) 35

His father could not, or he would not see. Some warm excesses, which the law forbore.

Were construed youth that purged by
boiling o'er;

And Amnon's murder by a specious name
Was called a just revenge for injured
fame. 40

Thus praised and loved, the noble youth
remained.

While David undisturbed in Sion reigned.
But life can never be sincerely blest;
Heaven punishes the bad, and proves the
best.

The Jews, a headstrong, moody, murmuring race 45

As ever tried the extent and stretch of
grace;

God's pampered people, whom, debauched
with ease,

No king could govern nor no God could
please;

Gods they had tried of every shape and size

That godsmiths could produce or priests
devise; 50

These Adam-wits, too fortunately free,
Began to dream they wanted liberty;

And when no rule, no precedent, was found

Of men by laws less circumscribed and bound,

They led their wild desires to woods and
caves, 55

And thought that all but savages were
slaves.

**They who, when Saul was dead, without a
blow**

**Made foolish Ishbosheth the crown forego;
Who banished David did from Hebron**

bring,
And with a general shout proclaimed him

King; 60
Those very Jews who at their very best

Their humor more than loyalty expressed,
Now wondered why so long they had

obeyed
An idol monarch whom their hands had

made;
Thought they might ruin him they could

create, 65
Or melt him to that golden calf, a State.

But these were random bolts; no formed design

Nor interest made the factious crowd to join:

The sober part of Israel, free from stain,
Well knew the value of a peaceful reign; 70

And looking backward with a wise affright
Saw seams of wounds dishonest to the
sight,

In contemplation of whose ugly scars
They cursed the memory of civil wars.
The moderate sort of men, thus qualified,
Inclined the balance to the better side; 76
And David's mildness managed it so well,
The bad found no occasion to rebel.
But when to sin our biassed nature leans,
The careful Devil is still at hand with
means, 80

And providently pimps for ill desires:
The good old cause, revived, a plot re-
quires;
Plots true or false are necessary things
To raise up commonwealths and ruin
kings.

The inhabitants of old Jerusalem 85
Were Jebusites; the town so called from
them,

And theirs the native right.
But when the chosen people grew more
strong,

The rightful cause at length became the
wrong;

And every loss the men of Jebus bore, 90
They still were thought God's enemies the
more.

Thus worn and weakened, well or ill con-
tent,

Submit they must to David's government:
Impoverished and deprived of all com-
mand,

Their taxes doubled as they lost their land;
And, what was harder yet to flesh and
blood, 96

Their gods disgraced, and burnt like com-
mon wood.

This set the heathen priesthood in a flame,
For priests of all religions are the same.

Of whatso'er descent their godhead be,
Stock, stone, or other homely pedigree, 101
In his defense his servants are as bold,
As if he had been born of beaten gold.

The Jewish rabbins, though their enemies,
In this conclude them honest men and
wise. 105

For 'twas their duty, all the learned think,
To espouse his cause by whom they eat
and drink.

From hence began that Plot, the nation's
curse,

Bad in i'tself, but represented worse,

Raised in extremes, and in extremes de-
cried, 110

With oaths affirmed, with dying vows de-
nied,

Not weighed or winnowed by the multi-
tude,

But swallowed in the mass, unchewed and
crude.

Some truth there was, but dashed and
brewed with lies

To please the fools and puzzle all the
wise: 115

Succeeding times did equal folly call

Believing nothing or believing all.

The Egyptian rites the Jebusites em-
braced,

Where gods were recommended by their
taste;

Such savory deities must needs be good 120
As served at once for worship and for food.

By force they could not introduce these
gods,

For ten to one in former days was odds:

So fraud was used, the sacrificer's trade;

Fools are more hard to conquer than per-
suade. 125

Their busy teachers mingled with the
Jews

And raked for converts even the court and
stews:

Which Hebrew priests the more unkindly
took,

Because the fleece accompanies the flock.
Some thought they God's anointed meant
to slay 130

By guns, invented since full many a day:
Our author swears it not; but who can
know

How far the Devil and Jebusites may go?
This plot, which failed for want of com-
mon sense,

Had yet a deep and dangerous conse-
quence; 135

For as, when raging fevers boil the blood,
The standing lake soon floats into a flood,

And every hostile humor which before
Slept quiet in its channels bubbles o'er;

So several factions from this first ferment
Work up to foam and threat the govern-
ment. 141

Some by their friends, more by themselves
thought wise,

Opposed the power to which they could
not rise.

Some had in courts been great and, thrown
from thence,
Like fiends were hardened in impenitence.
Some, by their Monarch's fatal mercy
grown 146
From pardoned rebels kinsmen to the
throne,
Were raised in power and public office
high;
Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men
could tie.

Of these the false Achitophel was first, 150
A name to all succeeding ages curst:
For close designs and crooked counsels fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfixed in principles and place;
In power unpleased, impatient of dis-
grace: 155

A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity;

Pleased with the danger when the waves
went high, 160

He sought the storms; but, for a calm un-
fit,

Would steer too nigh the sands, to boast
his wit.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honor
blest, 165

Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please,
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?

And all to leave what with his toil he won
To that unfeathered two-legg'd thing, a
son, 170

Got, while his soul did huddled notions
try,

And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate,
Resolved to ruin or to rule the state;

To compass this the triple bond he broke,
The pillars of the public safety shook, 176
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke;

Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting
fame,

Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves in factious times 180

With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's
will!

Where crowds can wink and no offence be
known,

Since in another's guilt they find their
own! 185

Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the
judge.

In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abbethdin
With more discerning eyes or hands more
clean,

Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to re-
dress, 190

Swift of despatch and easy of access.

Oh! had he been content to serve the crown
With virtues only proper to the gown,

Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle that oppressed the noble
seed, 195

David for him his tuneful harp had
strung

And Heaven had wanted one immortal
song.

But wild Ambition loves to slide, not
stand,

And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
Achtophel, grown weary to possess 200

A lawful fame and lazy happiness,
Disdained the golden fruit to gather
free,

And lent the crowd his arm to shake the
tree.

Now, manifest¹ of crimes contrived long
since,

He stood at bold defiance with his prince,
Held up the buckler of the people's
cause 206

Against the crown, and skulked behind the
laws.

The wished occasion of the plot he takes;
Some circumstances finds, but more he
makes;

By buzzing emissaries fills the ears 210
Of listening crowds with jealousies and
fears

Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,
And proves the king himself a Jebusite.

Weak arguments! which yet he knew full
well

Were strong with people easy to rebel. 215
For, governed by the moon, the giddy
Jews

Tread the same track when she the prime
renews;

¹ evidently guilty.

And once in twenty years, their scribes
record,

By natural instinct they change their lord.
Achitophel still wants a chief, and none 220
Was found so fit as warlike Absalon.

Not that he wished his greatness to create,
(For politicians neither love nor hate)

But, for he knew his title not allowed
Would keep him still depending on the
crowd, 225

That kingly power, thus ebbing out,
might be

Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.

Him he attempts with studied arts to
please,

And sheds his venom in such words as
these: 229

"Auspicious prince, at whose nativity
Some royal planet ruled the southern sky,
Thy longing country's darling and desire,
Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire,
Their second Moses, whose extended wand
Divides the seas and shows the promised
land, 235

Whose dawning day in every distant age
Has exercised the sacred prophet's rage,
The people's prayer, the glad diviner's
theme,

The young men's vision and the old men's
dream,

Thee savior, thee the nation's vows con-
fess, 240

And, never satisfied with seeing, bless:
Swift unbespoken pomps thy steps pro-
claim,

And stammering babes are taught to lisp
thy name.

How long wilt thou the general joy detain,
Starve and defraud the people of thy
reign? 245

* * * * *

Had thus old David, from whose loins you
spring,

Not dared, when Fortune called him to be
King,

At Gath an exile he might still remain,
And Heaven's anointing oil had been in
vain. 265

Let his successful youth your hopes engage,
But shun the example of declining age.

Behold him setting in his western skies,
The shadows lengthening as the vapors
rise;

He is not now as when on Jordan's sand 270
The joyful people thronged to see him
land,

Covering the beach and blackening all the
strand;

* * * * *

All sorts of men, by my successful arts
Abhorring kings, estrange their altered
hearts 290

From David's rule; and 'tis the general
cry:

'Religion, commonwealth, and liberty.'

If you, as champion of the public good,
Add to their arms a chief of royal blood,
What may not Israel hope, and what ap-
plause 295

Might such a general gain by such a
cause?

Not barren praise alone, that gaudy
flower,

Fair only to the sight, but solid power;
And nobler is a limited¹ command,

Given by the love of all your native land,
Than a successive title, long and dark, 301
Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's
ark."

What cannot praise effect in mighty
minds,

When flattery soothes, and when ambi-
tion blinds? 304

Desire of power, on earth a vicious weed,
Yet sprung from high is of celestial seed;
In God 'tis glory, and when men aspire,
'Tis but a spark too much of heavenly fire.

The ambitious youth, too covetous of fame,
Too full of angels' metal in his frame, 310
Unwarily was led from virtue's ways,
Made drunk with honor, and debauched
with praise.

Half loth, and half consenting to the ill,
(For loyal blood within him struggled still,)
He thus replied: "And what pretence
have I 315

To take up arms for public liberty?

My father governs with unquestioned
right,

The faith's defender, and mankind's de-
light;

Good, gracious, just, observant of the
laws;

And Heaven by wonders has espoused his
cause. 320

¹ appointed.

Whom has he wronged in all his peaceful reign?

Who sues for justice to his throne in vain?
What millions has he pardoned of his foes,
Whom just revenge did to his wrath expose? 324

Mild, easy, humble, studious of our good,
Inclined to mercy and averse from blood.
If mildness ill with stubborn Israel suit,
His crime is God's beloved attribute.

* * * * *

Why then should I, encouraging the bad,
Turn rebel and run popularly mad? 336
Were he a tyrant, who by lawless might
Oppressed the Jews and raised the Jebu-

site,
Well might I mourn; but nature's holy bands

Would curb my spirit and restrain my hands; 340

The people might assert their liberty,
But what was right in them were crime in me.

His favor leaves me nothing to require,
Prevents my wishes, and outruns desire;
What more can I expect while David lives?
All but his kingly diadem he gives: 346
And that"—But here he paused, then sighing said,

"Is justly destined for a worthier head;
For when my father from his toils shall rest, 349

And late augment the number of the blest,
His lawful issue shall the throne ascend,
Or the collateral line, where that shall end.

His brother, though oppressed with vulgar spite,

Yet dauntless and secure of native right,
Of every royal virtue stands possessed, 355
Still dear to all the bravest and the best.

His courage goes, his friends his truth proclaim,

His loyalty the King, the world his fame.
His mercy even the offending crowd will find,

For sure he comes of a forgiving kind. 360
Why should I then repine at Heaven's decree,

Which gives me no pretence to royalty?
Yet oh that Fate, propitiously inclined,
Had raised my birth, or had debased my mind; 364

To my large soul not all her treasure lent,
And then betrayed it to a mean descent!
I find, I find my mounting spirits bold,
And David's part disdains my mother's mould.

Why am I scanted by a niggard birth? 369
My soul disdains the kindred of her earth,
And, made for empire, whispers me within,
'Desire of greatness is a god-like sin.'

Him staggering so when Hell's dire agent found,

While fainting virtue scarce maintained her ground,

He pours fresh forces in, and thus replies: 375

"The eternal God, supremely good and wise,

Imparts not these prodigious gifts in vain.
What wonders are reserved to bless your reign!

Against your will your arguments have shown 379

Such virtue's only given to guide a throne.
Not that your father's mildness I condemn,

But manly force becomes the diadem.
'Tis true he grants the people all they crave,

And more, perhaps, than subjects ought to have;

For lavish grants suppose a monarch tame,
And more his goodness than his wit proclaim. 386

* * * * *

Doubt not; but, when he most affects the frown,

Commit a pleasing rape upon the crown.
Secure his person to secure your cause: 475

They who possess the Prince possess the laws."

He said, and this advice above the rest
With Absalom's mild nature suited best;
Unblamed of life (ambition set aside),

Not stained with cruelty nor puffed with pride, 480

How happy had he been if Destiny
Had higher placed his birth or not so high!

His kingly virtues might have claimed a throne

And blessed all other countries but his own;

But charming greatness since so few refuse, 485

'Tis juster to lament him than accuse,

Strong were his hopes a rival to remove,
 With blandishments to gain the public
 love,
 To head the faction while their zeal was
 hot,
 And popularly prosecute the plot. 490
 To further this, Achitophel unites
 The malcontents of all the Israelites,
 Whose differing parties he could wisely
 join
 For several ends to serve the same design;
 The best, (and of the princes some were
 such,) 495
 Who thought the power of monarchy too
 much;
 Mistaken men, and patriots in their
 hearts,
 Not wicked, but seduced by impious arts;
 By these the springs of property were bent
 And wound so high they cracked the
 government. 500
 The next for interest sought to embroil
 the state
 To sell their duty at a dearer rate,
 And make their Jewish markets of the
 throne,
 Pretending public good to serve their own.
 Others thought kings an useless heavy
 load, 505
 Who cost too much and did too little good.
 These were for laying honest David by
 On principles of pure good husbandry.
 With them joined all the haranguers of the
 throng,
 That thought to get preferment by the
 tongue. 510

* * * * *

A numerous host of dreaming saints suc-
 ceed
 Of the true old enthusiastic breed: 530
 'Gainst form and order they their power
 employ,
 Nothing to build, and all things to de-
 stroy.
 But far more numerous was the herd of
 such
 Who think too little, and who talk too
 much.
 These out of mere instinct, they knew not
 why, 535
 Adored their fathers' God and property,
 And, by the same blind benefit of Fate,
 The Devil and the Jebusite did hate:

Born to be saved, even in their own de-
 spite,
 Because they could not help believing
 right. 540
 Such were the tools; but a whole Hydra
 more
 Remains, of sprouting heads too long to
 score.
 Some of their chiefs were princes of the
 land:
 In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
 A man so various that he seemed to be 545
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
 Was everything by starts and nothing
 long;
 But in the course of one revolving moon
 Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and
 buffoon; 550
 Then all for women, painting, rhyming,
 drinking,
 Besides ten thousand freaks that died in
 thinking.
 Blest madman, who could every hour
 employ
 With something new to wish or to enjoy!
 Railing and praising were his usual
 themes, 555
 And both (to show his judgment) in ex-
 tremes:
 So over violent, or over civil,
 That every man with him was God or
 Devil.
 In squandering wealth was his peculiar art:
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert. 560
 Beggared by fools whom still he found too
 late,
 He had his jest, and they had his estate.
 He laughed himself from Court; then
 sought relief
 By forming parties, but could ne'er be
 chief:
 For spite of him, the weight of business fell
 On Absalom and wise Achitophel: 566
 Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
 He left not faction, but of that was left.

* * * * *

Shimei, whose youth did early promise bring
 Of zeal to God, and hatred to his King, 586
 Did wisely from expensive sins refrain,
 And never broke the Sabbath but for gain;
 Nor ever was he known an oath to vent,
 Or curse, unless against the government.

Thus heaping wealth by the most ready
way 591

Among the Jews, which was to cheat and
pray,

The city, to reward his pious hate
Against his master, chose him magistrate.
His hand a vane¹ of justice did uphold, 595
His neck was loaded with a chain of gold.
During his office treason was no crime;
The sons of Belial had a glorious time;
For Shimei, though not prodigal of pelf,
Yet loved his wicked neighbor as himself.
When two or three were gathered to de-
claim * 601

Against the monarch of Jerusalem,
Shimei was always in the midst of them:
And, if they cursed the King when he was
by,

Would rather curse than break good com-
pany. 605

If any durst his factious friends accuse,
He packed a jury of dissenting Jews;
Whose fellow-feeling in the godly cause
Would free the suffering saint from human
laws:

For laws are only made to punish those 610
Who serve the King, and to protect his foes.
If any leisure time he had from power,
Because 'tis sin to misemploy an hour,
His business was by writing to persuade
That kings were useless and a clog to
trade: 615

And that his noble style he might refine,
No Rechabite more shunned the fumes of
wine.

Chaste were his cellars, and his shrivell
board

The grossness of a city feast abhorred:
His cooks with long disuse their trade
forgot; 620

Cool was his kitchen, though his brains
were hot.

Such frugal virtue malice may accuse,
But sure 'twas necessary to the Jews:
For towns once burnt such magistrates
require

As dare not tempt God's providence by
fire. 625

* * * * *

Surrounded thus with friends of every
sort,

Deluded Absalom forsakes the court;

¹ wand.

Impatient of high hopes, urged with re-
nown,

And fired with near possession of a crown.
The admiring crowd are dazzled with sur-
prise, 686

And on his goodly person feed their eyes.
His joy concealed, he sets himself to show,
On each side bowing popularly low;
His looks, his gestures, and his words he
frames, 690

And with familiar ease repeats their names.
Thus formed by nature, furnished out
with arts,

He glides unfelt into their secret hearts.

* * * * *

Youth, beauty, graceful action, seldom
fail,

But common interest always will prevail;
And pity never ceases to be shown 725
To him who makes the people's wrongs his
own.

The crowd that still believe their kings
oppress,
With lifted hands their young Messiah
bless;

Who now begins his progress to ordain
With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous
train; 730

From east to west his glories he displays,
And, like the sun, the promised land sur-
veys.

Fame runs before him like the morning
star,

And shouts of joy salute him from afar;
Each house receives him as a guardian god,
And consecrates the place of his abode. 736

* * * * *

Oh foolish Israel! never warned by ill!
Still the same bait, and circumvented still!
Did ever men forsake their present ease,
In midst of health imagine a disease, 756
Take pains contingent mischiefs to foresee,
Make heirs for monarchs, and for God
decree?

What shall we think? Can people give
away

Both for themselves and sons their native
sway? 760

Then they are left defenceless to the sword
Of each unbounded, arbitrary lord;
And laws are vain by which we right enjoy,
If kings unquestioned can those laws
destroy.

Yet if the crowd be judge of fit and just,
And kings are only officers in trust, 766
Then this resuming covenant was declared
When kings were made, or is forever
barred.

If those who gave the sceptre could not tie
By their own deed their own posterity, 770
How then could Adam bind his future
race?

How could his forfeit on mankind take
place?

Or how could heavenly justice damn us all
Who ne'er consented to our father's fall?
Then kings are slaves to those whom they
command, 775

And tenants to their people's pleasure
stand.

Add that the power, for property allowed,
Is mischievously seated in the crowd;
For who can be secure of private right,
If sovereign sway may be dissolved by
might? 780

Nor is the people's judgment always true:
The most may err as grossly as the few;
And faultless kings run down by common
cry

For vice, oppression, and for tyranny.

* * * * *

Now what relief can righteous David
bring? 811

How fatal 'tis to be too good a king!
Friends he has few, so high the madness
grows;

Who dare be such must be the people's
foes.

Yet some there were even in the worst of
days; 815

Some let me name, and naming is to praise.

In this short file Barzillai first appears,
Barzillai, crowned with honor and with
years.

Long since the rising rebels he withstood
In regions waste beyond the Jordan's
flood: 820

Unfortunately brave to buoy the state,
But sinking underneath his master's fate.
In exile for his godlike prince he mourned,
For him he suffered, and with him re-
turned.

The court he practised, not the courtier's
art: 825

Large was his wealth, but larger was his
heart,

Which well the noblest objects knew to
choose,

The fighting warrior, and recording Muse.
His bed could once a fruitful issue boast;
Now more than half a father's name is
lost. 830

His eldest hope, with every grace adorned,
By me, so Heaven will have it, always
mourned

And always honored, snatched in man-
hood's prime

By unequal fates and Providence's crime:
Yet not before the goal of honor won, 835
All parts fulfilled of subject and of
son;

Swift was the race, but short the time to
run.

* * * * *

Indulge one labor more, my weary
Muse,

For Amiel: who can Amiel's praise refuse?
Of ancient race by birth, but nobler yet 900
In his own worth, and without title great:
The Sanhedrin long time as chief he ruled,
Their reason guided, and their passion
cooled:

So dexterous was he in the Crown's de-
fence,

So formed to speak a loyal nation's
sense, 905

That, as their band was Israel's tribes in
small,

So fit was he to represent them all.

Now rasher charioteers the seat ascend,
Whose loose careers his steady skill com-
mend:

They, like unequal ruler of the day, 910
Misguide the seasons and mistake the
way,

While he, withdrawn, at their mad labor
smiles,

And safe enjoys the Sabbath of his toils.

These were the chief, a small but faithful
band

Of worthies in the breach who dared to
stand 915

And tempt the united fury of the land.

With grief they viewed such powerful
engines bent

To batter down the lawful government.

A numerous faction, with pretended
frights,

In Sanhedrins to plume the regal rights,

The true successor from the court removed;
 The plot by hireling witnesses improved.
 These ills they saw, and, as their duty bound,
 They showed the King the danger of the wound;
 That no concessions from the throne would please,
 But lenitives fomented the disease;
 That Absalom, ambitious of the crown,
 Was made the lure to draw the people down;
 That false Achitophel's pernicious hate
 Had turned the plot to ruin Church and State;
 The council violent, the rabble worse;
 That Shimei taught Jerusalem to curse.
 With all these loads of injuries oppressed,
 And long revolving in his careful breast
 The event of things, at last, his patience tired,
 Thus from his royal throne, by Heaven inspired,
 The godlike David spoke; with awful fear
 His train their Maker in their master hear.
 "Thus long have I, by native mercy swayed,
 My wrongs dissembled, my revenge delayed;
 So willing to forgive the offending age,
 So much the father did the king assuage.
 But now so far my clemency they slight,
 The offenders question my forgiving right.
 That one was made for many, they contend;
 But 'tis to rule, for that's a monarch's end.
 They call my tenderness of blood my fear,
 Though manly tempers can the longest bear.
 Yet since they will divert my native course,
 'Tis time to show I am not good by force.
 Those heaped affronts that haughty subjects bring
 Are burdens for a camel, not a king.
 Kings are the public pillars of the State,
 Born to sustain and prop the nation's weight:
 If my young Samson will pretend a call
 To shake the column, let him share the fall.
 But oh that yet he would repent and live!
 How easy 'tis for parents to forgive!

With how few tears a pardon might be won
 From nature, pleading for a darling son!
 Poor pitied youth, by my paternal care
 Raised up to all the height his frame could bear!
 Had God ordained his fate for empire born,
 He would have given his soul another turn:
 Gulled with a patriot's name, whose modern sense
 Is one that would by law supplant his prince;
 The people's brave, the politician's tool,
 Never was patriot yet but was a fool.
 Whence comes it that religion and the laws
 Should more be Absalom's than David's cause?
 His old instructor, ere he lost his place,
 Was never thought endued with so much grace.
 Good heavens, how faction can a patriot paint!
 My rebel ever proves my people's saint.
 Would they impose an heir upon the throne?
 Let Sanhedrins be taught to give their own.
 A king's at least a part of government,
 And mine as requisite as their consent.
 Without my leave a future king to choose
 Infers a right the present to depose.
 True, they petition me to approve their choice;
 But Esau's hands suit ill with Jacob's voice.
 My pious subjects for my safety pray,
 Which to secure, they take my power away.
 From plots and treasons Heaven preserve my years,
 But save me most from my petitioners,
 Unsatiated as the barren womb or grave;
 God cannot grant so much as they can crave.
 What then is left but with a jealous eye
 To guard the small remains of royalty?
 The law shall still direct my peaceful sway,
 And the same law teach rebels to obey.
 * * * * *
 By their own arts, 'tis righteously decreed,
 Those dire artificers of death shall bleed.
 Against themselves their witnesses will swear
 Till, viper-like, their mother-plot they tear,

And suck for nutriment that bloody gore
Which was their principle of life before.
Their Belial with their Beelzebub will
fight; 1016

Thus on my foes my foes shall do me right.
Nor doubt the event; for factious crowds
engage

In their first onset all their brutal rage.
Then let them take an unresisted course;
Retire and traverse, and delude their force:
But when they stand all breathless, urge
the fight, 1022

And rise upon them with redoubled might:
For lawful power is still superior found,
When long driven back at length it stands
the ground." 1025

He said. The Almighty, nodding, gave
consent;

And peals of thunder shook the firmament.
Henceforth a series of new time began;
The mighty years in long procession ran;
Once more the godlike David was restored,
And willing nations knew their lawful lord.

MAC FLECKNOE

All human things are subject to decay,
And, when Fate summons, monarchs must
obey.

This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus,
young
Was called to empire, and had governed
long;

In prose and verse, was owned without
dispute, 5
Through all the realms of Nonsense, ab-
solute.

This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
And blest with issue of a large increase,
Worn out with business, did at length de-
bate

To settle the succession of the state; 10
And, pondering which of all his sons was
fit

To reign and wage immortal war with
wit,

Cried, "'Tis resolved, for Nature pleads
that he

Should only rule who most resembles me.
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears, 15
Mature in dulness from his tender years;
Shadwell alone of all my sons is he
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.

The rest to some faint meaning make pre-
tence,

But Shadwell never deviates into sense. 20
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval;
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no
ray,

His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye 25
And seems designed for thoughtless maj-
esty,

Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade
the plain,

And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley were but types of
thee,

Thou last great prophet of tautology. 30
Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way,
And coarsely clad in Norwich druggel¹
came

To teach the nations in thy greater name.
My warbling lute, the lute I whilom
strung, 35

When to King John of Portugal I sung,
Was but the prelude to that glorious day
When thou on silver Thames didst cut
thy way,

With well-timed oars before the royal
barge,

Swelled with the pride of thy celestial
charge, 40

And, big with hymn, commander of an
host;

The like was ne'er in Epsom blankets
tossed.

Methinks I see the new Arion sail,
Thelutestill trembling underneath thy nail.

At thy well-sharpened thumb from shore
to shore 45

The treble squeaks for fear, the basses roar;

* * * * *

About thy boat the little fishes throng,
As at the morning toast that floats along.
Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious
band, 51

Thou wield'st thy papers in thy threshing
hand.

St. André's feet ne'er kept more equal
time,

Not even the feet of thy own *Psyche's*
rhyme:

¹ coarse cloth.

Though they in number as in sense excel,
 So just, so like tautology, they fell 56
 That, pale with envy, Singleton forswore,
 The lute and sword which he in triumph
 bore,
 And vowed he ne'er would act Valerius
 more."
 Here stopped the good old sire and wept
 for joy, 60
 In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
 All arguments, but most his plays, per-
 suade

That for anointed dulness he was made.

Close to the walls which fair Augusta
 bind, 64
 (The fair Augusta much to fears inclined,)
 An ancient fabric raised to inform the sight
 There stood of yore, and Barbican it high;
 A watch-tower once, but now, so fate or-
 dains,
 Of all the pile an empty name remains; 69

* * * * *

Near these a Nursery erects its head
 Where queens are formed and future
 heroes bred, 75
 Where unfledged actors learn to laugh and
 cry,
 Where infant trulls their tender voices try,
 And little Maximins the gods defy.
 Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,
 Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear;
 But gentle Simkin just reception finds 81
 Amidst this monument of vanished minds;
 Pure clinches¹ the suburban muse affords,
 And Panton waging harmless war with
 words.

Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well
 known, 85
 Ambitiously designed his Shadwell's
 throne.

For ancient Dekker prophesied long since
 That in this pile should reign a mighty
 prince,

Born for a scourge of wit and flail of sense,
 To whom true dulness should some
Psyches owe, 90
 But worlds of *Misers* from his pen should
 flow;

Humorists and hypocrites it should pro-
 duce,
 Whole Raymond families and tribes of
 Bruce.

¹ puns.

Now Empress Fame had published the
 renown
 Of Shadwell's coronation through the
 town. 95
 Roused by report of fame, the nations
 meet
 From near Bunhill and distant Watling-
 street.
 No Persian carpets spread the imperial
 way,
 But scattered limbs of mangled poets lay;

* * * * *

Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby, there
 lay; 102
 But loads of Shadwell almost choked the
 way.
 Bilked stationers for yeomen stood pre-
 pared,
 And Herringman was captain of the guard.
 The hoary prince in majesty appeared, 106
 High on a throne of his own labors reared.
 At his right hand our young Ascanius
 sate,

Rome's other hope and pillar of the state.
 His brows thick fogs instead of glories
 grace, 110
 And lambent dulness played around his
 face.

As Hannibal did to the altars come,
 Sworn by his sire a mortal foe to Rome;
 So Shadwell swore, nor should his vow be
 vain,
 That he till death true dulness would
 maintain; 115
 And, in his father's right and realm's de-
 fence,

Ne'er to have peace with wit nor truce
 with sense.

The king himself the sacred unction made,
 As king by office and as priest by trade.
 In his sinister hand, instead of ball, 120
 He placed a mighty mug of potent ale;
Love's Kingdom to his right he did con-
 vey,

At once his sceptre and his rule of sway;
 Whose righteous lore the prince had prac-
 tised young

And from whose loins recorded *Psyche*
 sprung. 125

His temples, last, with poppies were o'er-
 spread,
 That nodding seemed to consecrate his
 head.

Just at that point of time, if fame not lie,
On his left hand twelve reverend owls did fly.

So Romulus, 'tis sung, by Tiber's brook,
Presage of sway from twice six vultures took. 131

The admiring throng loud acclamations make,

And omens of his future empire take.

The sire then shook the honors of his head,

And from his brows damps of oblivion shed 135

Full on the filial dulness: long he stood,
Repelling from his breast the raging god;
At length burst out in this prophetic mood:
"Heavens bless my son! from Ireland let him reign

To far Barbadoes on the western main; 140
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne;
Beyond *Love's Kingdom* let him stretch his pen!"

He paused, and all the people cried
"Amen."

Then thus continued he: "My son, advance 145

Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
Success let others teach; learn thou from me

Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.

Let *Virtuosos* in five years be writ,
Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.
Let gentle George in triumph tread the stage, 151

Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage;
Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,

And in their folly show the writer's wit.
Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence, 155

And justify their author's want of sense.
Let them be all by thy own model made
Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid,
That they to future ages may be known,
Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own. 160
Nay, let thy men of wit too be the same,
All full of thee, and differing but in name.
But let no alien Sedley interpose
To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose.
And when false flowers of rhetoric thou
wouldst cull, 165

Trust nature; do not labor to be dull;

But write thy best, and top; and in each line

Sir Formal's oratory will be thine.

Sir Formal, though unsought, attends thy quill,

And does thy northern dedications fill. 170
Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame

By arrogating Jonson's hostile name;

Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praise,

And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.

Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no part: 175

What share have we in nature or in art?

Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at arts he did not understand?

Where made he love in Prince Nicander's vein,

Or swept the dust in Psyche's humble strain? 180

* * * * *

When did his muse from Fletcher scenes purloin,

As thou whole Etheredge dost transfuse to thine? 184

But so transfused as oil on water's flow,
His always floats above, thine sinks below.
This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,

New humors to invent for each new play:
This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
By which one way to dulness 'tis inclined,
Which makes thy writings lean on one side still, 191

And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.

Nor let thy mountain belly make pretence
Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense.

A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ, 195
But sure thou art but a kilderkin of wit.

Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;

Thy tragic muse gives smiles; thy comic, sleep.

With whate'er gall thou set'st thyself to write,

Thy inoffensive satires never bite; 200
In thy felonious heart though venom lies,

It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.
Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame

In keen iambics, but mild anagram.

Leave writing plays, and choose for thy
 command 205
 Some peaceful province in Acrostic Land.
 There thou mayest wings display and
 altars raise,
 And torture one poor word ten thousand
 ways;
 Or, if thou wouldst thy different talents
 suit,
 Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy
 lute." 210
 He said, but his last words were scarcely
 heard,
 For Bruce and Longville had a trap pre-
 pared,
 And down they sent the yet declaiming
 bard.
 Sinking, he left his drugget robe behind,
 Borne upwards by a subterranean wind.
 The mantle fell to the young prophet's
 part 216
 With double portion of his father's art.

*From THE HIND AND THE
 PANTHER*

A milk-white Hind, immortal and un-
 changed,
 Fed on the lawns, and in the forest ranged;
 Without unspotted, innocent within,
 She feared no danger, for she knew no
 sin.
 Yet had she oft been chased with horns
 and hounds 5
 And Scythian shafts, and many winged
 wounds
 Aimed at her heart; was often forced to
 fly,
 And doomed to death, though fated not
 to die.
 Not so her young; for their unequal line
 Was hero's make, half human, half di-
 vine. 10
 Their earthly mold obnoxious was to
 fate,
 The immortal part assumed immortal
 state.
 Of these a slaughtered army lay in blood,
 Extended o'er the Caledonian wood,
 Their native walk; whose vocal blood
 arose 15
 And cried for pardon on their perjured
 foes.

Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguine
 seed,
 Endued with souls, increased the sacred
 breed.
 So captive Israel multiplied in chains,
 A numerous exile, and enjoyed her pains. 20
 With grief and gladness mixed, their
 mother viewed
 Her martyred offspring and their race re-
 newed;
 Their corps to perish, but their kind to
 last,
 So much the deathless plant the dying fruit
 surpassed.
 Panting and pensive now she ranged
 alone, 25
 And wandered in the kingdoms once her
 own.
 The common hunt, though from their rage
 restrained
 By sovereign power, her company dis-
 dained;
 Grinned as they passed, and with a glaring
 eye
 Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity. 30
 'Tis true she bounded by, and tripped so
 light
 They had not time to take a steady sight;
 For truth has such a face and such a mien
 As to be loved needs only to be seen.
 The bloody Bear, an Independent
 beast 35
 Unlicked to form, in groans her hate ex-
 pressed.
 Among the timorous kind the quaking
 Hare
 Professed neutrality, but would not swear.
 Next her the buffoon Ape, as atheists
 use,
 Mimicked all sects, and had his own to
 choose; 40
 Still when the Lion looked, his knees he
 bent,
 And paid at church a courtier's compli-
 ment.
 The bristled Baptist Boar, impure as he,
 But whitened with the foam of sanctity,
 With fat pollutions filled the sacred
 place, 45
 And mountains levelled in his furious race:
 So first rebellion founded was in grace.
 But since the mighty ravage which he
 made
 In German forests had his guilt betrayed,

With broken tusks and with a borrowed
 name, 50
 He shunned the vengeance and concealed
 the shame,
 So lurked in sects unseen. With greater
 guile
 False Reynard fed on consecrated spoil;
 The graceless beast by Athanasius first
 Was chased from Nice; then, by Socinus
 nursed, 55
 His impious race their blasphemy re-
 newed,
 And nature's king through nature's optics
 viewed.
 Reversed, they viewed him lessened to
 their eye,
 Nor in an infant could a God descry.
 New swarming sects to this obliquely
 tend; 60
 Hence they began, and here they all will
 end.

* * * * *

The Panther, sure the noblest next the
 Hind,
 And fairest creature of the spotted kind;
 Oh, could her inborn stains be washed
 away,
 She were too good to be a beast of prey! 330
 How can I praise or blame, and not of-
 fend,
 Or how divide the frailty from the friend?
 Her faults and virtues lie so mixed, that
 she
 Nor wholly stands condemned, nor wholly
 free.
 Then, like her injured Lion, let me speak;
 He cannot bend her and he would not
 break. 336
 Unkind already, and estranged in part,
 The Wolf begins to share her wandering
 heart.
 Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,
 She half commits who sins but in her
 will. 340
 If, as our dreaming Platonists report,
 There could be spirits of a middle sort,
 Too black for heaven and yet too white
 for hell,
 Who just dropped half-way down, nor
 lower fell;
 So poised, so gently she descends from
 high, 345
 It seems a soft dismissal from the sky.

Her house not ancient, whatsoe'er pre-
 tence
 Her clergy heralds make in her defence;
 A second century not half-way run,
 Since the new honors of her blood be-
 gun. 350

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1687

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
 This universal frame began:
 When Nature underneath a heap
 Of jarring atoms lay,
 And could not heave her head, 5
 The tuneful voice was heard from high:
 "Arise, ye more than dead."

Then cold and hot and moist and dry
 In order to their stations leap,
 And Music's power obey. 10
 From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
 This universal frame began:
 From harmony to harmony
 Through all the compass of the notes it
 ran,
 The diapason closing full in Man. 15

What passion cannot Music raise and quell!
 When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
 His listening brethren stood around,
 And, wondering, on their faces fell
 To worship that celestial sound. 20
 Less than a god they thought there could
 not dwell
 Within the hollow of that shell
 That spoke so sweetly and so well.
 What passion cannot Music raise and quell!

The trumpet's loud clangor 25
 Excites us to arms
 With shrill notes of anger
 And mortal alarms.
 The double, double, double beat
 Of the thundering drum 30
 Cries: "Hark! the foes come;
 Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat!"

The soft complaining flute
 In dying notes discovers
 The woes of hopeless lovers, 35
 Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling
 lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion, 40
For the fair, disdainful dame.

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love, 45
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.
Orpheus could lead the savage race;
And trees unrooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre; 50
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder
higher:
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appeared,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

GRAND CHORUS

As from the power of sacred lays 55
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blessed above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour, 60
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE
POWER OF MUSIC

A SONG IN HONOR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY,
1697

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne: 5
His valiant peers were placed around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles
bound:
(So should desert in arms be crowned.)
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride, 10
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair. 15

CHORUS

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high 20
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touched the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove, 25
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love.)
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed, 30
And while he sought her snowy
breast;
Then round her slender waist he curled,
And stamped an image of himself, a
sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty
sound,
"A present deity," they shout around;
"A present deity," the vaulted roofs
rebound: 36
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod, 40
And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS

With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod, 45
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musi-
cian sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young.
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the
drums; 50
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face:
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes,
he comes.
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain; 55
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,

Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Sweet is pleasure after pain. 60

CHORUS

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Sweet is pleasure after pain. 65

Soothed with the sound, the king grew
 vain;

Fought all his battles o'er again;
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice
 he slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise,
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes; 70
 And, while he heaven and earth de-
 fied,

Changed his hand, and checked his
 pride.

He chose a mournful Muse,
 Soft pity to infuse;
 He sung Darius great and good, 75

By too severe a fate,
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And weltering in his blood;

Deserted at his utmost need 80
 By those his former bounty fed;
 On the bare earth exposed he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast looks the joyless victor
 sate,

Revolving in his altered soul 85
 The various turns of chance be-
 low;

And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.

CHORUS

Revolving in his altered soul
 The various turns of chance be-
 low; 90

And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
 That love was in the next degree;
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move, 95
 For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleas-
 ures.

"War," he sung, "is toil and trouble;
 Honor but an empty bubble; 100

Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying:
 If the world be worth thy win-
 ning,

Think, oh think it worth enjoying;
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee, 105
 Take the good the gods provide
 thee."

The many rend the skies with loud ap-
 plause:

So Love was crowned, but Music won the
 cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair 110

Who caused his care,
 And sighed and looked, sighed and
 looked,

Sighed and looked, and sighed again:
 At length, with love and wine at once op-
 pressed,

The vanquished victor sunk upon her
 breast. 115

CHORUS

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair

Who caused his care,
 And sighed and looked, sighed and
 looked,

Sighed and looked, and sighed again: 120
 At length, with love and wine at once op-
 pressed,

The vanquished victor sunk upon her
 breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again:

A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
 Break his bands of sleep asunder, 125
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of
 thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound
 Has raised up his head;

As awaked from the dead,
 And, amazed, he stares around. 130
 "Revenge, revenge!" Timotheus cries,

"See the Furies arise!
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,

And the sparkles that flash from their
eyes! 135
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle
were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain: 140
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian
abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile
gods!" 145
The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal
to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another
Troy. 150

CHORUS

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal
to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another
Troy.
Thus, long ago, 155
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft
desire. 160
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred
store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds, 165
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts un-
known before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down. 170

GRAND CHORUS

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;

The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred
store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts un-
known before. 176
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down. 180

LINES PRINTED UNDER THE EN-
GRAVED PORTRAIT OF MILTON

(In Tonson's folio edition of *Paradise
Lost*, 1688)

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next in majesty, in both the last:
The force of Nature could no farther go;
To make a third she joined the former two.

From AN ESSAY OF DRAMATIC
POESY

As Neander was beginning to examine
The Silent Woman, Eugenius, earnestly
regarding him: I beseech you, Neander,
said he, gratify the company, and me in
particular, so far as, before you speak
of the play, to give us a character of the
author; and tell us frankly your opinion,
whether you do not think all writers,
both French and English, ought to give
place to him? 180

I fear, replied Neander, that, in obey-
ing your commands, I shall draw some
envy on myself. Besides, in performing
them, it will be first necessary to speak
somewhat of Shakespeare and Fletcher, his
rivals in poesy; and one of them, in my
opinion, at least his equal, perhaps his
superior.

To begin then with Shakespeare. He
was the man who of all modern, and 180
perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and
most comprehensive soul. All the images
of nature were still present to him, and
he drew them not laboriously, but luckily:
when he describes anything, you more

than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he [30] looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him: no man can say, he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did [40] not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eton say, that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in Shakespeare; and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the [50] age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him, Fletcher and Jonson, never equaled them to him in their esteem: and in the last king's court, when Ben's reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakespeare far above him.

Beaumont and Fletcher, of whom I am next to speak, had, with the advantage [60] of Shakespeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study; Beaumont especially being so accurate a judge of plays, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and 'tis thought, used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving all his plots. What value he had for him, appears by the verses he writ to him; and therefore I need speak [70] no further of it. The first play that brought Fletcher and him in esteem, was their *Philaster*; for before that, they had written two or three very unsuccessfully: as the like is reported of Ben Jonson, before he writ *Every Man in his Humor*. Their plots were generally more regular than Shakespeare's, especially those which

were made before Beaumont's death; and they understood and imitated the [80] conversation of gentlemen much better; whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of wit in repartees, no poet before them could paint as they have done. Humor, which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe; they represented all the passions very lively, but above all, love. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its high- [90] est perfection; what words have since been taken in, are rather superfluous than ornamental. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage; two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakespeare's or Jonson's: the reason is, because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suits generally with all [100] men's humors. Shakespeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs.

As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himself (for his last plays were but his dotages), I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theater ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself, as well as [110] others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit and language, and humor also in some measure, we had before him; but something of art was wanting to the drama, till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or [120] endeavoring to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such an height. Humor was his proper sphere; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them: there is scarce a poet [130] or historian among the Roman authors of those times, whom he has not trans-

lated in *Sejanus* and *Catiline*. But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch; and what would be theft in other poets, is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represents old Rome to us, in its rites, [140 ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, it was, that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his comedies especially: perhaps, too, he did a little too much Romanize our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them: [150 wherein, though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours. If I would compare him with Shakespeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakespeare the greater wit. Shakespeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets; Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakespeare. To conclude of him; as [160 he has given us the most correct plays, so in the precepts which he has laid down in his *Discoveries*, we have as many and profitable rules for perfecting the stage, as any wherewith the French can furnish us.

From the PREFACE TO THE FABLES

It remains that I say somewhat of Chaucer in particular.

In the first place, as he is the father of English poetry, so I hold him in the same degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer, or the Romans Virgil. He is a perpetual fountain of good sense, learned in all sciences, and therefore speaks properly on all subjects. As he knew what to say, so he knows also [10 when to leave off; a continence which is practised by few writers, and scarcely by any of the ancients, excepting Virgil and Horace. One of our late great poets is sunk in his reputation because he could never forgive any conceit which came in

his way, but swept, like a drag-net, great and small. There was plenty enough, but the dishes were ill sorted; whole pyramids of sweetmeats for boys and [20 women, but little of solid meat for men. All this proceeded, not from any want of knowledge, but of judgment. Neither did he want that in discerning the beauties and faults of other poets, but only indulged himself in the luxury of writing; and perhaps knew it was a fault but hoped the reader would not find it. For this reason, though he must always be thought a great poet, he is no longer esteemed [30 a good writer; and for ten impressions, which his works have had in so many successive years, yet at present a hundred books are scarcely purchased once a twelvemonth; for, as my last Lord Rochester said, though somewhat profanely, "Not being of God, he could not stand."

Chaucer followed nature everywhere, but was never so bold to go beyond her; and there is a great difference of being [40 *poeta* and *nimis poeta*, if we believe Catullus, as much as betwixt a modest behavior and affectation. The verse of Chaucer, I confess, is not harmonious to us; but 'tis like the eloquence of one whom Tacitus commends, it was *auribus istius temporis accommodata*; they who lived with him, and some time after him, thought it musical; and it continues so even in our judgment, if compared with the num- [50 bers of Lydgate and Gower, his contemporaries; there is the rude sweetness of a Scotch tune in it, which is natural and pleasing though not perfect. 'Tis true I cannot go so far as he who published the last edition of him, for he would make us believe the fault is in our ears, and that there were really ten syllables in a verse where we find but nine; but this opinion is not worth confuting; 'tis so [60 gross and obvious an error that common sense (which is a rule in everything but matters of faith and revelation) must convince the reader that equality of numbers, in every verse which we call heroic, was either not known or not always practised in Chaucer's age. It were an easy matter to produce some thousands of his verses which are lame for want of half a foot, and sometimes a whole [70

one, and which no pronunciation can make otherwise. We can only say that he lived in the infancy of our poetry, and that nothing is brought to perfection at the first. We must be children before we grow men.

* * * * *

He must have been a man of a most wonderful comprehensive nature, because, as it has been truly observed of him, he has taken into the compass of his [80 *Canterbury Tales* the various manners and humors (as we now call them) of the whole English nation in his age. Not a single character has escaped him. All his pilgrims are severally distinguished from each other, and not only in their inclinations but in their very physiognomies and persons. Baptista Porta could not have described their natures better than by the marks which the [90 poet gives them. The matter and manner of their tales and of their telling are so suited to their different educations, humors, and callings that each of them would be improper in any other mouth. Even the grave and serious characters are distinguished by their several sorts of gravity: their discourses are such as belong to their age, their calling, and their breeding; such as are becoming of them, [100 and of them only. Some of his persons are vicious and some virtuous; some are unlearned, or (as Chaucer calls them) lewd, and some are learned. Even the ribaldry of the low characters is different: the Reeve, the Miller, and the Cook are several men, and distinguished from each other as much as the mincing Lady Prioress and the broad-speaking, gap-toothed Wife of Bath. But enough [110 of this; there is such a variety of game springing up before me that I am distracted in my choice and know not which to follow. It is sufficient to say, according to the proverb, that here is God's plenty. We have our forefathers and great-grand-dames all before us as they were in Chaucer's days: their general characters are still remaining in mankind, and even in England, though [120 they are called by other names than those of monks, and friars, and canons, and

lady abbesses, and nuns; for mankind is ever the same, and nothing lost out of nature though everything is altered.

DANIEL DEFOE (1660?-1731)

From THE TRUE-BORN ENGLISH-MAN

Satire, be kind, and draw a silent veil,
Thy native England's vices to conceal;
Or, if that task's impossible to do,
At least be just, and show her virtues too;
Too great the first, alas! the last too few. 5

* * * * *

Ingratitude, a devil of black renown,
Possessed her very early for his own:
An ugly, surly, sullen, selfish spirit,
Who Satan's worst perfections does inherit;
Second to him in malice and in force, 10
All devil without, and all within him worse.

He made her first-born race to be so rude,
And suffered her to be so oft subdued,
By several crowds of wandering thieves o'er-run,
Often unpeopled, and as oft undone; 15
While every nation that her powers reduced
Their languages and manners introduced;
From whose mixed relics our compounded breed
By spurious generation does succeed,
Making a race uncertain and uneven, 20
Derived from all the nations under heaven.

The Romans first with Julius Cæsar came,
Including all the nations of that name,
Gauls, Greeks, and Lombards; and by computation
Auxiliaries or slaves of every nation. 25
With Hengist, Saxons; Danes with Sweno came,
In search of plunder, not in search of fame.
Scots, Picts, and Irish from the Hibernian shore;
And conquering William brought the Normans o'er.

All these their barbarous offspring left
 behind, 30
 The dregs of armies, they of all man-
 kind,
 Blended with Britons, who before were
 here,
 Of whom the Welsh have blest the char-
 acter.
 From this amphibious, ill-born mob
 began
 That vain, ill-natured thing, an English-
 man. 35
 The customs, sir-names, languages and
 manners,
 Of all these nations, are their own ex-
 plainers;
 Whose relics are so lasting and so strong,
 They've left a shibboleth upon our tongue;
 By which, with easy search, you may
 distinguish 40
 Your Roman, Saxon, Danish, Norman,
 English.

* * * * *

And here begins the ancient pedigree
 That so exalts our poor nobility:—
 'Tis that from some French trooper they
 derive,
 Who with the Norman bastard did arrive:
 The trophies of the families appear; 46
 Some show the sword, the bow, and some
 the spear,
 Which their great ancestor, forsooth, did
 wear.
 These in the herald's register remain,
 Their noble mean extraction to explain; 50
 Yet who the hero was, no man can tell,
 Whether a drummer, or a colonel;
 The silent record blushes to reveal
 Their undescended dark original.

But grant the best. How came the
 change to pass, 55
 A true-born Englishman of Norman race?
 A Turkish horse can show more history
 To prove his well-descended family.
 Conquest, as by the moderns 'tis expressed,
 May give a title to the lands possessed; 60
 But that the longest sword should be so
 civil
 To make a Frenchman English, that's the
 devil.

These are the heroes that despise the
 Dutch,
 And rail at new-come foreigners so much;

Forgetting that themselves are all derived
 From the most scoundrel race that ever
 lived, 66
 A horrid crowd of rambling thieves and
 drones
 Who ransacked kingdoms and dispeopled
 towns;
 The Pict and painted Briton, treacherous
 Scot,
 By hunger, theft, and rapine, hither
 brought; 70
 Norwegian pirates, buccaneering Danes,
 Whose red-haired offspring everywhere re-
 mains;
 Who, joined with Norman French, com-
 pound the breed
 From whence your true-born Englishmen
 proceed.

* * * * *

But England, modern to the last de-
 gree,
 Borrows or makes her own nobility, 76
 And yet she boldly boasts of pedigree;
 Repines that foreigners are put upon
 her,
 And talks of her antiquity and honor.
 Her Sackvills, Savils, Cecils, Delameres, 80
 Mohuns, Montagues, Duras and Veeres,
 Not one have English names, yet all are
 English peers.
 Your Houblons, Papillons, and Lethuliers,
 Pass now for true-born English knights
 and squires,
 And make good senate-members, or lord
 mayors. 85
 Wealth, howsoever got, in England makes
 Lords of mechanics, gentlemen of rakes.
 Antiquity and birth are needless here;
 'Tis impudence and money makes a peer.
 Innumerable city knights we know, 90
 From Blue-coat Hospitals, and Bridewell
 flow.
 Draymen and porters fill the city chair,
 And foot-boys magisterial purple wear.
 Fate has but very small distinction set
 Betwixt the Counter and the coronet. 95
 Tarpaulin lords, pages of high renown,
 Rise up by poor men's valor, not their
 own;
 Great families of yesterday we show,
 And lords, whose parents were the Lord
 knows who.

* * * * *

Then let us boast of ancestors no more,
Or deeds of heroes done in days of yore,
In latent records of the ages past, 102
Behind the rear of time, in long oblivion
placed;

For if our virtues must in lines descend,
The merit with the families would end, 105
And intermixture would most fatal grow,
For vice would be hereditary too;
The tainted blood would of necessity
Involuntary wickedness convey.

Vice, like ill-nature, for an age or two
May seem a generation to pursue; 111
But virtue seldom does regard the breed;
Fools do the wise, and wise men fools
succeed.

What's it to us what ancestors we had?
If good, what better? or what worse, if
bad? 115

Examples are for imitation set,
Yet all men follow virtue with regret.

Could but our ancestors retrieve their
fate,

And see their offspring thus degenerate,—
How we contend for birth and names un-
known, 120

And build on their past actions, not our
own,—

They'd cancel records, and their tombs
deface,

And openly disown the vile degenerate
race;

For fame of families is all a cheat;
It's personal virtue only makes us great. 125

THE SHORTEST WAY WITH THE DISSENTERS

Sir Roger L'Estrange tells us a story in his collection of fables, of the cock and the horses. The cock was gotten to roost in the stable among the horses; and there being no racks or other conveniences for him, it seems he was forced to roost upon the ground. The horses jostling about for room and putting the cock in danger of his life, he gives them this grave advice, "Pray, gentlefolks, let us stand still, 10 for fear we should tread upon one another."

There are some people in the world, who, now they are unperched, and reduced to an equality with other people,

and under strong and very just apprehensions of being further treated as they deserve, begin, with Esop's cock, to preach up peace and union and the Christian duties of moderation; forgetting that 20 when they had the power in their hands, those graces were strangers in their gates!

It is now near fourteen years, that the glory and peace of the purest and most flourishing Church in the world has been eclipsed, buffeted, and disturbed by a sort of men whom God in his providence has suffered to insult over her, and bring her down. These have been the days of her humiliation and tribulation. She 30 has borne with an invincible patience the reproach of the wicked; and God has at last heard her prayers, and delivered her from the oppression of the stranger.

And now, they find their day is over, their power gone, and the throne of this nation possessed by a royal, English, true, and ever constant member of, and friend to, the Church of England. Now they find that they are in danger of 40 the Church of England's just resentments. Now, they cry out, "Peace!" "Union!" "Forbearance!" and "Charity!": as if the Church had not too long harbored her enemies under her wing, and nourished the viperous brood, till they hiss and fly in the face of the mother that cherished them!

No, gentlemen, the time of mercy is past, your day of grace is over, you 50 should have practised peace, and moderation, and charity, if you expected any yourselves.

We have heard none of this lesson for fourteen years past. We have been huffed and bullied with your Act of Toleration. You have told us that you are the Church established by law, as well as others; have set up your canting synagogues at our church doors; and the Church and her 60 members have been loaded with reproaches, with oaths, associations, abjurations, and what not! Where has been the mercy, the forbearance, the charity you have shown to tender consciences of the Church of England that could not take oaths as fast as you made them; that, having sworn allegiance to their lawful and rightful king, could not dispense with

their oath, their king being still alive, [70 and swear to your new hodge-podge of a Dutch government? These have been turned out of their livings, and they and their families left to starve; their estates double taxed to carry on a war they had no hand in, and you got nothing by! What account can you give of the multitudes you have forced to comply, against their consciences, with your new sophistical politics, who, like new converts [80 in France, sin because they cannot starve? And now the tables are turned upon you, you must not be persecuted! It is not a Christian spirit!

You have butchered one king, deposed another king, and made a mock king of a third, and yet, you could have the face to expect to be employed and trusted by the fourth! Anybody that did not know the temper of your party, would stand [90 amazed at the impudence as well as folly to think of it!

Your management of your Dutch monarch, whom you reduced to a mere King of Clubs, is enough to give any future princes such an idea of your principles as to warn them sufficiently from coming into your clutches; and, God be thanked, the Queen is out of your hands, knows you, and will have a care of you! [100

There is no doubt but the supreme authority of a nation has in itself a power, and a right to that power, to execute the laws upon any part of that nation it governs. The execution of the known laws of the land, and that with but a gentle hand neither, was all that the fanatical party of this land have ever called persecution. This they have magnified to a height that the sufferings of the [110 Huguenots in France were not to be compared with. Now to execute the known laws of a nation upon those who transgress them, after voluntarily consenting to the making of those laws, can never be called persecution, but justice. But justice is always violence to the party offending, for every man is innocent in his own eyes. The first execution of the laws against Dissenters in England [120 was in the days of King James I; and what did it amount to? Truly, the worst they suffered was, at their own request,

to let them go to New England, and erect a new colony; and give them great privileges, grants, and suitable powers; keep them under protection, and defend them against all invaders; and receive no taxes or revenue from them! This was the cruelty of the Church of England. [130 Fatal lenity! It was the ruin of that excellent prince, King Charles I. Had King James sent all the Puritans in England away to the West Indies, we had been a national unmixed Church. The Church of England had been kept undivided and entire!

To requite the lenity of the father, they take up arms against the son, conquer, pursue, take, imprison, and at last [140 put to death the anointed of God, and destroy the very being and nature of government: setting up a sordid impostor, who had neither title to govern, nor understanding to manage, but supplied that want, with power, bloody and desperate counsels and craft, without conscience.

Had not King James I withheld the full execution of the laws, had he given them strict justice, he had cleared [150 the nation of them, and the consequences had been plain: his son had never been murdered by them, nor the monarchy overwhelmed. It was too much mercy shown them that was the ruin of his posterity, and the ruin of the nation's peace. One would think the Dissenters should not have the face to believe that we are to be wheedled and canted into peace and toleration, when they know that [160 they have once requited us with a civil war, and once with an intolerable and unrighteous persecution, for our former civility.

Nay, to encourage us to be easy with them, it is apparent that they never had the upper hand of the Church but they treated her with all the severity, with all the reproach and contempt as was possible! What peace and what mercy [170 did they show the loyal gentry of the Church of England, in the time of their triumphant Commonwealth? How did they put all the gentry of England to ransom, whether they were actually in arms for the king or not, making people compound for their estates, and starve

their families! How did they treat the clergy of the Church of England, sequester the ministers, devour the patrimony [180 of the Church and divide the spoil, by sharing the Church lands among their soldiers, and turning her clergy out to starve! Just such measure as they have meted, should be measured them again!

Charity and love is the known doctrine of the Church of England, and it is plain she has put it in practise towards the Dissenters, even beyond what they ought, till she has been wanting to herself, [190 and in effect unkind to her own sons; particularly, in the too much lenity of King James I, mentioned before. Had he so rooted the Puritans from the face of the land, which he had an opportunity early to have done, they had not had the power to vex the Church, as since they have done.

In the days of King Charles II, how did the Church reward their bloody [200 doings with lenity and mercy! Except the barbarous regicides of the pretended court of justice, not a soul suffered for all the blood in an unnatural war. King Charles came in all mercy and love, cherished them, preferred them, employed them, withheld the rigor of the law and oftentimes, even against the advice of his Parliament, gave them liberty of conscience; and how did they requite [210 him? With the villainous contrivance to depose and murder him and his successor, at the Rye House Plot!

King James II, as if mercy was the inherent quality of the family, began his reign with unusual favor to them. Nor could their joining with the Duke of Monmouth against him, move him to do himself justice upon them. But that mistaken prince, thinking to win [220 them by gentleness and love, proclaimed a universal liberty to them, and rather discountenanced the Church of England than them. How they requited him, all the world knows!

The late reign is too fresh in the memory of all the world to need a comment. How under pretense of joining with the Church in redressing some grievances, they pushed things to that extremity, in conjunc- [230 tion with some mistaken gentlemen, as to

depose the late king; as if the grievance of the nation could not have been redressed but by the absolute ruin of the prince. Here is an instance of their temper, their peace, and charity! To what height they carried themselves during the reign of a king of their own, how they crept into all places of trust and profit; how they insinuated them- [240 selves into the favor of the king, and were at first preferred to the highest places in the nation, how they engrossed the ministry; and, above all, how pitifully they managed, is too plain to need any remarks. . . .

These are the gentlemen! these, their ways of treating the Church, both at home and abroad! Now let us examine the reasons they pretend to give, why [250 we should be favorable to them; why we should continue and tolerate them among us.

First. They are very numerous, they say. They are a great part of the nation, and we cannot suppress them.

To this, may be answered:

First. They are not so numerous as the Protestants in France: and yet the French king effectually cleared the [260 nation of them at once; and we don't find he misses them at home! But I am not of the opinion they are so numerous as is pretended. Their party is more numerous than their persons; and those mistaken people of the Church who are misled and deluded by their wheedling artifices to join with them, make their party the greater: but those will open their eyes when the government shall set heartily [270 about the work, and come off from them, as some animals, which they say, always desert a house when it is likely to fall.

Secondly. The more numerous, the more dangerous; and therefore the more need to suppress them; and God has suffered us to bear them as goads in our sides, for not utterly extinguishing them long ago.

Thirdly. If we are to allow them, [280 only because we cannot suppress them; then it ought to be tried, whether we can or no. And I am of opinion it is easy to be done, and could prescribe ways and means, if it were proper: but I doubt not

the government will find effectual methods for the rooting of the contagion from the face of this land.

Another argument they use, which is this: that it is a time of war, and we [290 have need to unite against the common enemy.

We answer, this common enemy had been no enemy, if they had not made him so. He was quiet, in peace, and no way disturbed or encroached upon us; and we know no reason we had to quarrel with him.

But, further, we make no question but we are able to deal with this common [300 enemy without their help: but why must we unite with them, because of the enemy? Will they go over to the enemy, if we do not prevent it, by a union with them? We are very well contented they should, and make no question we shall be ready to deal with them and the common enemy too; and better without them than with them. Besides, if we have a common enemy, there is the more [310 need to be secure against our private enemies. If there is one common enemy, we have the less need to have an enemy in our bowels!

It was a great argument some people used against suppressing the old money, that "it was a time of war, and it was too great a risk for the nation to run. If we should not master it, we should be undone!" And yet the sequel proved [320 the hazard was not so great, but it might be mastered, and the success was answerable. The suppressing the Dissenters is not a harder work, nor a work of less necessity to the public. We can never enjoy a settled, uninterrupted union and tranquillity in this nation, till the spirit of Whiggism, faction, and schism is melted down like the old money!

The representatives of the nation [330 have now an opportunity. The time is come which all good men have wished for, that the gentlemen of England may serve the Church of England, now they are protected and encouraged by a Church of England queen! . . .

If ever you will establish the best Christian Church in the world; if ever you will suppress the spirit of enthusiasm; if ever

you will free the nation from the [340 viperous brood that have so long sucked the blood of their mother; if ever you will leave your posterity free from faction and rebellion, this is the time! This is the time to pull up this heretical weed of sedition, that has so long disturbed the peace of our Church, and poisoned the good corn!

But, says another hot and cold objector, this is renewing fire and faggot, [350 reviving the Act *De heretico comburendo*. This will be cruelty in its nature, and barbarous to all the world.

I answer, it is cruelty to kill a snake or a toad in cold blood, but the poison of their nature makes it a charity to our neighbors to destroy those creatures, not for any personal injury received, but for prevention; not for the evil they have done, but the evil they may do. Ser- [360 pents, toads, vipers, etc., are noxious to the body, and poison the sensitive life: these poison the soul, corrupt our posterity, ensnare our children, destroy the vitals of our happiness, our future felicity, and contaminate the whole mass!

Shall any law be given to such wild creatures? Some beasts are for sport, and the huntsmen give them advantages of ground, but some are knocked on [370 the head by all possible ways of violence and surprise.

I do not prescribe fire and faggot; but as Scipio said of Carthage, *Delenda est Carthago!* they are to be rooted out of this nation, if ever we will live in peace, serve God, or enjoy our own. As for the manner, I leave it to those hands who have a right to execute God's justice on the nation's and the Church's enemies. [380

But if we must be frightened from this justice, under these specious pretenses, and odious sense of cruelty, nothing will be effected. It will be more barbarous to our own children and dear posterity, when they shall reproach their fathers, as we do ours, and tell us, "You had an opportunity to root out this cursed race from the world under the favor and protection of a true Church of England [390 queen, and out of your foolish pity, you spared them, because, forsooth, you would not be cruel! And now our Church is

suppressed and persecuted, our religion trampled under foot, our estates plundered, our persons imprisoned, and dragged to gaols, gibbets, and scaffolds! Your sparing this Amalekite race is our destruction! Your mercy to them proves cruelty to your poor posterity!" [400]

How just will such reflections be when our posterity shall fall under the merciless clutches of this uncharitable generation; when our Church shall be swallowed up in schism, faction, enthusiasm, and confusion; when our government shall be devolved upon foreigners, and our monarchy dwindled into a republic!

It would be more rational for us, if we must spare this generation, to sum- [410] mon our own to a general massacre; and as we have brought them into the world free, to send them out so; and not betray them to destruction by our supine negligence, and then cry, "It is mercy!"

Moses was a merciful meek man; and yet with what fury did he run through the camp, and cut the throats of three and thirty thousand of his dear Israelites that were fallen into idolatry. What [420] was the reason? It was mercy to the rest, to make these examples, to prevent the destruction of the whole army.

How many millions of future souls we save from infection and delusion, if the present race of poisoned spirits were purged from the face of the land!

It is vain to trifle in this matter. The light foolish handling of them by mulcts, fines, etc., 'tis their glory and their [430] advantage! If the gallows instead of the Counter, and the galleys instead of the fines were the reward of going to a conventicle to preach or hear, there would not be so many sufferers. The spirit of martyrdom is over. They that will go to church to be chosen sheriffs and mayors, would go to forty churches rather than be hanged!

If one severe law were made and [440] punctually executed that whoever was found at a conventicle should be banished the nation, and the preacher be hanged, we should soon see an end of the tale. They would all come to church, and one age would make us all one again.

To talk of five shillings a month for not

coming to the sacrament, and one shilling per week, for not coming to church: this is such a way of converting [450] people as was never known. This is selling them a liberty to transgress, for so much money. If it be not a crime, why don't we give them full license? And if it be, no price ought to compound for the committing it, for that is selling a liberty to people to sin against God and the government.

If it be a crime of the highest consequence, both against the peace and [460] welfare of the nation, the glory of God, the good of the Church, and the happiness of the soul, let us rank it among capital offenses, and let it receive a punishment in proportion to it.

We hang men for trifles, and banish them for things not worth naming; but that an offense against God and the Church, against the welfare of the world, and the dignity of religion shall be [470] bought off for five shillings: this is such a shame to a Christian government that it is with regret I transmit it to posterity.

If men sin against God, affront his ordinances, rebel against his Church, and disobey the precepts of their superiors; let them suffer, as such capital crimes deserve. So will religion flourish, and this divided nation be once again united. . . . [480]

How can we answer it to God, to the Church, and to our posterity, to leave them entangled with fanaticism, error, and obstinacy, in the bowels of the nation; to leave them an enemy in their streets, that, in time, may involve them in the same crimes, and endanger the utter extirpation of the religion of the nation.

What is the difference betwixt this, and being subject to the power of the [490] Church of Rome, from whence we have reformed? If one be an extreme on one hand, and one on another, it is equally destructive to the truth to have errors settled among us, let them be of what nature they will. Both are enemies of our Church, and of our peace; and why should it not be as criminal to admit an enthusiast as a Jesuit? Why should the Papist with his seven sacraments be [500] worse than the Quaker with no sacraments

at all? Why should religious houses be more intolerable than meeting houses? Alas, the Church of England! What with popery on one hand, and schismatics on the other, how has she been crucified between two thieves. Now, let us crucify the thieves!

Let her foundations be established upon the destruction of her enemies! The [510 doors of mercy being always open to the returning part of the deluded people, let the obstinate be ruled with the rod of iron!

Let all true sons of so holy and oppressed a mother, exasperated by her afflictions, harden their hearts against those who have oppressed her.

And may God Almighty put it into the hearts of all the friends of truth, to [520 lift up a standard against pride and Antichrist, that the posterity of the sons of error may be rooted out from the face of this land, for ever!

A TRUE RELATION OF THE APPARITION OF MRS. VEAL

The next day after her death, to Mrs. Bargrave, at Canterbury, the eighth of September, 1705

THE PREFACE

This relation is matter of fact, and attended with such circumstances as may induce any reasonable man to believe it. It was sent by a gentleman, a justice of peace at Maidstone, in Kent, and a very intelligent person, to his friend in London, as it is here worded; which discourse is attested by a very sober and understanding gentlewoman and kinswoman (of the said gentleman's) who lives in Canterbury, [10 within a few doors of the house in which the within-named Mrs. Bargrave lives; who believes his kinswoman to be of so discerning a spirit, as not to be put upon by any fallacy, and who positively assured him that the whole matter as it is here related and laid down is what is really true, and what she herself had in the same words, as near as may be, from Mrs. Bargrave's own mouth, who she knows, had no [20

reason to invent and publish such a story, or any design to forge and tell a lie, being a woman of much honesty and virtue, and her whole life a course, as it were, of piety. The use which we ought to make of it is to consider that there is a life to come after this, and a just God who will retribute to every one according to the deeds done in the body, and therefore to reflect upon our past course of life we [30 have led in the world; that our time is short and uncertain; and that if we would escape the punishment of the ungodly and receive the reward of the righteous, which is the laying hold of eternal life, we ought, for the time to come, to return to God by a speedy repentance, ceasing to do evil, and learning to do well; to seek after God early, if haply He may be found of us, and lead such lives [40 for the future as may be well pleasing in His sight.

A RELATION OF THE APPARITION OF MRS. VEAL

This thing is so rare in all its circumstances, and on so good authority, that my reading and conversation has not given me anything like it. It is fit to gratify the most ingenious and serious inquirer. Mrs. Bargrave is the person to whom Mrs. Veal appeared after her death; she is my intimate friend, and I can avouch for her reputation for these last fifteen or sixteen years, on my [10 own knowledge; and I can confirm the good character she had from her youth to the time of my acquaintance; though since this relation she is calumniated by some people that are friends to the brother of Mrs. Veal who appeared, who think the relation of this appearance to be a reflection, and endeavor what they can to blast Mrs. Bargrave's reputation, and to laugh the story out of coun- [20 tenance. But by the circumstances thereof, and the cheerful disposition of Mrs. Bargrave, notwithstanding the unheard-of ill-usage of a very wicked husband, there is not the least sign of dejection in her face; nor did I ever hear her let fall a desponding or murmuring expression; nay, not when actually under her husband's barbarity, which I have

been witness to, and several other [30 persons of undoubted reputation.

Now you must know Mrs. Veal was a maiden gentlewoman of about thirty years of age, and for some years last past had been troubled with fits, which were perceived coming on her by her going off from her discourses very abruptly to some impertinence. She was maintained by an only brother, and kept his house in Dover. She was a very pious [40 woman, and her brother a very sober man, to all appearance; but now he does all he can to null or quash the story. Mrs. Veal was intimately acquainted with Mrs. Bargrave from her childhood. Mrs. Veal's circumstances were then mean; her father did not take care of his children as he ought, so that they were exposed to hardships; and Mrs. Bargrave in those days had as unkind a father, though [50 she wanted neither for food nor clothing, whilst Mrs. Veal wanted for both; so that it was in the power of Mrs. Bargrave to be very much her friend in several instances, which mightily endeared Mrs. Veal; insomuch that she would often say, "Mrs. Bargrave, you are not only the best, but the only friend I have in the world; and no circumstance in life shall ever dissolve my friendship." They [60 would often condole each other's adverse fortunes, and read together "Drelincourt upon Death," and other good books; and so, like two Christian friends, they comforted each other under their sorrow.

Some time after, Mr. Veal's friends got him a place in the custom-house at Dover, which occasioned Mrs. Veal, by little and little, to fall off from her intimacy with Mrs. Bargrave, though there never [70 was any such thing as a quarrel; but an indifferency came on by degrees, till at last Mrs. Bargrave had not seen her in two years and a half; though about a twelvemonth of the time Mrs. Bargrave had been absent from Dover, and this last half-year had been in Canterbury about two months of the time, dwelling in a house of her own.

In this house, on the 8th of September last, viz., 1705, she was sitting alone, in the forenoon, thinking over her unfortunate life, and arguing herself into

a due resignation to Providence, though her condition seemed hard. "And," said she, "I have been provided for hitherto, and doubt not but I shall be still; and am well satisfied that my afflictions shall end when it is most fit for me;" and then took up her sewing-work, which she [90 had no sooner done but she hears a knocking at the door. She went to see who it was there, and this proved to be Mrs. Veal, her old friend, who was in a riding-habit; at that moment of time the clock struck twelve at noon.

"Madam," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I am surprised to see you, you have been so long a stranger;" but told her she was glad to see her, and offered to salute [100 her, which Mrs. Veal complied with, till their lips almost touched; and then Mrs. Veal drew her hand across her own eyes and said, "I am not very well," and so waived it. She told Mrs. Bargrave she was going a journey, and had a great mind to see her first. "But," says Mrs. Bargrave, "how came you to take a journey alone? I am amazed at it, because I know you have so fond a [110 brother." "Oh," says Mrs. Veal, "I gave my brother the slip, and came away, because I had so great a desire to see you before I took my journey." So Mrs. Bargrave went in with her into another room within the first, and Mrs. Veal set her down in an elbow-chair, in which Mrs. Bargrave was sitting when she heard Mrs. Veal knock. Then says Mrs. Veal, "My dear friend, I am come to renew [120 our old friendship again, and beg your pardon for my breach of it; and if you can forgive me, you are one of the best of women." "Oh," says Mrs. Bargrave, "don't mention such a thing. I have not had an uneasy thought about it; I can easily forgive it." "What did you think of me?" said Mrs. Veal. Says Mrs. Bargrave, "I thought you were like the rest of the world, and that prosperity [130 had made you forget yourself and me." Then Mrs. Veal reminded Mrs. Bargrave of the many friendly offices she did in her former days, and much of the conversation they had with each other in the time of their adversity; what books they read, and what comfort in particular

they received from Drelincourt's "Book of Death," which was the best, she said, on that subject ever wrote. She [140 also mentioned Dr. Sherlock, and two Dutch books which were translated, wrote upon death, and several others; but Drelincourt, she said, had the clearest notions of death and of the future state of any who had handled that subject. Then she asked Mrs. Bargrave whether she had Drelincourt. She said, "Yes." Says Mrs. Veal, "Fetch it." And so Mrs. Bargrave goes upstairs and brings it [150 down. Says Mrs. Veal, "Dear Mrs. Bargrave, if the eyes of our faith were as open as the eyes of our body, we should see numbers of angels about us for our guard. The notions we have of heaven now are nothing like to what it is, as Drelincourt says. Therefore be comforted under your afflictions, and believe that the Almighty has a particular regard to you, and that your afflictions are [160 marks of God's favor; and when they have done the business they are sent for, they shall be removed from you. And believe me, my dear friend, believe what I say to you, one minute of future happiness will infinitely reward you for all your sufferings; for I can never believe" (and claps her hand upon her knee with great earnestness, which indeed ran through most of her discourse) "that ever [170 God will suffer you to spend all your days in this afflicted state; but be assured that your afflictions shall leave you, or you them, in a short time." She spake in that pathetical and heavenly manner that Mrs. Bargrave wept several times, she was so deeply affected with it.

Then Mrs. Veal mentioned Dr. Horneck's "Ascetick," at the end of which he gives an account of the lives of the [180 primitive Christians. Their pattern she recommended to our imitation, and said their conversation was not like this of our age; "for now," says she, "there is nothing but frothy, vain discourse, which is far different from theirs. Theirs was to edification, and to build one another up in faith; so that they were not as we are, nor are we as they were; but," said she, "we might do as they did. There [190 was a hearty friendship among them; but

where is it now to be found?" Says Mrs. Bargrave, "'Tis hard indeed to find a true friend in these days." Says Mrs. Veal, "Mr. Norris has a fine copy of verses, called 'Friendship in Perfection,' which I wonderfully admire. Have you seen the book?" says Mrs. Veal. "No," says Mrs. Bargrave, "but I have the verses of my own writing out." [200 "Have you?" says Mrs. Veal; "then fetch them." Which she did from above-stairs, and offered them to Mrs. Veal to read, who refused, and waived the thing, saying holding down her head would make it ache; and then desired Mrs. Bargrave to read them to her, which she did. As they were admiring "Friendship" Mrs. Veal said, "Dear Mrs. Bargrave, I shall love you for ever." In [210 these verses there is twice used the word *Elysian*. "Ah!" says Mrs. Veal, "these poets have such names for heaven!" She would often draw her hand across her own eyes and say, "Mrs. Bargrave, don't you think I am mightily impaired by my fits?" "No," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I think you look as well as ever I knew you."

After all this discourse, which theap- [220 parition put in words much finer than Mrs. Bargrave said she could pretend to, and was much more than she can remember, for it cannot be thought that an hour and three-quarters' conversation could all be retained, though the main of it she thinks she does, she said to Mrs. Bargrave she would have her write a letter to her brother, and tell him she would have him give rings to such and [230 such, and that there was a purse of gold in her cabinet, and that she would have two broad pieces given to her cousin Watson.

Talking at this rate, Mrs. Bargrave thought that a fit was coming upon her, and so placed herself in a chair just before her knees, to keep her from falling to the ground, if her fits should occasion it (for the elbow-chair, she thought, [240 would keep her from falling on either side); and to divert Mrs. Veal, as she thought, took hold of her gown-sleeve several times and commended it. Mrs. Veal told her it was a scoured silk, and

newly made up. But for all this, Mrs. Veal persisted in her request, and told Mrs. Bargrave she must not deny her; and that she would have her tell her brother all their conversation when [250 she had an opportunity. "Dear Mrs. Veal," said Mrs. Bargrave, "this seems so impertinent that I cannot tell how to comply with it; and what a mortifying story will our conversation be to a young gentleman!" "Well," says Mrs. Veal, "I must not be denied." "Why," says Mrs. Bargrave, "'tis much better, methinks, to do it yourself." "No," says Mrs. Veal, "though it seems imperti- [260 nent to you now, you will see more reason for it hereafter." Mrs. Bargrave then, to satisfy her importunity, was going to fetch a pen and ink, but Mrs. Veal said, "Let it alone now, but do it when I am gone; but you must be sure to do it;" which was one of the last things she enjoined her at parting; and so she promised her.

Then Mrs. Veal asked for Mrs. [270 Bargrave's daughter. She said she was not at home, "but if you have a mind to see her," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I'll send for her." "Do," says Mrs. Veal. On which she left her, and went to a neighbor's to send for her; and by the time Mrs. Bargrave was returning, Mrs. Veal was got without the door in the street, in the face of the beast-market, on a Saturday (which is market-day), and stood [280 ready to part as soon as Mrs. Bargrave came to her. She asked her why she was in such haste. She said she must be going, though perhaps she might not go her journey until Monday; and told Mrs. Bargrave she hoped she should see her again at her cousin Watson's before she went whither she was a-going. Then she said she would take her leave of her, and walked from Mrs. Bargrave in [290 her view, till a turning interrupted the sight of her, which was three-quarters after one in the afternoon.

Mrs. Veal died the 7th of September, at twelve o'clock at noon, of her fits, and had not above four hours' senses before death, in which time she received the sacrament. The next day after Mrs. Veal's appearing, being Sunday, Mrs. Bargrave

was mightily indisposed with a cold [300 and a sore throat, that she could not go out that day; but on Monday morning she sends a person to Captain Watson's to know if Mrs. Veal was there. They wondered at Mrs. Bargrave's inquiry, and sent her word that she was not there, nor was expected. At this answer, Mrs. Bargrave told the maid she had certainly mistook the name or made some blunder. And though she was ill, [310 she put on her hood, and went herself to Captain Watson's, though she knew none of the family, to see if Mrs. Veal was there or not. They said they wondered at her asking, for that she had not been in town; they were sure, if she had, she would have been there. Says Mrs. Bargrave, "I am sure she was with me on Saturday almost two hours." They said it was impossible; for they must [320 have seen her, if she had. In comes Captain Watson while they are in dispute, and said that Mrs. Veal was certainly dead, and her escutcheons were making. This strangely surprised Mrs. Bargrave, who went to the person immediately who had the care of them, and found it true. Then she related the whole story to Captain Watson's family, and what gown she had on, and how striped, and that [330 Mrs. Veal told her it was scoured. Then Mrs. Watson cried out, "You have seen her indeed, for none knew but Mrs. Veal and myself that the gown was scoured." And Mrs. Watson owned that she described the gown exactly; "for," said she, "I helped her to make it up." This Mrs. Watson blazed all about the town, and avouched the demonstration of the truth of Mrs. Bargrave's seeing Mrs. Veal's [340 apparition; and Captain Watson carried two gentlemen immediately to Mrs. Bargrave's house to hear the relation from her own mouth. And then it spread so fast that gentlemen and persons of quality, the judicious and sceptical part of the world, flocked in upon her, which at last became such a task that she was forced to go out of the way; for they were in general extremely satisfied of [350 the truth of the thing, and plainly saw that Mrs. Bargrave was no hypochondriac, for she always appears with such a cheer-

ful air and pleasing mien, that she has gained the favor and esteem of all the gentry, and 'tis thought a great favor if they can but get the relation from her own mouth. I should have told you before that Mrs. Veal told Mrs. Bargrave that her sister and brother-in-law were [360 just come down from London to see her. Says Mrs. Bargrave, "How came you to order matters so strangely?" "It could not be helped," says Mrs. Veal. And her sister and brother did come to see her, and entered the town of Dover just as Mrs. Veal was expiring. Mrs. Bargrave asked her whether she would drink some tea. Says Mrs. Veal, "I do not care if I do; but I'll warrant this mad fel- [370 low" (meaning Mrs. Bargrave's husband) "has broke all your trinkets." "But," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I'll get something to drink in for all that." But Mrs. Veal waived it, and said, "It is no matter; let it alone;" and so it passed.

All the time I sat with Mrs. Bargrave, which was some hours, she recollected fresh sayings of Mrs. Veal. And one material thing more she told Mrs. Bargrave—[380 that old Mr. Breton allowed Mrs. Veal ten pounds a year, which was a secret, and unknown to Mrs. Bargrave till Mrs. Veal told it her. Mrs. Bargrave never varies in her story, which puzzles those who doubt of the truth or are unwilling to believe it. A servant in a neighbor's yard adjoining to Mrs. Bargrave's house heard her talking to somebody an hour of the time Mrs. Veal was with her. [390 Mrs. Bargrave went out to her next neighbor's the very moment she parted with Mrs. Veal, and told what ravishing conversation she had with an old friend, and told the whole of it. Drelincourt's "Book of Death" is, since this happened, bought up strangely. And it is to be observed that, notwithstanding all this trouble and fatigue Mrs. Bargrave has undergone upon this account, she [400 never took the value of a farthing, nor suffered her daughter to take anything of anybody, and therefore can have no interest in telling the story.

But Mr. Veal does what he can to stifle the matter, and said he would see Mrs. Bargrave; but yet it is certain matter

of fact that he has been at Captain Watson's since the death of his sister, and yet never went near Mrs. Bargrave; [410 and some of his friends report her to be a great liar, and that she knew of Mr. Breton's ten pounds a year. But the person who pretends to say so has the reputation of a notorious liar among persons whom I know to be of undoubted repute. Now, Mr. Veal is more a gentleman than to say she lies, but says a bad husband has crazed her; but she needs only to present herself and it will [420 effectually confute that pretence. Mr. Veal says he asked his sister on her death-bed whether she had a mind to dispose of anything, and she said no. Now, the things which Mrs. Veal's apparition would have disposed of were so trifling, and nothing of justice aimed at in their disposal, that the design of it appears to me to be only in order to make Mrs. Bargrave so to demonstrate the truth of her [430 appearance, as to satisfy the world of the reality thereof as to what she had seen and heard, and to secure her reputation among the reasonable and understanding part of mankind. And then again Mr. Veal owns that there was a purse of gold; but it was not found in her cabinet, but in a comb-box. This looks improbable; for that Mrs. Watson owned that Mrs. Veal was so very careful of the key [440 of her cabinet that she would trust nobody with it; and if so, no doubt she would not trust her gold out of it. And Mrs. Veal's often drawing her hand over her eyes, and asking Mrs. Bargrave whether her fits had not impaired her, looks to me as if she did it on purpose to remind Mrs. Bargrave of her fits, to prepare her not to think it strange that she should put her upon writing to [450 her brother to dispose of rings and gold, which looks so much like a dying person's request; and it took accordingly with Mrs. Bargrave, as the effects of her fits coming upon her; and was one of the many instances of her wonderful love to her and care of her that she should not be affrighted; which indeed appears in her whole management, particularly in her coming to her in the daytime, waiv- [460 ing the salutation, and when she was

alone; and then the manner of her parting to prevent a second attempt to salute her.

Now, why Mr. Veal should think this relation a reflection (as 'tis plain he does by his endeavoring to stifle it), I can't imagine, because the generality believe her to be a good spirit, her discourse was so heavenly. Her two great errands were to comfort Mrs. Bargrave in her [470] affliction, and to ask her forgiveness for her breach of friendship, and with a pious discourse to encourage her. So that after all to suppose that Mrs. Bargrave could hatch such an invention as this from Friday noon till Saturday noon (supposing that she knew of Mrs. Veal's death the very first moment) without jumbling circumstances, and without any interest too, she must be more witty, for- [480] tunate, and wicked too, than any indifferent person, I dare say, will allow. I asked Mrs. Bargrave several times if she was sure she felt the gown. She answered modestly, "If my senses are to be relied on, I am sure of it." I asked her if she heard a sound when she clapped her hands upon her knee. She said she did not remember she did, and she said, "She appeared to be as much a substance [490] as I did, who talked with her; and I may," said she, "be as soon persuaded that your apparition is talking to me now as that I did not really see her; for I was under no manner of fear; I received her as a friend, and parted with her as such. I would not," says she, "give one farthing to make any one believe it; I have no interest in it. Nothing but trouble is entailed upon me for a long time, for [500] aught I know; and had it not come to light by accident, it would never have been made public." But now she says she will make her own private use of it, and keep herself out of the way as much as she can; and so she has done since. She says she had a gentleman who came thirty miles to her to hear the relation, and that she had told it to a roomfull of people at a time. Several particular [510] gentlemen have had the story from Mrs. Bargrave's own mouth.

This thing has very much affected me, and I am as well satisfied as I am of the best grounded matter of fact. And why

we should dispute matter of fact because we cannot solve things of which we have no certain or demonstrative notions, seems strange to me. Mrs. Bargrave's authority and sincerity alone would [520] have been undoubted in any other case.

JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1746)

From A TALE OF A TUB

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE

The wits of the present age being so very numerous and penetrating, it seems the grandees of church and state begin to fall under horrible apprehensions lest these gentlemen, during the intervals of a long peace, should find leisure to pick holes in the weak sides of religion and government. To prevent which, there has been much thought employed of late upon certain projects for taking off [10] the force and edge of those formidable inquirers from canvassing and reasoning upon such delicate points. They have at length fixed upon one which will require some time as well as cost to perfect. Meanwhile, the danger hourly increasing by new levies of wits, all appointed (as there is reason to fear) with pen, ink, and paper, which may at an hour's warning be drawn out into pamphlets and [20] other offensive weapons, ready for immediate execution, it was judged of absolute necessity that some present expedient be thought on, till the main design can be brought to maturity. To this end, at a grand committee some days ago, this important discovery was made by a certain curious and refined observer:—that seamen have a custom, when they meet a whale, to fling him an [30] empty tub by way of amusement, to divert him from laying violent hands upon the ship. This parable was immediately mythologised; the whale was interpreted to be Hobbes's *Leviathan*, which tosses and plays with all schemes of religion and government, whereof a great many are hollow, and dry, and empty, and noisy, and wooden, and given to rotation: this is the leviathan whence the ter- [40]

rible wits of our age are said to borrow their weapons. The ship in danger is easily understood to be its old antitype, the commonwealth. But how to analyze the tub, was a matter of difficulty; when after long inquiry and debate, the literal meaning was preserved; and it was decreed, that in order to prevent these leviathans from tossing and sporting with the commonwealth, which of itself [50 is too apt to fluctuate, they should be diverted from that game by a Tale of a Tub. And, my genius being conceived to lie not unhappily that way, I had the honor done me to be engaged in the performance. . . .

SECTION II

Once upon a time there was a man who had three sons by one wife, and all at a birth, neither could the midwife tell certainly which was the eldest. Their father died while they were young; and upon his death-bed, calling the lads to him, spoke thus:—

“Sons, because I have purchased no estate, nor was born to any, I have long considered of some good legacies to [10 bequeath you; and at last, with much care, as well as expense, have provided each of you (here they are) a new coat. Now, you are to understand that these coats have two virtues contained in them; one is, that with good wearing they will last you fresh and sound as long as you live; the other is, that they will grow in the same proportion with your bodies, lengthening and widening of them- [20 selves, so as to be always fit. Here; let me see them on you before I die. So; very well; pray, children, wear them clean, and brush them often. You will find in my will (here it is) full instructions in every particular concerning the wearing and management of your coats; wherein you must be very exact, to avoid the penalties I have appointed for every transgression or neglect, upon which your [30 future fortunes will entirely depend. I have also commanded in my will that you should live together in one house like brethren and friends, for then you will be sure to thrive, and not otherwise.”

Here, the story says, this good father died, and the three sons went all together to seek their fortunes.

I shall not trouble you with recounting what adventures they met for the [40 first seven years, any farther than by taking notice that they carefully observed their father's will, and kept their coats in very good order: that they travelled through several countries, encountered a reasonable quantity of giants, and slew certain dragons.

Being now arrived at the proper age for producing themselves, they came up to town, and fell in love with the ladies, [50 but especially three, who about that time were in chief reputation: the Duchess d'Argent, Madame de Grands Titres, and the Countess d'Orgueil. On their first appearance our three adventurers met with a very bad reception; and soon with great sagacity guessing out the reason, they quickly began to improve in the good qualities of the town; they writ, and rallied, and rhymed, and sung, [60 and said, and said nothing; . . . they killed bailiffs, kicked fiddlers down stairs, eat at Locket's, loitered at Will's; they talked of the drawing-room, and never came there; dined with lords they never saw; whispered a duchess, and spoke never a word; exposed the scrawls of their laundress for billets-doux of quality; came ever just from court, and were never seen in it; attended the levee *sub dio*; got [70 a list of peers by heart in one company, and with great familiarity retailed them in another. Above all, they constantly attended those committees of senators who are silent in the house and loud in the coffee-house; where they nightly adjourn to chew the cud of politics, and are encompassed with a ring of disciples, who lie in wait to catch up their droppings. The three brothers had ac- [80 quired forty other qualifications of the like stamp, too tedious to recount, and by consequence were justly reckoned the most accomplished persons in the town; but all would not suffice, and the ladies aforesaid continued still inflexible. To clear up which difficulty I must, with the reader's good leave and patience, have recourse to some points of weight,

which the authors of that age have not [90 sufficiently illustrated.

For about this time it happened a sect arose whose tenets obtained and spread very far, especially in the *grande monde*, and among everybody of good fashion. They worshipped a sort of idol, who, as their doctrine delivered, did daily create men by a kind of manufactory operation. This idol they placed in the highest parts of the house, on an altar erected [100 about three foot; he was shown in the posture of a Persian emperor, sitting on a superficies, with his legs interwoven under him. . . .

The worshippers of this deity had also a system of their belief, which seemed to turn upon the following fundamentals. They held the universe to be a large suit of clothes, which invests everything; that the earth is invested by the air; the [110 air is invested by the stars; and the stars are invested by the *primum mobile*. Look on this globe of earth, you will find it to be a very complete and fashionable dress. What is that which some call land but a fine coat faced with green? or the sea, but a waistcoat of water-tabby? Proceed to the particular works of the creation, you will find how curious journeyman Nature has been to trim up the vegetable [120 beaux; observe how sparkish a periwig adorns the head of a beech, and what a fine doublet of white satin is worn by the birch. To conclude from all, what is man himself but a microcoat, or rather a complete suit of clothes with all its trimmings? As to his body there can be no dispute; but examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order towards furnishing out an [130 exact dress: to instance no more; is not religion a cloak, honesty a pair of shoes worn out in the dirt, self-love a surtout, vanity a shirt, and conscience a pair of breeches? . . .

These opinions, therefore, were so universal, as well as the practices of them, among the refined part of court and town, that our three brother adventurers, as their circumstances then stood, were [140 strangely at a loss. For, on the one side, the three ladies they addressed themselves to, whom we have named

already, were at the very top of the fashion, and abhorred all that were below it but the breadth of a hair. On the other side, their father's will was very precise; and it was the main precept in it, with the greatest penalties annexed, not to add to or diminish from their coats one [150 thread, without a positive command in the will. Now, the coats their father had left them were, 'tis true, of very good cloth, and besides so neatly sewn, you would swear they were all of a piece; but at the same time very plain, and with little or no ornament: and it happened that before they were a month in town great shoulder-knots came up; straight all the world was shoulder-knots. . . . [160 That fellow, cries one, has no soul; where is his shoulder-knot? Our three brethren soon discovered their want by sad experience, meeting in their walks with forty mortifications and indignities. If they went to the playhouse the door-keeper showed them into the twelve-penny gallery; if they called a boat, says a waterman, "I am first sculler"; if they stepped to the Rose to take a [170 bottle, the drawer would cry, "Friend, we sell no ale;" if they went to visit a lady, a footman met them at the door with "Pray send up your message." In this unhappy case they went immediately to consult their father's will, read it over and over, but not a word of the shoulder-knot. What should they do?—what temper should they find?—obedience was absolutely necessary, and yet shoulder- [180 knots appeared extremely requisite. After much thought one of the brothers, who happened to be more book-learned than the other two, said he had found an expedient. "'Tis true," said he, "there is nothing here in this will, *totidem verbis*, making mention of shoulder-knots: but I dare conjecture we may find them *inclusive*, or *totidem syllabis*." This distinction was immediately approved by [190 all, and so they fell again to examine the will; but their evil star had so directed the matter that the first syllable was not to be found in the whole writing. Upon which disappointment, he who found the former evasion took heart, and said, "Brothers, there are yet hopes; for though

we cannot find them *totidem verbis*, nor *totidem syllabis*, I dare engage we shall make them out *tertio modo*, or *totidem [200 literis]*." This discovery was also highly commended, upon which they fell once more to the scrutiny, and picked out S, H, O, U, L, D, E, R; when the same planet, enemy to their repose, had wonderfully contrived that a K was not to be found. Here was a weighty difficulty! but the distinguishing brother, for whom we shall hereafter find a name, now his hand was in, proved by a very [210 good argument that K was a modern, illegitimate letter, unknown to the learned ages, nor anywhere to be found in ancient manuscripts. "'Tis true," said he, "*Calendæ* hath in Q. V. C. been sometimes writ with a K, but erroneously; for in the best copies it is ever spelled with a C. And, by consequence, it was a gross mistake in our language to spell 'knot' with a K;" but that from hencefor- [220 ward he would take care it should be writ with a C. Upon this all farther difficulty vanished—shoulder-knots were made clearly out to be *jure paterno*, and our three gentlemen swaggered with as large and as flaunting ones as the best. . . .

The learned brother, so often mentioned, was reckoned the best scholar in all that or the next street to it, insomuch as, having run something behindhand [230 in the world, he obtained the favor of a certain lord to receive him into his house, and to teach his children. A while after the lord died, and he, by long practice of his father's will, found the way of contriving a deed of conveyance of that house to himself and his heirs; upon which he took possession, turned the young squires out, and received his brothers in their stead. [240

SECTION VI

We left lord Peter in open rupture with his two brethren; both for ever discarded from his house, and resigned to the wide world, with little or nothing to trust to. Which are circumstances that render them proper subjects for the charity of a writer's pen to work on; scenes of misery ever affording the fairest harvest for great adventures. And in this the world

may perceive the difference between [10 the integrity of a generous author and that of a common friend. The latter is observed to adhere closely in prosperity, but on the decline of fortune to drop suddenly off. Whereas the generous author, just on the contrary, finds his hero on the dunghill, from thence by gradual steps raises him to a throne, and then immediately withdraws, expecting not so much as thanks for [20 his pains; in imitation of which example, I have placed lord Peter in a noble house, given him a title to wear and money to spend. There I shall leave him for some time; returning where common charity directs me, to the assistance of his two brothers at their lowest ebb. However, I shall by no means forget my character of an historian to follow the truth step by step, whatever happens, or wherever [30 it may lead me.

The two exiles, so nearly united in fortune and interest, took a lodging together; where, at their first leisure, they began to reflect on the numberless misfortunes and vexations of their life past, and could not tell on the sudden to what failure in their conduct they ought to impute them; when, after some recollection, they called to mind the copy of their father's will, [40 which they had so happily recovered. This was immediately produced, and a firm resolution taken between them to alter whatever was already amiss, and reduce all their future measures to the strictest obedience prescribed therein. The main body of the will (as the reader cannot easily have forgot) consisted in certain admirable rules about the wearing of their coats; in the perusal whereof, [50 the two brothers at every period duly comparing the doctrine with the practice, there was never seen a wider difference between two things; horrible downright transgressions of every point. Upon which they both resolved, without farther delay, to fall immediately upon reducing the whole exactly after their father's model.

But here it is good to stop the hasty [60 reader, ever impatient to see the end of an adventure before we writers can duly prepare him for it. I am to record that

these two brothers began to be distinguished at this time by certain names. One of them desired to be called MARTIN, and the other took the appellation of JACK. These two had lived in much friendship and agreement under the tyranny of their brother Peter, as it is [70 the talent of fellow-sufferers to do; men in misfortune being like men in the dark, to whom all colors are the same: but when they came forward into the world, and began to display themselves to each other and to the light, their complexions appeared extremely different; which the present posture of their affairs gave them sudden opportunity to discover.

But here the severe reader may [80 justly tax me as a writer of short memory, a deficiency to which a true modern cannot but of necessity be a little subject. . . . I ought in method to have informed the reader, about fifty pages ago, of a fancy lord Peter took, and infused into his brothers, to wear on their coats whatever trimmings came up in fashion; never pulling off any as they went out of the mode, but keeping on all [90 together, which amounted in time to a medley the most antic you can possibly conceive; and this to a degree, that upon the time of their falling out there was hardly a thread of the original coat to be seen; but an infinite quantity of lace, and ribbons, and fringe, and embroidery, and points; I mean only those tagged with silver, for the rest fell off. Now this material circumstance, having been [100 forgot in due place, as good fortune hath ordered, comes in very properly here when the two brothers are just going to reform their vestures into the primitive state prescribed by their father's will.

They both unanimously entered upon this great work, looking sometimes on their coats, and sometimes on the will. Martin laid the first hand; at one twitch brought off a large handful of points; [110 and, with a second pull, stripped away ten dozen yards of fringe. But when he had gone thus far he demurred a while: he knew very well there yet remained a great deal more to be done; however, the first heat being over, his violence began to cool, and he resolved to proceed more mod-

erately in the rest of the work, having already narrowly escaped a swinging rent, in pulling off the points, which, being [120 tagged with silver (as we have observed before), the judicious workman had, with much sagacity, double sewn, to preserve them from falling. Resolving therefore to rid his coat of a huge quantity of gold lace, he picked up the stitches with much caution, and diligently gleaned out all the loose threads as he went, which proved to be a work of time. Then he fell about the embroidered Indian figures of [130 men, women, and children; against which, as you have heard in its due place, their father's testament was extremely exact and severe: these, with much dexterity and application, were, after a while, quite eradicated or utterly defaced. For the rest, where he observed the embroidery to be worked so close as not to be got away without damaging the cloth, or where it served to hide or strengthen [140 any flaw in the body of the coat, contracted by the perpetual tampering of workmen upon it, he concluded the wisest course was to let it remain, resolving in no case whatsoever that the substance of the stuff should suffer injury; which he thought the best method for serving the true intent and meaning of his father's will. And this is the nearest account I have been able to collect of Martin's [150 proceedings upon this great revolution.

But his brother Jack, whose adventures will be so extraordinary as to furnish a great part in the remainder of this discourse, entered upon the matter with other thoughts and a quite different spirit. For the memory of lord Peter's injuries produced a degree of hatred and spite which had a much greater share of inciting him than any regards after his [160 father's commands; since these appeared, at best, only secondary and subservient to the other. However, for this medley of humor he made a shift to find a very plausible name, honoring it with the title of zeal; which is perhaps the most significant word that has been ever yet produced in any language, as I think I have fully proved in my excellent analytical discourse upon that subject; wherein I [170 have deduced a histori-theo-physi-logical

account of zeal, showing how it first proceeded from a notion into a word, and thence, in a hot summer, ripened into a tangible substance. This work, containing three large volumes in folio, I design very shortly to publish by the modern way of subscription, not doubting but the nobility and gentry of the land will give me all possible encouragement; having [180] had already such a taste of what I am able to perform.

I record, therefore, that brother Jack, brimful of this miraculous compound, reflecting with indignation upon Peter's tyranny, and farther provoked by the despondency of Martin, prefaced his resolutions to this purpose. "What," said he, "a rogue that locked up his drink, turned away our wives, cheated us [190] of our fortunes; palmed his damned crusts upon us for mutton; and at last kicked us out of doors; must we be in his fashions, with a pox? A rascal, besides, that all the street cries out against." Having thus kindled and inflamed himself as high as possible, and by consequence in a delicate temper for beginning a reformation, he set about the work immediately; and in three minutes made more [200] despatch than Martin had done in as many hours. For, courteous reader, you are given to understand that zeal is never so highly obliged as when you set it a-tearing; and Jack, who doted on that quality in himself, allowed it at this time its full swing. Thus it happened that, stripping down a parcel of gold lace a little too hastily, he rent the main body of his coat from top to bottom; and [210] whereas his talent was not of the happiest in taking up a stitch, he knew no better way than to darn it again with packthread and a skewer. But the matter was yet infinitely worse (I record it with tears) when he proceeded to the embroidery: for, being clumsy by nature, and of temper impatient; withal, beholding millions of stitches that required the nicest hand and sedatest constitution to extricate, in [220] a great rage he tore off the whole piece, cloth and all, and flung them into the kennel, and furiously thus continuing his career: "Ah, good brother Martin," said he, "do as I do, for the love of God; strip,

tear, pull, rend, flay off all, that we may appear as unlike the rogue Peter as it is possible; I would not for a hundred pounds carry the least mark about me that might give occasion to the neighbors [230] of suspecting that I was related to such a rascal." But Martin, who at this time happened to be extremely phlegmatic and sedate, begged his brother, of all love, not to damage his coat by any means; for he never would get such another: desired him to consider that it was not their business to form their actions by any reflection upon Peter, but by observing the rules prescribed in their [240] father's will. That he should remember Peter was still their brother, whatever faults or injuries he had committed; and therefore they should by all means avoid such a thought as that of taking measures for good and evil from no other rule than of opposition to him. That it was true, the testament of their good father was very exact in what related to the wearing of their coats; yet it was no less [250] penal and strict in prescribing agreement, and friendship, and affection between them. And therefore, if straining a point were at all dispensable, it would certainly be so rather to the advance of unity than increase of contradiction. . . .

A MODEST PROPOSAL

FOR PREVENTING THE CHILDREN OF POOR PEOPLE IN IRELAND FROM BEING A BURDEN TO THEIR PARENTS OR COUNTRY, AND FOR MAKING THEM BENEFICIAL TO THE PUBLIC

It is a melancholy object to those who walk through this great town or travel in the country, when they see the streets, the roads, and cabin doors, crowded with beggars of the female sex, followed by three, four, or six children, all in rags and importuning every passenger for an alms. These mothers, instead of being able to work for their honest livelihood, are forced to employ all their time in [10] strolling to beg sustenance for their helpless infants: who as they grow up either turn thieves for want of work, or leave their dear native country to fight for the

pretender in Spain, or sell themselves to the Barbadoes.

I think it is agreed by all parties that this prodigious number of children in the arms, or on the backs, or at the heels of their mothers, and frequently of [20] their fathers, is in the present deplorable state of the kingdom a very great additional grievance; and, therefore, whoever could find out a fair, cheap, and easy method of making these children sound, useful members of the commonwealth, would deserve so well of the public as to have his statue set up for a preserver of the nation.

But my intention is very far from be- [30] ing confined to provide only for the children of professed beggars; it is of a much greater extent, and shall take in the whole number of infants at a certain age who are born of parents in effect as little able to support them as those who demand our charity in the streets.

As to my own part, having turned my thoughts for many years upon this important subject, and maturely weighed [40] the several schemes of other projectors, I have always found them grossly mistaken in the computation. It is true, a child just born may be supported by its mother's milk for a solar year, with little other nourishment; at most not above the value of 2s., which the mother may certainly get, or the value in scraps, by her lawful occupation of begging; and it is exactly at one year old that I [50] propose to provide for them in such a manner as instead of being a charge upon their parents or the parish, or wanting food and raiment for the rest of their lives, they shall on the contrary contribute to the feeding, and partly to the clothing, of many thousands. . . .

The number of souls in this kingdom being usually reckoned one million and a half, of these I calculate there may [60] be about two hundred thousand couple whose wives are breeders; from which number I subtract thirty thousand couples who are able to maintain their own children, although I apprehend there cannot be so many, under the present distresses of the kingdom; but this being granted, there will remain an hundred and sev-

enty thousand breeders. I again subtract fifty thousand for those women . . . [70] whose children die by accident or disease within the year. There only remains one hundred and twenty thousand children of poor parents annually born. The question therefore is, how this number shall be reared and provided for, which, as I have already said, under the present situation of affairs, is utterly impossible by all the methods hitherto proposed. For we can neither employ [80] them in handicraft or agriculture; we neither build houses (I mean in the country) nor cultivate land: they can very seldom pick up a livelihood by stealing, till they arrive at six years old, except where they are of towardsly parts; although I confess they learn the rudiments much earlier, during which time, they can however be properly looked upon only as probationers, as I have been informed [90] by a principal gentleman in the county of Cavan, who protested to me that he never knew above one or two instances under the age of six, even in a part of the kingdom so renowned for the quickest proficiency in that art.

I am assured by our merchants, that a boy or a girl before twelve years old is no salable commodity; and even when they come to this age they will not [100] yield above three pounds, or three pounds and half-a-crown at most on the exchange; which cannot turn to account either to the parents or kingdom, the charge of nutriment and rags having been at least four times that value.

I shall now therefore humbly propose my own thoughts, which I hope will not be liable to the least objection.

I have been assured by a very [110] knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child well nursed is at a year old a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled; and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a fricassee or a ragout. . . . A child will make two dishes at an entertainment for friends; and when the family dines alone, the fore or hind quarter [120] will make a reasonable dish, and seasoned with a little pepper or salt will be very

good boiled on the fourth day, especially in winter.

I have reckoned upon a medium that a child just born will weigh 12 pounds, and in a solar year, if tolerably nursed, increaseth to 28 pounds.

I grant this food will be somewhat dear, and therefore very proper for [130 landlords, who, as they have already devoured most of the parents, seem to have the best title to the children. . . .

I have already computed the charge of nursing a beggar's child (in which list I reckon all cottagers, laborers, and four-fifths of the farmers) to be about two shillings per annum, rags included; and I believe no gentleman would repine to give ten shillings for the carcass of a [140 good fat child, which, as I have said, will make four dishes of excellent nutritive meat, when he hath only some particular friend or his own family to dine with him. Thus the squire will learn to be a good landlord, and grow popular among his tenants; the mother will have eight shillings net profit, and be fit for work till she produces another child.

Those who are more thrifty (as I [150 must confess the times require) may flay the carcass; the skin of which artificially dressed will make admirable gloves for ladies, and summer boots for fine gentlemen.

As to our city of Dublin, shambles may be appointed for this purpose in the most convenient parts of it, and butchers we may be assured will not be wanting; although I rather recommend buying [160 the children alive than dressing them hot from the knife as we do roasting pigs.

A very worthy person, a true lover of his country, and whose virtues I highly esteem, was lately pleased in discoursing on this matter to offer a refinement upon my scheme. He said that many gentlemen of this kingdom, having of late destroyed their deer, he conceived that the want of venison might be well sup- [170 plied by the bodies of young lads and maidens, not exceeding fourteen years of age nor under twelve; so great a number of both sexes in every country being now ready to starve for want of work and service; and these to be disposed of by

their parents, if alive, or otherwise by their nearest relations. But with due deference to so excellent a friend and so deserving a patriot, I cannot be al- [180 together in his sentiments; for as to the males, my American acquaintance assured me, from frequent experience, that their flesh was generally tough and lean, like that of our school-boys, by continual exercise, and their taste disagreeable; and to fatten them would not answer the charge. . . . And besides, it is not improbable that some scrupulous people might be apt to censure such a prac- [190 tice (although indeed very unjustly), as a little bordering upon cruelty; which, I confess, hath always been with me the strongest objection against any project, however so well intended.

But in order to justify my friend, he confessed that this expedient was put into his head by the famous Psalmanazar, a native of the island Formosa, who came from thence to London above twenty [200 years ago, and in conversation told my friend, that in his country when any young person happened to be put to death, the executioner sold the carcass to persons of quality as a prime dainty; and that in his time the body of a plump girl of fifteen, who was crucified for an attempt to poison the emperor, was sold to his imperial majesty's prime minister of state, and other great mandarins of [210 the court, in joints from the gibbet, at four hundred crowns. Neither indeed can I deny, that if the same use were made of several plump young girls in this town, who without one single groat to their fortunes cannot stir abroad without a chair, and appear at playhouse and assemblies in foreign fineries which they never will pay for, the kingdom would not be the worse. [220

Some persons of a desponding spirit are in great concern about that vast number of poor people, who are aged, diseased, or maimed, and I have been desired to employ my thoughts what course may be taken to ease the nation of so grievous an encumbrance. But I am not in the least pain upon that matter, because it is very well known that they are every day dying and rotting by [230

cold and famine, and filth and vermin, as fast as can be reasonably expected. And as to the young laborers, they are now in as hopeful a condition; they cannot get work, and consequently pine away for want of nourishment, to a degree that if at any time they are accidentally hired to common labor, they have not strength to perform it; and thus the country and themselves are happily delivered from [240 the evils to come.

I have too long digressed, and therefore shall return to my subject. I think the advantages by the proposal which I have made are obvious and many, as well as of the highest importance.

For first, as I have already observed, it would greatly lessen the number of papists, with whom we are yearly overrun, being the principal breeders of [250 the nation as well as our most dangerous enemies; and who stay at home on purpose with a design to deliver the kingdom to the pretender, hoping to take their advantage by the absence of so many good protestants, who have chosen rather to leave their country than stay at home and pay tithes against their conscience to an episcopal curate.

Secondly, the poorer tenants will [260 have something valuable of their own, which by law may be made liable to distress and help to pay their landlord's rent, their corn and cattle being already seized, and money a thing unknown.

Thirdly, whereas the maintenance of an hundred thousand children, from two years old and upward, cannot be computed at less than ten shillings a-piece per annum, the nation's stock will be [270 thereby increased fifty thousand pounds per annum, beside the profit of a new dish introduced to the tables of all gentlemen of fortune in the kingdom who have any refinement in taste. And the money will circulate among ourselves, the goods being entirely of our own growth and manufacture.

Fourthly, the parents, beside the gain of eight shillings sterling per annum [280 by the sale of their children, will be rid of the charge of maintaining them after the first year.

Fifthly, this food would likewise bring

great custom to taverns; where the vintners will certainly be so prudent as to procure the best receipts for dressing it to perfection, and consequently have their houses frequented by all the fine gentlemen, who justly value themselves upon their knowledge in good eating: and a skilful cook, who understands how to oblige his guests, will contrive to make it as expensive as they please.

Sixthly, this would be a great inducement to marriage, which all wise nations have either encouraged by rewards or enforced by laws and penalties: It would increase the care and tenderness of mothers toward their children, when they [300 were sure of a settlement for life to the poor babes, provided in some sort by the public, to their annual profit instead of expense. We should see an honest emulation among the married women, which of them could bring the fattest child to the market. Men would become as fond of their wives during the time of their pregnancy as they are now of their mares in foal, their cows in calf, their sows [310 when they are ready to farrow; nor offer to beat or kick them (as is too frequent a practice) for fear of a miscarriage.

Many other advantages might be enumerated. For instance, the addition of some thousand carcasses in our exportation of barreled beef, the propagation of swine's flesh, and improvement in the art of making good bacon, so much wanted among us by the great destruction [320 of pigs, too frequent at our tables; which are no way comparable in taste or magnificence to a well-grown, fat, yearling child, which roasted whole will make a considerable figure at a lord mayor's feast or any other public entertainment. But this and many others I omit, being studious of brevity.

Supposing that one thousand families in this city would be constant customers for infant's flesh, beside others who might have it at merry-meetings, particularly weddings and christenings, I compute that Dublin would take off annually about twenty thousand carcasses; and the rest of the kingdom (where probably they will be sold somewhat cheaper) the remaining eighty thousand.

I can think of no one objection that will possibly be raised against this [340] proposal, unless it should be urged that the number of people will be thereby much lessened in the kingdom. This I freely own, and was indeed one principal design in offering it to the world. I desire the reader will observe, that I calculate my remedy for this one individual kingdom of Ireland and for no other that ever was, is, or I think ever can be upon earth. Therefore let no man talk to [350] me of other expedients: of taxing our absentees at five shillings a pound; of using neither clothes nor household furniture except what is of our own growth and manufacture; of utterly rejecting the materials and instruments that promote foreign luxury; of curing the expensiveness of pride, vanity, idleness, and gaming in our women; of introducing a vein of parsimony, prudence, and temperance; of learning to love our country, wherein we differ even from LAPLANDERS and the inhabitants of TOPINAMBOO; of quitting our animosities and factions, nor act any longer like the Jews, who were murdering one another at the very moment their city was taken; of being a little cautious not to sell our country and conscience for nothing; of teaching landlords to have at least one degree [370] of mercy toward their tenants; lastly, of putting a spirit of honesty, industry, and skill into our shopkeepers; who, if a resolution could now be taken to buy only our native goods, would immediately unite to cheat and exact upon us in the price, the measure, and the goodness, nor could ever yet be brought to make one fair proposal of just dealing, though often and earnestly invited to it. [380]

Therefore I repeat, let no man talk to me of these and the like expedients, till he hath at least some glimpse of hope that there will be ever some hearty and sincere attempt to put them in practice.

But as to myself, having been wearied out for many years with offering vain, idle, visionary thoughts, and at length utterly despairing of success, I fortunately fell upon this proposal; which, as it [390] is wholly new, so it hath something solid and real, of no expense and little trouble,

full in our own power, and whereby we can incur no danger in disobliging ENGLAND. For this kind of commodity will not bear exportation, the flesh being of too tender a consistence to admit a long continuance in salt, although perhaps I could name a country which would be glad to eat up our whole nation with- [400] out it.

After all, I am not so violently bent upon my own opinion as to reject any offer proposed by wise men, which shall be found equally innocent, cheap, easy, and effectual. But before something of that kind shall be advanced in contradiction to my scheme, and offering a better, I desire the author or authors will be pleased maturely to consider two [410] points. First, as things now stand, how they will be able to find food and raiment for an hundred thousand useless mouths and backs. And secondly, there being a round million of creatures in human figure throughout this kingdom, whose whole subsistence put into a common stock would leave them in debt two millions of pounds sterling, adding those who are beggars by profession to the [420] bulk of farmers, cottagers, and laborers, with their wives and children who are beggars in effect: I desire those politicians who dislike my overture, and may perhaps be so bold as to attempt an answer, that they will first ask the parents of these mortals, whether they would not at this day think it a great happiness to have been sold for food at a year old in the manner I prescribe, and thereby have [430] avoided such a perpetual scene of misfortunes as they have since gone through by the oppression of landlords, the impossibility of paying rent without money or trade, the want of common sustenance, with neither house nor clothes to cover them from the inclemencies of the weather, and the most inevitable prospect of entailing the like or greater miseries upon their breed for ever. [440]

I profess, in the sincerity of my heart, that I have not the least personal interest in endeavoring to promote this necessary work, having no other motive than the public good of my country, by advancing our trade, providing for infants, relieving

the poor, and giving some pleasure to the rich. I have no children by which I can propose to get a single penny; the youngest being nine years old, and [450 my wife past child-bearing.

From THE JOURNAL TO STELLA

Sept. 30, 1710. Have not I brought myself into a fine premunire to begin writing letters in whole sheets? and now I dare not leave it off. I can't tell whether you like these journal letters: I believe they would be dull to me to read them over; but, perhaps, little MD is pleased to know how Presto passes his time in her absence. I always begin my last the same day I ended the former. I told [10 you where I dined to-day at a tavern with Stratford: Lewis, who is a great favorite of Harley's, was to have been with us; but he was hurried to Hampton Court, and sent his excuse, and that next Wednesday he would introduce me to Harley. 'Tis good to see what a lamentable confession the Whigs all make me of my ill usage; but I mind them not. I am already represented to Har- [20 ley as a discontented person, that was used ill for not being Whig enough; and I hope for good usage from him. The Tories dryly tell me, I may make my fortune, if I please; but I do not understand them, or rather, I *do* understand them.

Oct. 4. After I had put out my candle last night, my landlady came into my room, with a servant of Lord Halifax, [30 to desire I would go dine with him at his house near Hampton Court; but I sent him word I had business of great importance that hindered me, etc. And, to-day, I was brought privately to Mr. Harley, who received me with the greatest respect and kindness imaginable: he has appointed me an hour on Saturday at four, afternoon, when I will open my business to him. [40

Oct. 7. I wonder when this letter will be finished: it must go by Tuesday, that is certain; and if I have one from MD before, I will not answer it, that's as certain too! 'Tis now morning, and I did not finish my papers for Mr. Harley last

night; for you must understand Presto was sleepy, and made blunders and blots. Very pretty that I must be writing to young women in a morning fresh and [50 fasting, faith. Well, good morrow to you: and so I go to business, and lay aside this paper till night, sirrahs. —At night. Jack How told Harley, that if there were a lower place in hell than another, it was reserved for his porter, who tells lies so gravely, and with so civil a manner. This porter I have had to deal with, going this evening at four to visit Mr. Harley, by his own appointment. [60 But the fellow told me no lie, though I suspected every word he said. He told me his master was just gone to dinner, with much company, and desired I would come an hour hence, which I did, expecting to hear Mr. Harley was gone out; but they had just done dinner. Mr. Harley came out to me, brought me in, and presented me to his son-in-law, Lord Doblane (or some such name), and his [70 own son, and among others, Will Penn the Quaker: we sat two hours, drinking as good wine as you do; and two hours more he and I alone; where he heard me tell my business; asked for my powers, and read them; and read likewise a memorial I had drawn up, and put it in his pocket to show the Queen; told me the measures he would take; and, in short, said everything I could wish; told me he must [80 bring Mr. St. John (Secretary of State) and me acquainted; and spoke so many things of personal kindness and esteem for me, that I am inclined half to believe what some friends have told me, that he would do everything to bring me over. He has desired to dine with me (what a comical mistake was that), I mean, he has desired me to dine with him on Tuesday; and after four hours being with him, [90 set me down at St. James's Coffeehouse, in a hackney coach. All this is odd and comical if you consider him and me. He knew my Christian name very well. I could not forbear saying thus much upon this matter, although you will think it tedious. But I will tell you; you must know, 'tis fatal to me to be a scoundrel and a prince the same day: for being to see him at four, I could not engage [100

myself to dine at any friend's; so I went to Tooke, to give him a ballad and dine with him; but he was not at home; so I was forced to go to a blind chop house, and dine for tenpence upon gill ale, bad broth, and three chops of mutton; and then go reeking from thence to the first minister of state. And now I am going in charity to send Steele a Tatler, who is very low of late. I think I am civiler than I used [110 to be; and have not used the expression of "*you in Ireland*" and "*we in England*," as I did when I was here before, to your great indignation.—They may talk of the *you know what*; but, gad, if it had not been for that, I should never have been able to get the access I have had; and if that helps me to succeed, then that *same thing* will be serviceable to the church. But how far we must depend upon [120 new friends, I have learned by long practice, though I think, among great ministers, they are just as good as old ones. And so I think this important day has made a great hole in this side of the paper; and the fiddle faddles of to-morrow and Monday will make up the rest; and, besides, I shall see Harley on Tuesday before this letter goes.

Feb. 4, 1711. I went to Mr. Addison's, and dined with him at his lodgings; I had not seen him these three weeks; we are grown common acquaintance: yet what have I not done for his friend Steele? Mr. Harley reproached me the last time I saw him, that to please me, he would be reconciled to Steele, and had promised and appointed to see him, and that Steele never came. Harrison, whom Mr. Addison recommended to me, I have introduced to [140 the Secretary of State, who has promised me to take care of him; and I have represented Addison himself so to the ministry, that they think and talk in his favor, though they hated him before.—Well; he is now in my debt, and there's an end; and I never had the least obligation to him, and there's another end. This evening I had a message from Mr. Harley, desiring to know whether I was alive, [150 and that I would dine with him to-morrow. They dine so late, that since my head has been wrong, I have avoided being with them.

Feb. 6. Mr. Harley desired I would dine with him again to-day; but I refused him, for I fell out with him yesterday, and will not see him again till he makes me amends; and so I go to bed. [160

Feb. 7. I was this morning early with Mr. Lewis of the Secretary's office, and saw a letter Mr. Harley had sent to him, desiring to be reconciled; but I was deaf to all entreaties, and have desired Lewis to go to him, and let him know I expect farther satisfaction. If we let these great ministers pretend too much, there will be no governing them. He promises to make me easy, if I will but come and see [170 him; but I won't, and he shall do it by message, or I will cast him off. I'll tell you the cause of our quarrel when I see you, and refer it to yourselves. In that he did something, which he intended for a favor, and I have taken it quite otherwise, disliking both the thing and the manner, and it has heartily vexed me, and all I have said is truth, though it looks like jest; and I absolutely re- [180 fused to submit to his intended favor, and expect further satisfaction.

Feb. 13. I have taken Mr. Harley into favor again.

June 30, 1711. We have plays acted in our town, and Patrick was at one of them, oh, oh. He was damnably mauled one day when he was drunk; he was at cuffs with a brother footman, who dragged him along the floor on his [190 face, which looked for a week after as if he had the leprosy; and I was glad enough to see it. I have been ten times sending him over to you; yet now he has new clothes, and a laced hat, which the hatter brought by his orders, and he offered to pay for the lace out of his wages. Farewell, my dearest lives and lights, I love you better than ever, if possible, as hope saved, I do, and ever will. [200 God Almighty bless you ever, and make us happy together; I pray for this twice every day; and I hope God will hear my poor hearty prayers. Remember, if I am used ill and ungratefully, as I have formerly been, 'tis what I am prepared for, and shall not wonder at it. Yet, I am now envied, and thought in high favor,

and have every day numbers of considerable men teasing me to solicit [210 for them. And the ministry all use me perfectly well, and all that know them say they love me. Yet I can count upon nothing, nor will, but upon MD's love and kindness. They think me useful; they pretended they were afraid of none but me; and that they resolved to have me; they have often confessed this: yet all makes little impression on me. Pox of these speculations! they give me [220 the spleen; and that is a disease I was not born to.—Let me alone, sirrahs, and be satisfied: I am, as long as MD and Presto are well:

Little wealth,
And much health,
And a life by stealth;

that is all we want; and so, farewell, dearest MD; Stella, Dingley, Presto, all together, now and forever all to- [230 gether. Farewell again and again.

May 31, 1712. I'll say no more to oo tonite, sellohs, because I must send away the letter, not by the bell, but early: and besides, I have not much more to say at zis plesent liting. Does MD never read at all now, pee? But oo walk plodigiousry, I suppose,—You make nothing of walking to, to, ay, to Donybrook. I walk too as much as I can, [240 because sweating is good; but I'll walk more if I go to Kensington. I suppose I shall have no apples this year neither, for I dined t'other day with Lord Rivers, who is sick at his country house, and he showed me all his cherries blasted. Nite deeleast sollahs; farewell deeleast Rives; rove poor Pdfr. Farewell deeleast richar MD, MD, MD, FW, FW, FW, FW, FW, ME, ME, Lele, ME, Lele, Lele, [250 richar MD.

Nov. 15, 1712. Before this comes to your hands, you will have heard of the most terrible accident that hath almost ever happened. This morning at eight, my man brought me word that Duke of Hamilton had fought with Lord Mohun, and killed him, and was brought home wounded. I immediately sent him to the Duke's house, in St. James's Square; [260 but the porter could hardly answer for

tears, and a great rabble was about the house. In short, they fought at seven this morning. The dog Mohun was killed on the spot; and while the Duke was over him, Mohun shortening his sword, stabbed him in at the shoulder to the heart. The Duke was helped toward the cake-house by the ring in Hyde Park (where they fought), and died on the [270 grass, before he could reach the house; and was brought home in his coach by eight, while the poor Duchess was asleep. Macartney, and one Hamilton, were the seconds, who fought likewise, and are both fled. I am told, that a footman of Lord Mohun's stabbed Duke of Hamilton; and some say Macartney did so too. Mohun gave the affront, and yet sent the challenge. I am infinitely concerned [280 for the poor Duke, who was a frank, honest, good-natured man. I loved him very well, and I think he loved me better. He had the greatest mind in the world to have me go with him to France, but durst not tell it to me; and those he did, said I could not be spared, which was true. They have removed the poor Duchess to a lodging in the neighborhood, where I have been with her two [290 hours, and am just come away. I never saw so melancholy a scene; for indeed all reasons for real grief belong to her; nor is it possible for any body to be a greater loser in all regards. She has moved my very soul. The lodging was inconvenient, and they would have removed her to another; but I would not suffer it, because it had no room backward, and she must have been tortured with [300 the noise of the Grub Street screamers mentioning her husband's murder to her ears.

I believe you have heard the story of my escape, in opening the ben-box sent to Lord-Treasurer. The prints have told a thousand lies of it; but at last we gave them a true account of it at length, printed in the evening; only I would not suffer them to name me, having been [310 so often named before, and teased to death with questions. I wonder how I came to have so much presence of mind, which is usually not my talent; but so it pleased God, and I saved myself and him;

for there was a bullet apiece. A gentleman told me, that if I had been killed, the Whigs would have called it a judgment, because the barrels were of ink-horns, with which I had done them [320 so much mischief. There was a pure Grub Street of it, full of lies and inconsistencies. I do not like these things at all, and I wish myself more and more among my willows. There is a devilish spirit among people, and the ministry must exert themselves, or sink. Nite dee sollahs, I'll go seep.

Nov. 16. I thought to have finished this yesterday, but was too much [330 disturbed. I sent a letter early this morning to Lady Masham, to beg her to write some comforting words to the poor Duchess. I dined to-day with Lady Masham at Kensington. She has promised me to get the Queen to write to the Duchess kindly on this occasion; and to-morrow I will beg Lord-Treasurer to visit and comfort her. I have been with her two hours again, and find her [340 worse. Her violences not so frequent, but her melancholy more formal and settled. She has abundance of wit and spirit; about thirty-three years old; handsome and airy, and seldom spared anybody that gave her the least provocation; by which she had many enemies, and few friends. Lady Orkney, her sister-in-law, is come to town on this occasion, and behaved herself with great human- [350 ity. They have always been very ill together, and the poor Duchess could not have patience when people told her I went often to Lady Orkney's. But I am resolved to make them friends; for the Duchess is now no more the object of envy, and must learn humility from the severest master, Affliction. I design to make the ministry put out a proclamation (if it can be found proper) against [360 that villain Macartney. What shall we do with these murderers? I cannot end this letter to-night, and there is no occasion; for I cannot send it till Tuesday, and the coroner's inquest on the Duke's body is to be to-morrow, and I shall know no more. But what care oo for all this? Iss, MD im sorry for poo Pdf'r's friends; and this is a very surprising event. 'Tis

late, and I'll go to bed. This looks [370 like journals. Nite.

Nov. 18. The committee of council is to sit this afternoon upon the affair of Duke of Hamilton's murder, and I hope a proclamation will be out against Macartney. I was just now ('tis now noon) with the Duchess, to let her know Lord-Treasurer will see her. She is mightily out of order. The jury have not yet brought in their verdict upon the cor- [380 oner's inquest. We suspect Macartney stabbed the Duke while he was fighting. The Queen and Lord-Treasurer are in great concern at this event. I dine to-day again with Lord-Treasurer; but must send this to the post-office before, because else I shall not have time; he usually keeps me so late.

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719)

From THE CAMPAIGN, A POEM TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

But, O my muse, what numbers wilt
thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle joined!
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous
sound 275
The victor's shouts and dying groans con-
found,
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the
skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise!
'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty
soul was proved.
That, in the shock of charging hosts un-
moved, 280
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death sur-
veyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage, 285
And taught the doubtful battle where to
rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious
blast, 290

And, pleased the Almighty's orders to
perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the
storm.

HYMN

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied Sun from day to day 5
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale; 10
And nightly to the listening Earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll, 15
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found? 20
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719) AND
RICHARD STEELE (1672-1729)

From THE TATLER

PROSPECTUS

No. 1. Tuesday, April 12, 1709

Quicquid agunt homines—

—nostri est farrago libelli.

Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

*What'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme.—Pope.*

Though the other papers, which are published for the use of the good people of England, have certainly very wholesome effects, and are laudable in their particular

kinds, they do not seem to come up to the main design of such narrations, which, I humbly presume, should be principally intended for the use of politic persons, who are so public-spirited as to neglect their own affairs to look into trans- [10] actions of state. Now these gentlemen, for the most part, being persons of strong zeal, and weak intellects, it is both a charitable and necessary work to offer something, whereby such worthy and well-affected members of the commonwealth may be instructed, after their reading, what to think; which shall be the end and purpose of this my paper, wherein I shall, from time to time, [20] report and consider all matters of what kind soever that shall occur to me, and publish such my advices and reflections every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday in the week, for the convenience of the post. I resolve to have something which may be of entertainment to the fair sex, in honor of whom I have invented the title of this paper. I therefore earnestly desire all persons, without distinc- [30] tion, to take it in for the present *gratis*, and hereafter at the price of one penny, forbidding all hawkers to take more for it at their peril. And I desire all persons to consider, that I am at a very great charge for proper materials for this work, as well as that, before I resolved upon it, I had settled a correspondence in all parts of the known and knowing world. And forasmuch as this globe is not trodden [40] upon by mere drudges of business only, but that men of spirit and genius are justly to be esteemed as considerable agents in it, we shall not, upon a dearth of news, present you with musty foreign edicts, and dull proclamations, but shall divide our relation of the passages which occur in action or discourse throughout this town, as well as elsewhere, under such dates of places as may prepare [50] you for the matter you are to expect in the following manner.

All accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment, shall be under the article of White's Chocolate-house; poetry, under that of Will's Coffee-house; learning, under the title of Grecian; foreign and domestic news, you will have from St.

James's Coffee-house; and what else I have to offer on any other subject [60 shall be dated from my own Apartment.

I once more desire my reader to consider, that as I cannot keep an ingenious man to go daily to Will's under two-pence each day, merely for his charges; to White's under six-pence; nor to the Grecian, without allowing him some plain Spanish, to be as able as others at the learned table; and that a good observer cannot speak with even Kidney at [70 St. James's without clean linen; I say, these considerations will, I hope, make all persons willing to comply with my humble request (when my *gratis* stock is exhausted) of a penny apiece; especially since they are sure of some proper amusement, and that it is impossible for me to want means to entertain them, having, besides the force of my own parts, the power of divination, and that I can, by [80 casting a figure, tell you all that will happen before it comes to pass.

But this last faculty I shall use very sparingly, and speak but of few things until they are passed, for fear of divulging matters which may offend our superiors. * * *

—STEELE.

DUELLING

No. 25. Tuesday, June 7, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines—

—nostri est farrago libelli.

Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

*Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our molley paper seizes for its theme.—Pope.*

WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE, June 6.

A letter from a young lady, written in the most passionate terms, wherein she laments the misfortune of a gentleman, her lover, who was lately wounded in a duel, has turned my thoughts to that subject, and inclined me to examine into the causes which precipitate men into so fatal a folly. And as it has been proposed to treat of subjects of gallantry in the article from hence, and no one [10 point in nature is more proper to be considered by the company who frequent this place than that of duels, it is worth

our consideration to examine into this chimerical groundless humor, and to lay every other thought aside, until we have stripped it of all its false pretences to credit and reputation amongst men.

But I must confess, when I consider what I am going about, and run over in [20 my imagination all the endless crowd of men of honor who will be offended at such a discourse, I am undertaking, methinks, a work worthy an invulnerable hero in romance, rather than a private gentleman with a single rapier: but as I am pretty well acquainted by great opportunities with the nature of man, and know of a truth that all men fight against their will, the danger vanishes, [30 and resolution rises upon this subject. For this reason I shall talk very freely on a custom which all men wish exploded, though no man has courage enough to resist it.

But there is one unintelligible word, which I fear will extremely perplex my dissertation, and I must confess to you I find very hard to explain, which is the term "satisfaction." An honest [40 country gentleman had the misfortune to fall into company with two or three modern men of honor, where he happened to be very ill-treated; and one of the company, being conscious of his offense, sends a note to him in the morning, and tells him, he was ready to give him satisfaction. "This is fine doing," says the plain fellow; "last night he sent me away cursedly out of humor, and [50 this morning he fancies it would be a satisfaction to be run through the body."

As the matter at present stands, it is not to do handsome actions denominates a man of honor; it is enough if he dares to defend ill ones. Thus you often see a common sharper in competition with a gentleman of the first rank; though all mankind is convinced that a fighting gamester is only a pick-pocket with [60 the courage of a highwayman. One cannot with any patience reflect on the unaccountable jumble of persons and things in this town and nation, which occasions very frequently that a brave man falls by a hand below that of a common hangman, and yet his executioner escapes the

clutches of the hangman for doing it. I shall therefore hereafter consider, how the bravest men in other ages and nations have behaved themselves upon such incidents as we decide by combat; and show, from their practice, that this resentment neither has its foundation from true reason or solid fame; but is an imposture, made of cowardice, falsehood, and want of understanding. For this work, a good history of quarrels would be very edifying to the public, and I apply myself to the town for particulars and circumstances within their knowledge, which may serve to embellish the dissertation with proper cuts. Most of the quarrels I have ever known, have proceeded from some valiant coxcomb's persisting in the wrong, to defend some prevailing folly, and preserve himself from the ingenuity of owning a mistake.

By this means it is called "giving a man satisfaction," to urge your offense against him with your sword; which puts me in mind of Peter's order to the keeper in *The Tale of a Tub*: "If you neglect to do all this, damn you and your generation for ever: and so we bid you heartily farewell." If the contradiction in the very terms of one of our challenges were as well explained and turned into downright English, would it not run after this manner? [100]

"Sir,

Your extraordinary behavior last night, and the liberty you were pleased to take with me, makes me this morning give you this, to tell you, because you are an ill-bred puppy, I will meet you in Hyde-park, an hour hence; and because you want both breeding and humanity, I desire you would come with a pistol in your hand, on horseback, and endeavor to shoot me through the head, to teach you more manners. If you fail of doing me this pleasure, I shall say, you are a rascal, on every post in town: and so, sir, if you will not injure me more, I shall never forgive what you have done already. Pray, sir, do not fail of getting everything ready; and you will infinitely oblige, sir, your most obedient humble servant, etc." * * * [120]

—STEELE.

NED SOFTLY

No. 163. Tuesday, April 25, 1710.

*Idem inficeto est inficetior rure,
Simul poemata attigit; neque idem unquam
Æquè est beatus, ac poema cum scribit:
Tam gaudet in se, tamque se ipse miratur.
Nimirum idem omnes fallimur; neque est
quisquam*

*Quem non in aliquâ re videre Suffenum
Possis—*

Catul. de Suffeno, xx. 14.

Suffenus has no more wit than a mere clown when he attempts to write verses, and yet he is never happier than when he is scribbling; so much does he admire himself and his compositions. And, indeed, this is the foible of every one of us, for there is no man living who is not a Suffenus in one thing or other.

WILL'S COFFEE HOUSE, April 24.

I yesterday came hither about two hours before the company generally make their appearance, with a design to read over all the newspapers; but, upon my sitting down, I was accosted by Ned Softly, who saw me from a corner in the other end of the room, where I found he had been writing something. "Mr. Bickerstaff," says he, "I observe by a late Paper of yours, that you and I are just of a humor; for you must know, of all impertinences, there is nothing which I so much hate as news. I never read a Gazette in my life; and never trouble my head about our armies, whether they win or lose, or in what part of the world they lie encamped." Without giving me time to reply, he drew a paper of verses out of his pocket, telling me, "that he had something which would entertain me more agreeably; and that he would desire my judgment upon every line, for that we had time enough before us until the company came in."

Ned Softly is a very pretty poet, and a great admirer of easy lines. Waller is his favorite: and as that admirable writer has the best and worst verses of any among our great English poets, Ned Softly has got all the bad ones without book; [30 which he repeats upon occasion, to show

his reading, and garnish his conversation. Ned is indeed a true English reader, incapable of relishing the great and masterly strokes of this art; but wonderfully pleased with the little Gothic ornaments of epigrammatical conceits, turns, points, and quibbles, which are so frequent in the most admired of our English poets, and practised by those who want genius [40 and strength to represent, after the manner of the ancients, simplicity in its natural beauty and perfection.

Finding myself unavoidably engaged in such a conversation, I was resolved to turn my pain into a pleasure, and to divert myself as well as I could with so very odd a fellow. "You must understand," says Ned, "that the sonnet I am going to read to you was written upon a [50 lady, who showed me some verses of her own making, and is, perhaps, the best poet of our age. But you shall hear it."

Upon which he began to read as follows:

TO MIRA ON HER INCOMPARABLE POEMS.

When dressed in laurel wreaths you shine,
And tune your soft melodious notes,
You seem a sister of the Nine,
Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

I fancy, when your song you sing, [60
(Your song you sing with so much art)
Your pen was plucked from Cupid's wing;
For, ah! it wounds me like his dart.

"Why," says I, "this is a little nosegay of conceits, a very lump of salt: every verse has something in it that piques; and then the *dart* in the last line is certainly as pretty a sting in the tail of an epigram, for so I think you critics call it, as ever entered into the thought of a poet." [70 "Dear Mr. Bickerstaff," says he, shaking me by the hand, "everybody knows you to be a judge of these things; and to tell you truly, I read over Roscommon's translation of 'Horace's Art of Poetry' three several times, before I sat down to write the sonnet which I have shown you. But you shall hear it again, and pray observe every line of it; for not one of them shall pass without your approba- [80 tion.

When dressed in laurel wreaths you shine.

"That is," says he, "when you have your garland on; when you are writing verses." To which I replied, "I know your meaning: a metaphor!" "The same," said he, and went on:

"And tune your soft melodious notes.

"Pray observe the gliding of that verse; there is scarce a consonant in it: I [90 took care to make it run upon liquids. Give me your opinion of it." "Truly," said I, "I think it as good as the former." "I am very glad to hear you say so," says he; "but mind the next:

You seem a sister of the Nine.

"That is," says he, "you seem a sister of the Muses; for, if you look into ancient authors, you will find it was their opinion that there were nine of them." "I [100 remember it very well," said I; "but pray proceed."

"Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

"Phœbus," says he, "was the god of poetry. These little instances, Mr. Bickerstaff, show a gentleman's reading. Then, to take off from the air of learning, which Phœbus and the Muses had given to this first stanza, you may observe, how it falls all of a sudden into the familiar; [110 'in Petticoats'!

Or Phœbus' self in petticoats."

"Let us now," says I, "enter upon the second stanza; I find the first line is still a continuation of the metaphor:

I fancy, when your song you sing."

"It is very right," says he, "but pray observe the turn of words in those two lines. I was a whole hour in adjusting of them, and have still a doubt upon [120 me, whether in the second line it should be 'Your song you sing;' or, 'You sing your song.' You shall hear them both:

I fancy, when your song you sing,
(Your song you sing with so much art)
or

I fancy, when your song you sing,
(You sing your song with so much art.)"

"Truly," said I, "the turn is so natural either way, that you have made me [130

almost giddy with it." "Dear sir," said he, grasping me by the hand, "you have a great deal of patience; but pray what do you think of the next verse?

Your pen was plucked from Cupid's wing."

"Think!" says I; "I think you have made Cupid look like a little goose." "That was my meaning," says he: "I think the ridicule is well enough hit off. But we come now to the last, which [140 sums up the whole matter:

For, ah! it wounds me like his dart.

"Pray, how do you like that *Ah!* doth it not make a pretty figure in that place? *Ah!*—it looks as if I felt the dart, and cried out as being pricked with it!

For, ah! it wounds me like his dart.

"My friend Dick Easy," continued he, "assured me, he would rather have written that *Ah!* than to have been the author of the *Aeneid*. He indeed objected, that I made Mira's pen like a quill in one of the lines, and like a dart in the other. But as to that—" "Oh! as to that," says I, "it is but supposing Cupid to be like a porcupine, and his quills and darts will be the same thing." He was going to embrace me for the hint; but half a dozen critics coming into the room, whose faces he did not like, he conveyed the sonnet into his pocket, and whispered me in the ear, "he would show it me again as soon as his man had written it over fair."

—ADDISON.

FROZEN WORDS

No. 254. Thursday, November 23, 1710.

Splendidè mendax—.

Hor. 2 Od. iii. 35.

Gloriously false—.

Francis.

MY OWN APARTMENT, November 22.

There are no books which I more delight in than in travels, especially those that describe remote countries, and give the writer an opportunity of showing his parts without incurring any danger of

being examined or contradicted. Among all the authors of this kind, our renowned countryman, Sir John Mandeville, has distinguished himself by the copiousness of his invention and the greatness of [10 his genius. The second to Sir John I take to have been Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, a person of infinite adventure, and unbounded imagination. One reads the voyages of these two great wits, with as much astonishment as the travels of Ulysses in Homer, or of the Red-Cross Knight in Spenser. All is enchanted ground, and fairyland.

I have got into my hands, by great [20 chance, several manuscripts of these two eminent authors, which are filled with greater wonders than any of those they have communicated to the public; and indeed, were they not so well attested, they would appear altogether improbable. I am apt to think the ingenious authors did not publish them with the rest of their works, lest they should pass for fictions and fables: a caution not unnecessary, [30 when the reputation of their veracity was not yet established in the world. But as this reason has now no farther weight, I shall make the public a present of these curious pieces, at such times as I shall find myself unprovided with other subjects.

The present paper I intend to fill with an extract from Sir John's Journal, in which that learned and worthy knight [40 gives an account of the freezing and thawing of several short speeches, which he made in the territories of Nova Zembla. I need not inform my reader, that the author of "*Hudibras*" alludes to this strange quality in that cold climate, when, speaking of abstracted notions clothed in a visible shape, he adds that apt simile,

"Like words congealed in northern air." 50

Not to keep my reader any longer in suspense, the relation put into modern language, is as follows:

"We were separated by a storm in the latitude of seventy-three, insomuch, that only the ship which I was in, with a Dutch and French vessel, got safe into a creek

of Nova Zembla. We landed, in order to refit our vessels, and store ourselves with provisions. The crew of each vessel made themselves a cabin of turf and wood, at some distance from each other, to fence themselves against the inclemencies of the weather, which was severe beyond imagination. We soon observed, that in talking to one another we lost several of our words, and could not hear one another at above two yards distance, and that too when we sat very near the fire. After much perplexity, I found [70 that our words froze in the air, before they could reach the ears of the persons to whom they were spoken. I was soon confirmed in this conjecture, when, upon the increase of the cold, the whole company grew dumb, or rather deaf; for every man was sensible, as we afterwards found, that he spoke as well as ever; but the sounds no sooner took air than they were condensed and lost. It was now [80 a miserable spectacle to see us nodding and gaping at one another, every man talking, and no man heard. One might observe a seaman that could hail a ship at a league's distance, beckoning with his hand, straining his lungs, and tearing his throat; but all in vain:

"—*Nec vox nec verba sequuntur.*

OVID, *Mét. xi.* 326.

"Nor voice, nor words ensued.

"We continued here three weeks [90 in this dismal plight. At length, upon a turn of wind, the air about us began to thaw. Our cabin was immediately filled with a dry clattering sound, which I afterwards found to be the crackling of consonants that broke above our heads, and were often mixed with a gentle hissing, which I imputed to the letter *s*, that occurs so frequently in the English tongue. I soon after felt a breeze of whispers [100 rushing by my ear; for those, being of a soft and gentle substance, immediately liquefied in the warm wind that blew across our cabin. These were soon followed by syllables and short words, and at length by entire sentences, that melted sooner or later, as they were more or less congealed; so that we now heard every

thing that had been *spoken* during the whole three weeks that we had been [110 *silent*, if I may use that expression. It was now very early in the morning, and yet, to my surprise, I heard somebody say, 'Sir John, it is midnight, and time for the ship's crew to go to bed.' This I knew to be the pilot's voice; and, upon recollecting myself, I concluded that he had spoken these words to me some days before, though I could not hear them until the present thaw. My reader [120 will easily imagine how the whole crew was amazed to hear every man talking, and see no man opening his mouth. In the midst of this great surprise we were all in, we heard a volley of oaths and curses, lasting for a long while, and uttered in a very hoarse voice, which I knew belonged to the boatswain, who was a very choleric fellow, and had taken his opportunity of cursing and swearing at me, when he [130 thought I could not hear him; for I had several times given him the strappado on that account, as I did not fail to repeat it for these his pious soliloquies, when I got him on shipboard.

"I must not omit the names of several beauties in Wapping, which were heard every now and then, in the midst of a long sigh that accompanied them; as, 'Dear Kate!' 'Pretty Mrs. Peggy!' [140 'When shall I see my Sue again!' This betrayed several amours which had been concealed until that time, and furnished us with a great deal of mirth in our return to England.

"When this confusion of voices was pretty well over, though I was afraid to offer at speaking, as fearing I should not be heard, I proposed a visit to the Dutch cabin, which lay about a mile [150 farther up in the country. My crew were extremely rejoiced to find they had again recovered their hearing; though every man uttered his voice with the same apprehensions that I had done,

"—*Et timide verba intermissa retental.*

OVID, *Mét. i.* 746.

"And tried his tongue, his silence softly broke.

"At about half-a-mile's distance from our cabin we heard the groanings of a bear,

which at first startled us; but, upon [160 enquiry, we were informed by some of our company, that he was dead, and now lay in salt, having been killed upon that very spot about a fortnight before, in the time of the frost. Not far from the same place, we were likewise entertained with some posthumous snarls and barkings of a fox.

"We at length arrived at the little Dutch settlement; and, upon entering [170 the room, found it filled with sighs that smelt of brandy, and several other unsavory sounds, that were altogether inarticulate. My valet, who was an Irishman, fell into so great a rage at what he heard, that he drew his sword; but not knowing where to lay the blame, he put it up again. We were stunned with these confused noises, but did not hear a single word until about half-an-hour after; [180 which I ascribed to the harsh and obdurate sounds of that language, which wanted more time than ours to melt, and become audible.

"After having here met with a very hearty welcome, we went to the cabin of the French, who, to make amends for their three weeks' silence, were talking and disputing with greater rapidity and confusion than I ever heard in an [190 assembly, even of that nation. Their language, as I found, upon the first giving of the weather, fell asunder and dissolved. I was here convinced of an error, into which I had before fallen; for I fancied, that for the freezing of the sound, it was necessary for it to be wrapped up, and, as it were, preserved in breath: but I found my mistake when I heard the sound of a kit playing a minuet over [200 our heads. I asked the occasion of it; upon which one of the company told me that it would play there above a week longer; 'for,' says he, 'finding ourselves bereft of speech, we prevailed upon one of the company, who had his musical instrument about him, to play to us from morning to night; all which time was employed in dancing in order to dissipate our chagrin, and *tuer le temps*.'" [210

Here Sir John gives very good philosophical reasons, why the kit could not be heard during the frost; but, as they are

something prolix, I pass them over in silence, and shall only observe, that the honorable author seems, by his quotations, to have been well versed in the ancient poets, which perhaps raised his fancy above the ordinary pitch of historians, and very much contributed to [220 the embellishment of his writings.

—ADDISON.

From THE SPECTATOR

MR. SPECTATOR

No. 1. Thursday, March 1, 1711.

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem

Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.

Hor. Ars Poet. 143.

*One with a flash begins, and ends in smoke;
Another out of smoke brings glorious light,
And, without raising expectation high,
Surprises us with dazzling miracles.*

—ROSCOMMON.

I have observed that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure, till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper, and my next, [10 as prefatory discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting will fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history.

I was born to a small hereditary estate, which, according to the tradition [20 of the village where it lies, was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in William the Conqueror's time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from father to son whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There runs a story in

the family that when my mother was gone with child of me about three [30 months, she dreamt that she was brought to bed of a judge. Whether this might proceed from a law-suit which was then depending in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighborhood put upon it. The gravity of [40 my behavior at my very first appearance in the world seemed to favor my mother's dream; for, as she often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral until they had taken away the bells from it.

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find that [50 during my nonage I had the reputation of a very sullen youth, but was always a favorite of my schoolmaster, who used to say, that my parts were solid, and would wear well. I had not been long at the university, before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence; for, during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity of a [60 hundred words; and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. Whilst I was in this learned body, I applied myself with so much diligence to my studies, that there are very few celebrated books, either in the learned or the modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my father, I was resolved to travel into foreign coun- [70 tries, and therefore left the university, with the character of an odd unaccountable fellow, that had a great deal of learning, if I would but show it. An insatiable thirst after knowledge carried me into all the countries of Europe, in which there was anything new or strange to be seen; nay, to such a degree was my curiosity raised, that having read the controversies of some great men concerning the an- [80 tiquities of Egypt, I made a voyage to Grand Cairo, on purpose to take the

measure of a pyramid; and as soon as I had set myself right in that particular, returned to my native country with great satisfaction.

I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not above half a dozen of my select friends that [90 know me; of whom my next paper shall give a more particular account. There is no place of general resort, wherein I do not often make my appearance; sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians at Will's, and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Child's, and whilst I seem at- [100 tentive to nothing but the Postman, overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday nights at St. James's coffee-house, and sometimes join the little committee of politics in the inner room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian, the Cocoa-tree, and in the theaters both of Drury-Lane and the Hay-market. I [110 have been taken for a merchant upon the Exchange for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stock-jobbers at Jonathan's. In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club.

Thus I live in the world rather as a Spectator of mankind, than as one of the species, by which means I have made [120 myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artisan, without ever meddling with any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of a husband or a father, and can discern the errors in the economy, business, and diversion of others, better than those who are engaged in them; as standers-by discover blots which are apt to escape those who are in the game. I never espoused [130 any party with violence, and am resolved to observe an exact neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unless I shall be forced to declare myself by the hostilities of either side. In short, I have acted in all the parts of my life as a looker-

on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper.

I have given the reader just so much of my history and character, as to let [140 him see I am not altogether unqualified for the business I have undertaken. As for other particulars in my life and adventures, I shall insert them in following papers, as I shall see occasion. In the meantime, when I consider how much I have seen, read, and heard, I begin to blame my own taciturnity; and since I have neither time nor inclination, to communicate the fulness of my heart in [150 speech, I am resolved to do it in writing, and to print myself out, if possible, before I die. I have been often told by my friends, that it is a pity so many useful discoveries which I have made should be in the possession of a silent man. For this reason, therefore, I shall publish a sheet-full of thoughts every morning, for the benefit of my contemporaries; and if I can any way contrib- [160 ute to the diversion or improvement of the country in which I live, I shall leave it when I am summoned out of it, with the secret satisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain.

There are three very material points which I have not spoken to in this paper; and which, for several important reasons, I must keep to myself, at least for some time: I mean, an account of [170 my name, my age, and my lodgings. I must confess, I would gratify my reader in anything that is reasonable; but as for these three particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the embellishment of my paper, I cannot yet come to a resolution of communicating them to the public. They would indeed draw me out of that obscurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and ex- [180 pose me in public places to several salutes and civilities, which have been always very disagreeable to me; for the greatest pain I can suffer, is the being talked to, and being stared at. It is for this reason likewise, that I keep my complexion and dress as very great secrets; though it is not impossible but I may make discoveries of both in the progress of the work I have undertaken. [190

After having been thus particular upon myself, I shall, in to-morrow's paper, give an account of those gentlemen who are concerned with me in this work; for, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid and concerted, as all other matters of importance are, in a club. However, as my friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me may direct their [200 letters to the Spectator, at Mr. Buckley's, in Little Britain. For I must further acquaint the reader, that, though our club meets only on Tuesdays and Thursdays, we have appointed a committee to sit every night, for the inspection of all such papers as may contribute to the advancement of the public weal.

—ADDISON.

THE CLUB

No. 2. Friday, March 2, 1711.

—*Ast alii sex*

Et plures uno conclamant ore.

—*Juv. Sat. vii. 167.*

Six more at least join their consenting voice.

The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behavior, but his singularities proceed from his [10 good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humor creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho Square. It is said, he keeps himself [20 a bachelor, by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with

my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffee house for calling him youngster. But being ill used by the [30 above mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humors, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. It is said [40 Sir Roger grew humble in his desires after he had forgot his cruel beauty, inasmuch that it is reported he has frequently offended in point of chastity with beggars and gypsies; but this is looked upon, by his friends, rather as matter of raillery than truth. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is [50 such a mirthful cast in his behavior, that he is rather beloved than esteemed.

His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company. When he comes into a house, he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit, that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum; that he fills the chair [60 at a quarter-session with great abilities, and three months ago, gained universal applause, by explaining a passage in the game-act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us, is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple; a man of great probity, wit, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction [70 of an old humorous father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke. The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage articles, leases, and tenures, in

the neighborhood; all which questions [80 he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully; but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool, but none, except his intimate friends, know he has [90 a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable. As few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients, makes him a very delicate ob- [100 server of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business; exactly at five he passes through New Inn, crosses through Russell court, and takes a turn at Will's, till the play begins; he has his shoes rubbed, and his periwig powdered, at the barber's as you go into the Rose. It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play; for [110 the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London. A person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and, as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man, he [120 calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms; for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation;—and if another, from another. I have heard him prove, that diligence [130 makes more lasting acquisitions than valor, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in

several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favorite is, "A penny saved is a penny got." A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the [140 same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortunes himself; and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room [150 sits Captain Sentry, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small estate of [160 his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life, in which no man can rise suitably to his merit, who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a sour expres- [170 sion, but frankly confess that he left the world, because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even regular behavior are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds who endeavor at the same end with himself, the favor of a commander. He will, however, in his way of talk, excuse generals for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it: for, says he, [180 that great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him: therefore, he will conclude, that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against

the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to [190 be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candor does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never [200 over-bearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But, that our society may not appear a set of humorists, unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have amongst us the gallant Will Honeycomb, a gentleman who, according to his years, should be in the decline of his [210 life, but, having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but a very little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces on his brain. His person is well turned, of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. [220 He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French king's wenches our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; whose frailty was covered by such a sort of petticoat, and whose vanity to show her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. [230 In a word, all his conversation and knowledge have been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you, when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court, such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the Park. In all these important relations, he has ever [240 about the same time received a kind

glance or a blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Such-a-one. * * * This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man who is usually called a well-bred fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of, as one of our company; for he visits us but seldom, but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution; and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to; he is therefore among divines what a chamber-councillor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind, and the integrity of his life, create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years that he observes, when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interest in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions.

—STEELE.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

No. 26. Friday, March 30, 1711.

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas

*Regumque turres, O beate Sextil
Vitæ summa brevis spem nos velat inchoare longam.*

*Jam te premet nox, fabulaeque manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia.*

Hor. Od. i. 4, 13.

*With equal foot, rich friend, impartial
Fate*

*Knocks at the cottage, and the palace gate:
Life's span forbids thee to extend thy cares,
And stretch thy hopes beyond thy years:*

*Night soon will seize, and you must quickly
go*

To storied ghosts, and Pluto's house below.

—CREECH.

When I am in a serious humor, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the church-yard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tombstones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another; the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons; who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born, and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battles of heroic poems, who have sounding names given them, for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head.

*Γλαυκὸν τε Μῑδοντὰ τε Θερσίλοχόν τε. Hom.
Glaucumque, Medontaque, Thersilochum-
que. Virg.*

The life of these men is finely described in holy writ by "the path of an arrow," which is immediately closed up and lost.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovel-full of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull intermixed with a kind of

fresh mouldering earth, that some time or other had a place in the composition of a human body. Upon this I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old-age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it were in the lump, I examined it more particularly [60 by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs, that if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed indeed that the present war had filled the church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies [80 were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honor to the living as well as to the dead. As a foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a nation from the turn of [90 their public monuments and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius, before they are put in execution. Sir Cloudesley Shovel's monument has very often given me great offense. Instead of the brave

rough English admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed [100 in a long periwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the monument; for instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honor. The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for want [110 of genius, show an infinitely greater taste of antiquity and politeness in their buildings and works of this nature, than what we meet with in those of our own country. The monuments of their admirals, which have been erected at the public expense, represent them like themselves; and are adorned with rostral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of sea-weed, shells, and coral. [120

But to return to our subject. I have left the repository of our English kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds, and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to [130 be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects, which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; [140 when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I [150

reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

—ADDISON.

SIR ROGER AT CHURCH

No. 112. Monday, July 9, 1711.

Ἀθανάτους μὲν πρῶτα θεοὺς, νόμφ ὡς διακέιται Τιμῇ.—PYTHAG.

*First, in obedience to thy country's rites,
Worship the immortal gods.*

I am always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time in which the [10 whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in [20 their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard, as a citizen does upon the Change, the whole parish-politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good [30 churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a hand-

some pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock [40 and a common-prayer book: and at the same time employed an itinerant singing master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very [50 good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will [60 be lengthening out a verse in the singing Psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces "Amen" three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing. [70

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which ac- [80 companies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see any thing ridiculous in his behavior; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character makes his friends observe these little singularities as foils

that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, [90 nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then inquires how such a one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent. [100

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves [110 perfect in the church-service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the par- [120 son and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the squire, and the squire to be revenged on the parson never comes to church. The squire has made all his tenants atheists, and tithe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them, in almost every sermon, that he is a better man than [130 his patron. In short, matters have come to such an extremity, that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used [140 to be dazzled with riches, that they pay

as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

—ADDISON.

SIR ROGER AT THE ASSIZES

No. 122. Friday, July 20, 1711.

Comes jucundus in via pro vehiculo est.

Publ. Syr. Frag.

An agreeable companion upon the road is as good as a coach.

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind, than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of conduct, when the [10 verdict which he passes upon his own behavior is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and goodwill, which are paid him by every one [20 that lives within his neighborhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shown to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the county assizes. As we were upon the road Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some time; during which my friend Sir Roger ac- [30 quainted me with their characters.

"The first of them," says he, "that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about an hundred pounds a year, an honest man. He is just within the game-

act, and qualified to kill a hare or a pheasant. He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate [40 as himself. He would be a good neighbor if he did not destroy so many partridges. In short he is a very sensible man; shoots flying, and has been several times foreman of the petty jury.

"That other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for 'taking the law' of everybody. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter-sessions. [50 The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments. He plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it enclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution; his father left him fourscore pounds a year; but he has cast and been cast so often, that he is not [60 now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow tree."

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told him that Mr. Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will it seems had been giving [70 his fellow-traveler an account of his angling one day in such a hole; when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr. Such-a-one, if he pleased, might "take the law of him" for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them both, upon a round trot; and after having paused some time, told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that "much might be said on both sides." They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it; upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was sat before Sir Roger came; but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench,

they made room for the old knight at [90 the head of them; who, for his reputation in the country, took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear, that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit. I was listening to the proceedings of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance of solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws; when, after [100 about an hour's sitting, I observed to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger [110 "was up." The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and [120 striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident; which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we [130 were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knight's family; and to do honor to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that the knight's head had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself [140 knew anything of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion pro-

ceeded wholly from affection and goodwill, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honor for any man under a duke; but told him at the [150 same time, that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly, they got a painter by the knight's directions to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into the *Saracen's Head*. I should not have known this story, had not the inn-keeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing, [160 that his honor's head was brought back last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my friend with his usual cheerfulness related the particulars above-mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought in [170 the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but upon the knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, [180 I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied "that much might be said on both sides."

These several adventures, with the knight's behavior in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

—ADDISON.

THE VISION OF MIRZA

No. 159. Saturday, September 1, 1711.

—*Omne, quæ nunc obducta tuenti
Mortales hebetat visus tibi, et humida circum
Caligat, nubem eripiam*—

Virg. Æn. ii. 604.

*The cloud, which, intercepting the clear light,
Hangs o'er thy eyes, and blunts thy mortal
sight,
I will remove—*

When I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled *The Visions of Mirza*, which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows: [10

"On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing [20 from one thought to another, 'Surely,' said I, 'man is but a shadow, and life a dream.' Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, [30 and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of their last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted [40 away in secret raptures.

"I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a Genius; and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played to taste the pleasures

of his conversation, as I looked upon [50 him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized [60 him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirza,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.'

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thy eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' [70 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the Vale of Misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great Tide of Eternity.' 'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of [80 eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.' 'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.' 'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is Human Life: consider it attentively.' Upon a more [90 leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which added to those that were entire, made up the number about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the Genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But tell [100 me farther,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.' 'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black

cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon farther examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the [110 bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches [120 that were entire.

"There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

"I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it [130 presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in [140 their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scymetars in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been [150 thus forced upon them.

"The Genius seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking up,

'what mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it [160 from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.' 'These,' said the Genius, 'are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.'

"I here fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas,' said I, 'Man was made in vain! how [170 is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!' The Genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into [180 it.' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good Genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate), I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal [190 parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, [200 lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the Genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the [210 gates of death that I saw opening every

moment upon the bridge. 'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination can [220 extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not [230 these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.' I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, 'Show me now, I be- [240 seech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.' The Genius making me no answer, I turned me about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy [250 islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it."

—ADDISON.

A COQUETTE'S HEART

No. 281. Tuesday, January 22, 1712.

Pectoribus inhians spirantia consulit exta.

Virg. Æn. iv. 64.

Anxious the reeking entrails he consults.

Having already given an account of the dissection of a beau's head, with the

several discoveries made on that occasion, I shall here, according to my promise, enter upon the dissection of a coquette's heart, and communicate to the public such particularities as we observed in that curious piece of anatomy.

I should perhaps have waived this undertaking, had not I been put in [10 mind of my promise by several of my unknown correspondents, who are very importunate with me to make an example of the coquette, as I have already done of the beau. It is therefore in compliance with the request of friends, that I have looked over the minutes of my former dream, in order to give the public an exact relation of it, which I shall enter upon without farther [20 preface.

Our operator, before he engaged in this visionary dissection, told us that there was nothing in his art more difficult than to lay open the heart of a coquette, by reason of the many labyrinths and recesses which are to be found in it, and which do not appear in the heart of any other animal.

He desired us first of all to observe [30 the pericardium, or outward case of the heart, which we did very attentively; and by the help of our glasses discerned in it millions of little scars, which seemed to have been occasioned by the points of innumerable darts and arrows, that from time to time had glanced upon the outward coat; though we could not discover the smallest orifice by which any of them had entered and pierced the inward [40 substance.

Every smatterer in anatomy knows that this pericardium, or case of the heart, contains in it a thin reddish liquor, supposed to be bred from the vapors which exhale out of the heart, and being stopped here, are condensed into this watery substance. Upon examining this liquor, we found that it had in it all the qualities of that spirit which is made use of in [50 the thermometer to show the change of weather.

Nor must I here omit an experiment one of the company assured us he himself had made with this liquor, which he found in great quantity about the heart

of a coquette whom he had formerly dissected. He affirmed to us, that he had actually inclosed it in a small tube made after the manner of a weather-glass; [60 but that, instead of acquainting him with the variations of the atmosphere, it showed him the qualities of those persons who entered the room where it stood. He affirmed also, that it rose at the approach of a plume of feathers, an embroidered coat, or a pair of fringed gloves; and that it fell as soon as an ill-shaped periwig, a clumsy pair of shoes, or an unfashionable coat came into his house. Nay, he [70 proceeded so far as to assure us, that upon his laughing aloud when he stood by it, the liquor mounted very sensibly, and immediately sunk again upon his looking serious. In short, he told us that he knew very well by this invention, whenever he had a man of sense or a coxcomb in his room.

Having cleared away the pericardium, or the case, and liquor above-men- [80 tioned, we came to the heart itself. The outward surface of it was extremely slippery, and the mucro, or point, so very cold withal, that upon endeavoring to take hold of it, it glided through the fingers like a smooth piece of ice.

The fibres were turned and twisted in a more intricate and perplexed manner than they are usually found in other hearts; insomuch that the whole heart [90 was wound up together like a Gordian knot, and must have had very irregular and unequal motions, while it was employed in its vital function.

One thing we thought very observable, namely, that upon examining all the vessels which came into it, or issued out of it, we could not discover any communication that it had with the tongue.

We could not but take notice like- [100 wise that several of those little nerves in the heart which are affected by the sentiments of love, hatred, and other passions, did not descend to this before us from the brain, but from the muscles which lie about the eye.

Upon weighing the heart in my hand, I found it to be extremely light, and consequently very hollow, which I did not wonder at, when, upon looking [110

into the inside of it, I saw multitudes of cells and cavities running one within another, as our historians describe the apartments of Rosamond's bower. Several of these little hollows were stuffed with innumerable sorts of trifles, which I shall forbear giving any particular account of, and shall, therefore, only take notice of what lay first and uppermost, which, upon our unfolding it, and [120 applying our microscopes to it, appeared to be a flame-colored hood.

We are informed that the lady of this heart, when living, received the addresses of several who made love to her, and did not only give each of them encouragement, but made everyone she conversed with believe that she regarded him with an eye of kindness; for which reason we expected to have seen the impression of [130 multitudes of faces among the several plaits and foldings of the heart; but to our great surprise not a single print of this nature discovered itself till we came into the very core and centre of it. We there observed a little figure, which, upon applying our glasses to it, appeared dressed in a very fantastic manner. The more I looked upon it, the more I thought I had seen the face before, but [140 could not possibly recollect either the place or time; when at length one of the company, who had examined this figure more nicely than the rest, showed us plainly by the make of its face, and the several turns of its features, that the little idol which was thus lodged in the very middle of the heart was the deceased beau, whose head I gave some account of in my last Tuesday's paper. [150

As soon as we had finished our dissection, we resolved to make an experiment of the heart, not being able to determine among ourselves the nature of its substance, which differed in so many particulars from that in the heart of other females. Accordingly, we laid it into a pan of burning coals, when we observed in it a certain salamandrine quality, that made it capable of living in [160 the midst of fire and flame, without being consumed or so much as singed.

As we were admiring this strange phenomenon, and standing round the

heart in a circle, it gave a most prodigious sigh, or rather crack, and dispersed all at once in smoke and vapor. This imaginary noise, which methought was louder than the burst of a cannon, produced such a violent shake in my brain, [170 that it dissipated the fumes of sleep, and left me in an instant broad awake.

—ADDISON.

ALEXANDER POPE (1688-1744)

From WINDSOR FOREST

The groves of Eden, vanished now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song:
These, were my breast inspired with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame. 10
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again;
Not chaos-like together crushed and bruised,
But, as the world, harmoniously confused:
Where order in variety we see, 15
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequered scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress. 20
There, interspersed in lawns and opening glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
Here in full light the russet plains extend:
There wrapt in clouds the bluish hills ascend.
Even the wild heath displays her purple dyes, 25
And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
That crowned with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles, the sable waste adorn.
Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber or the balmy tree, 30

While by our oaks the precious loads are
borne,
And realms commanded which those trees
adorn.
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
Though gods assembled grace his towering
height,
Than what more humble mountains offer
here, ³⁵
Where, in their blessings, all those gods
appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona
crowned,
Here blushing Flora paints th' enamelled
ground,
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect
stand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's
hand, ⁴⁰
Rich industry sits smiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tell a Stuart reigns.

* * * * *

See! from the brake the whirring pheas-
ant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant
wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the
ground.
Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes, ¹¹⁵
His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes un-
fold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames
with gold?
Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds
the sky,
The woods and fields their pleasing toils
deny. ¹²⁰
To plains with well-breathed beagles we
repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare
(Beasts, urged by us, their fellow beasts
pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo).
With slaughtering guns th' unwearied
fowler roves, ¹²⁵
When frosts have whitened all the naked
groves,
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees
o'ershade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the watery
glade.

He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen
sky: ¹³⁰
Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clamorous lapwings feel the leaden
death;
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes
prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in
air.
In genial spring, beneath the quivering
shade, ¹³⁵
Where cooling vapors breathe along the
mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
With looks unmoved, he hopes the scaly
breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending
reed. ¹⁴⁰
Our plenteous streams a various race
supply,
The bright-eyed perch with fins of Tyrian
dye,
The silver eel, in shining volumes rolled,
The yellow carp, in scales bedropped with
gold,
Swift trouts, diversified with crimson
stains, ¹⁴⁵
And pikes, the tyrants of the watery
plains.
Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery
car:
The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks
surround,
Rouse the fleet hart, and cheer the opening
hound. ¹⁵⁰
Th' impatient courser pants in every
vein,
And, pawing, seems to beat the distant
plain:
Hills, vales, and floods appear already
crossed,
And ere he starts, a thousand steps are
lost.
See the bold youth strain up the threaten-
ing steep, ¹⁵⁵
Rush through the thickets, down the
valleys sweep,
Hang o'er their coursers' heads with eager
speed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying
steed.

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM

From PART I

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But, of the two, less dangerous is th'
offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our
sense.

Some few in that, but numbers err in this; 5
Ten censure wrong for one who writes
amiss;

A fool might once himself alone expose;
Now one in verse makes many more in
prose.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches,
none

Go just alike, yet each believes his own. 10
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share;
Both must alike from Heaven derive their
light,

These born to judge, as well as those to
write.

Let such teach others who themselves
excel, 15

And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not critics to their judgment too?

* * * * *

First follow Nature, and your judgment
frame

By her just standard, which is still the
same;

Unerring Nature, still divinely bright, 70
One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of
Art.

Art from that fund each just supply pro-
vides,

Works without show, and without pomp
presides. 75

In some fair body thus th' informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigor fills the
whole,

Each motion guides, and every nerve sus-
tains;

Itself unseen, but in th' effects, remains.
Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been
profuse, 80

Want as much more, to turn it to its use;

For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Though meant each other's aid, like man
and wife.

'Tis more to guide than spur the Muse's
steed; 84

Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed;
The winged courser, like a generous horse,
Shows most true mettle when you check
his course.

Those rules of old, discovered, not de-
vised,

Are Nature still, but Nature methodized;
Nature, like liberty, is but restrained 90

By the same laws which first herself or-
dained.

* * * * *

You, then, whose judgment the right
course would steer,

Know well each ancient's proper char-
acter;

His fable,¹ subject, scope in every page; 120
Religion, country, genius of his age:

Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticise.

Be Homer's works your study and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;

Thence form your judgment, thence your
maxims bring, 126

And trace the Muses upward to their
spring.

Still with itself compared, his text peruse;
And let your comment be the Mantuan
Muse.

When first young Maro in his boundless
mind 130

A work t' outlast immortal Rome de-
signed,

Perhaps he seemed above the critic's
law,

And but from nature's fountains scorned
to draw:

But when t' examine every part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the
same. 135

Convinced, amazed, he checks the bold
design;

And rules as strict his labored work con-
fine,

As if the Stagirite o'erlooked each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a just es-
teem;

To copy nature is to copy them. 140

¹ plot.

From PART II

A little learning is a dangerous thing; 15
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian
 spring:
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the
 brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.
 Fired at first sight with what the Muse
 imparts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of
 arts, 20
 While from the bounded level of our mind
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths
 behind;
 But, more advanced, behold with strange
 surprise
 New distant scenes of endless science rise!
 So pleased at first the towering Alps we
 try, 25
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread
 the sky,
 Th' eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem
 the last;
 But, those attained, we tremble to survey
 The growing labors of the lengthened way,
 Th' increasing prospects tire our wander-
 ing eyes, 31
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps
 arise!

* * * * *

Some to conceit alone their taste con-
 fine,
 And glittering thoughts struck out at
 every line; 90
 Pleased with a work where nothing's just
 or fit;
 One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
 Poets like painters, thus unskilled to trace
 The naked nature and the living grace,
 With gold and jewels cover every part, 95
 And hide with ornaments their want of
 art.
 True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
 What oft was thought, but ne'er so well
 expressed;
 Something whose truth convinced at sight
 we find,
 That gives us back the image of our mind.
 As shades more sweetly recommend the
 light, 101
 So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.

For works may have more wit than does
 'em good,
 As bodies perish through excess of blood.
 Others for language all their care ex-
 press, 105
 And value books, as women men, for
 dress:
 Their praise is still—the style is excellent;
 The sense they humbly take upon con-
 tent.
 Words are like leaves; and where they
 most abound,
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely
 found. 110
 False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
 Its gaudy colors spreads on every place;
 The face of nature we no more survey,
 All glares alike, without distinction gay:
 But true expression, like th' unchanging
 sun, 115
 Clears and improves whate'er it shines
 upon;
 It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
 Expression is the dress of thought, and
 still
 Appears more decent, as more suitable;
 A vile conceit in pompous words expressed,
 Is like a clown in regal purple dressed: 121
 For different styles with different subjects
 sort,¹
 As several garbs with country, town, and
 court.
 Some by old words to fame have made
 pretence,
 Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their
 sense; 125
 Such labored nothings, in so strange a
 style,
 Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the
 learned smile.
 Unlucky as Fungoso in the play,
 These sparks with awkward vanity dis-
 play
 What the fine gentleman wore yesterday;
 And but so mimic ancient wits at best, 131
 As apes our grandsires, in their doublets
 dressed.
 In words, as fashions, the same rule will
 hold;
 Alike fantastic if too new or old:
 Be not the first by whom the new are
 tried, 135
 Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

¹ accord.

But most by numbers judge a poet's
 song;
 And smooth or rough, with them, is right
 or wrong.
 In the bright Muse though thousand
 charms conspire,
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools ad-
 mire;
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their
 ear, 141
 Not mend their minds; as some to church
 repair,
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
 These equal syllables alone require,
 Though oft the ear the open vowels
 tire; 145
 While expletives their feeble aid do join,
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull
 line:
 While they ring round the same unvaried
 chimes,
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes:
 Where'er you find "the cooling western
 breeze," 150
 In the next line, it "whispers through the
 trees;"
 If crystal streams "with pleasing mur-
 murs creep,"
 The reader's threatened (not in vain) with
 "sleep:"
 Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a
 thought, 155
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow
 length along.
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes,
 and know
 What's roundly smooth or languishingly
 slow;
 And praise the easy vigor of a line, 160
 Where Denham's strength, and Waller's
 sweetness join.
 True ease in writing comes from art, not
 chance,
 As those move easiest who have learned to
 dance.
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence:
 The sound must seem an echo to the
 sense. 165
 Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently
 blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother num-
 bers flows;

But when loud surges lash the sounding
 shore,
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the
 torrent roar.
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight
 to throw, 170
 The line, too, labors, and the words move
 slow.
 Not so when swift Camilla scours the
 plain,
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims
 along the main.
 Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise! 175
 While, at each change, the son of Libyan
 Jove
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with
 love;
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury
 glow,
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to
 flow:
 Persians and Greeks like turns of nature
 found, 180
 And the world's victor stood subdued by
 sound!
 The power of music all our hearts allow,
 And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.
 Avoid extremes; and shun the fault of
 such
 Who still are pleased too little or too much.
 At every trifle scorn to take offence; 186
 That always shows great pride, or little
 sense;
 Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the
 best,
 Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
 Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture
 move; 190
 For fools admire, but men of sense ap-
 prove:
 As things seem large which we through
 mists descry,
 Dullness is ever apt to magnify.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM

CANTO I

What dire offence from amorous causes
 springs,
 What mighty contests rise from trivial
 things,

I sing.—This verse to Caryl, Muse! is due;
This, e'en Belinda may vouchsafe to
view.

Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,⁵
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, Goddess!
could compel

A well-bred lord t' assault a gentle belle?
Oh say what stranger cause, yet unex-
plored,

Could make a gentle belle reject a lord? ¹⁰
In tasks so bold, can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty
rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a
timorous ray,
And oped those eyes that must eclipse the
day.

Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing
shake, ¹⁵
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake.
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knocked
the ground,
And the pressed watch returned a silver
sound.

Belinda still her downy pillow pressed,
Her guardian sylph prolonged the balmy
rest. ²⁰

'Twas he had summoned to her silent bed
The morning-dream that hovered o'er her
head:

A youth more glittering than a birth-night
beau,
(That ev'n in slumber caused her cheek to
glow)

Seemed to her ear his winning lips to lay,²⁵
And thus in whispers said, or seemed to
say:

"Fairest of mortals, thou distinguished
care

Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one vision touched thy infant
thought,

Of all the nurse and all the priest have
taught— ³⁰

Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins visited by angel powers,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heav-
enly flowers,—

Hear and believe! thy own importance
know, ³⁵
Nor bound thy narrow views to things be-
low.

Some secret truths, from learned pride con-
cealed,

To maids alone and children are revealed.
What though no credit doubting wits may
give?

The fair and innocent shall still believe. ⁴⁰
Know, then, unnumbered spirits round
thee fly,

The light militia of the lower sky.

These, though unseen, are ever on the
wing,

Hang o'er the box, and hover round the
Ring.

Think what an equipage thou hast in
air, ⁴⁵

And view with scorn two pages and a
chair.

As now your own, our beings were of
old,

And once enclosed in woman's beauteous
mould;

Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to these of air. ⁵⁰

Think not, when woman's transient breath
is fled,

That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And though she plays no more, o'erlooks
the cards.

Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive, ⁵⁵
And love of ombre, after death survive.

For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire:
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to water glide away, ⁶¹
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental
tea.

The graver prude sinks downward to a
gnome,

In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air. ⁶⁶

"Know further yet: whoever fair and
chaste

Rejects mankind, is by some sylph em-
braced;

For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with
ease

Assume what sexes and what shapes they
please. ⁷⁰

What guards the purity of melting maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight mas-
querades,

Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring spark,
 The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
 When kind occasion prompts their warm desires, ⁷⁵
 When music softens, and when dancing fires?
 'Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials know,
 Though honor is the word with men below.
 Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
 For life predestined to the gnomes' embrace. ⁸⁰
 These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
 When offers are disdained, and love denied:
 Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
 While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping train,
 And garters, stars, and coronets appear, ⁸⁵
 And in soft sounds 'Your Grace' salutes their ear.
 'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
 Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
 Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
 And little hearts to flutter at a beau. ⁹⁰
 "Oft when the world imagine women stray,
 The sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way;
 Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
 And old impertinence expel by new.
 What tender maid but must a victim fall ⁹⁵
 To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
 When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
 If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
 With varying vanities, from every part,
 They shift the moving toymshop of their heart, ¹⁰⁰
 Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots strive,
 Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
 This erring mortals levity may call;
 Oh, blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.

"Of these am I, who thy protection claim, ¹⁰⁵
 A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
 Late, as I ranged the crystal wilds of air,
 In the clear mirror of thy ruling star
 I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
 Ere to the main¹ this morning sun descend,
 But Heaven reveals not what, or how, or where. ¹¹¹
 Warned by the sylph, O pious maid, beware!
 This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
 Beware of all, but most beware of man!"
 He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too long, ¹¹⁵
 Leaped up, and waked his mistress with his tongue.
 'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
 Thy eyes first opened on a billet-doux;
 Wounds, charms, and ardors were no sooner read,
 But all the vision vanished from thy head.
 And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed, ¹²¹
 Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
 First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
 With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.
 A heavenly image in the glass appears, ¹²⁵
 To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears.
 Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
 Trembling begins the sacred rites of Pride.
 Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
 The various offerings of the world appear;
 From each she nicely culls with curious toil, ¹³¹
 And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
 This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
 And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
 The tortoise here and elephant unite, ¹³⁵
 Transformed to combs, the speckled, and the white.
 Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
 Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billets-doux.
 Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
 The fair each moment rises in her charms,
 Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face; ¹⁴²

¹ the sea.

Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
 The busy sylphs surround their darling
 care, 145
 These set the head, and those divide the
 hair,
 Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait
 the gown;
 And Betty's praised for labors not her
 own.

CANTO II

Not with more glories, in th' ethereal
 plain,
 The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
 Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
 Launched on the bosom of the silver
 Thames.
 Fair nymphs and well-dressed youths
 around her shone, 5
 But every eye was fixed on her alone.
 On her white breast a sparkling cross she
 wore
 Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those;
 Favors to none, to all she smiles extends; 11
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
 Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers
 strike,
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
 Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of
 pride, 15
 Might hide her faults, if belles had faults
 to hide;
 If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.
 This nymph, to the destruction of man-
 kind,
 Nourished two locks, which graceful hung
 behind 20
 In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
 With shining ringlets the smooth ivory
 neck.
 Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
 And mighty hearts are held in slender
 chains.
 With hairy springes we the birds betray; 25
 Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey;
 Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
 And beauty draws us with a single hair.
 Th' adventurous baron the bright locks
 admired;
 He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired.

Resolved to win, he meditates the way, 31
 By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
 For when success a lover's toil attends,
 Few ask if fraud or force attained his ends.
 For this, ere Phoebus rose, he had im-
 plored 35
 Propitious Heaven, and every Power
 adored,
 But chiefly Love; to Love an altar built,
 Of twelve vast French romances, neatly
 gilt.
 There lay three garters, half a pair of
 gloves,
 And all the trophies of his former loves; 40
 With tender billets-doux he lights the
 pyre,
 And breathes three amorous sighs to raise
 the fire.
 Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent
 eyes
 Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize.
 The Powers gave ear, and granted half his
 prayer; 45
 The rest the winds dispersed in empty air.
 But now secure the painted vessel glides,
 The sunbeams trembling on the floating
 tides;
 While melting music steals upon the sky,
 And softened sounds along the waters die;
 Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently
 play, 51
 Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.
 All but the sylph—with careful thoughts
 oppressed,
 Th' impending woe sat heavy on his
 breast.
 He summons straight his denizens of air; 55
 The lucid squadrons round the sails re-
 pair;¹
 Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers
 breathe,
 That seemed but zephyrs to the train
 beneath.
 Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
 Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of
 gold; 60
 Transparent forms, too fine for mortal
 sight,
 Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light.
 Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
 Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
 Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies, 65
 Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,

¹ gather.

While every beam new transient colors flings,
 Colors that change whene'er they wave their wings.
 Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
 Superior by the head, was Ariel placed; 70
 His purple pinions opening to the sun,
 He raised his azure wand, and thus begun:
 "Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear!
 Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and demons, hear!
 Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assigned 75
 By laws eternal to th' aërial kind.
 Some in the fields of purest æther play,
 And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.
 Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
 Or roll the planets through the boundless sky. 80
 Some, less refined, beneath the moon's pale light
 Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
 Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main, 85
 Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
 Others on earth o'er human race preside,
 Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
 Of these the chief the care of nations own,
 And guard with arms divine the British throne. 90
 "Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
 Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
 To save the powder from too rude a gale,
 Nor let th' imprisoned essences exhale;
 To draw fresh colors from the vernal flowers; 95
 To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in showers,
 A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
 Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
 Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
 To change a flounce, or add a furbelow. 100
 "This day, black omens threat the brightest fair
 That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care;

Some dire disaster, or by force, or sleight;
 But what, or where, the fates have wrapped in night.
 Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law, 105
 Or some frail china jar receive a flaw;
 Or stain her honor, or her new brocade;
 Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade;
 Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
 Or whether Heaven has doomed that Shock must fall. 110
 Haste, then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
 The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
 The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
 And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
 Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favorite lock;
 Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.
 To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note, 117
 We trust th' important charge, the petticoat:
 Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
 Though stiff with hoops, and armed with ribs of whale; 120
 Form a strong line about the silver bound,
 And guard the wide circumference around.
 "Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
 His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
 Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins, 125
 Be stopped in vials, or transfixed with pins;
 Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
 Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's eye;
 Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
 While, clogged, he beats his silken wings in vain; 130
 Or alum styptics with contracting power
 Shrink his thin essence like a rivelled flower;
 Or, as Ixion fixed, the wretch shall feel
 The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
 In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
 And tremble at the sea that froths below!"
 He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend; 137
 Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
 Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
 Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
 With beating hearts the dire event they wait, 141
 Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

CANTO III

Close by those meads, forever crowned
with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his
rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighboring Hampton
takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall fore-
doom 5
Of foreign tyrants and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms
obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and some-
times tea.
Hither the heroes and the nymphs re-
sort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court; 10
In various talk th' instructive hours they
passed,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian
screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and
eyes; 15
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of
chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.
Meanwhile, declining from the noon of
day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may
dine; 22
The merchant from th' Exchange returns
in peace,
And the long labors of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous
knights, 26
At ombre singly to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquests yet
to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms
to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aerial
guard 31
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First, Ariel perched upon a Matadore,
Then each, according to the rank they bore;

For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient
race, 35
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of
place.
Behold four kings in majesty revered,
With hoary whiskers and a forked beard;
And four fair queens, whose hands sustain
a flower,
The expressive emblem of their softer
power; 40
Four knaves, in garbs succinct, a trusty
band,
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their
hand;
And parti-colored troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The skilful nymph reviews her force
with care: 45
"Let spades be trumps!" she said, and
trumps they were.
Now moved to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the
board. 50
As many more Manillio forced to yield,
And marched a victor from the verdant
field.
Him Basto followed, but, his fate more
hard,
Gained but one trump and one plebeian
card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary majesty of spades appears, 56
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight revealed;
The rest, his many-colored robe con-
cealed.
The rebel knave, who dares his prince
engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage. 60
E'en mighty Pam, that kings and queens
o'erthrew,
And mowed down armies in the fights of
Loo,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguished by the victor spade.
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the baron fate inclines the field. 66
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of spades;
The club's black tyrant first her victim
died,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous
pride. 70

What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous
robe,

And, of all monarchs, only grasps the
globe?

The baron now his diamonds pours
apace; 75

Th' embroidered king who shows but half
his face,

And his refulgent queen, with powers com-
bined,

Of broken troops an easy conquest find.

Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder
seen,

With throngs promiscuous strew the level
green. 80

Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,

With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,

The pierced battalions disunited fall, 85
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms
them all.

The knave of diamonds tries his wily
arts,

And wins (oh shameful chance!) the
queen of hearts.

At this the blood the virgin's cheek for-
sook,

A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look; 90
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching
ill,

Just in the jaws of ruin, and codille.

And now (as oft in some distempered
state)

On one nice trick depends the general fate.
An ace of hearts steps forth; the king un-
seen 95

Lurked in her hand, and mourned his
captive queen:

He springs to vengeance with an eager
pace,

And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.

The nymph exulting fills with shouts the
sky;

The walls, the woods, and long canals
reply. 100

Oh thoughtless mortals! ever blind to
fate,

Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
Sudden, these honors shall be snatched
away,

And cursed forever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons
is crowned, 105

The berries crackle, and the mill turns
round;

On shining altars of Japan they raise

The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors
glide,

While China's earth receives the smoking
tide. 110

At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.

Straight hover round the fair her airy
band;

Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor
fanned,

Some o'er her lap their careful plumes dis-
played, 115

Trembling, and conscious of the rich
brocade.

Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-
shut eyes)

Sent up in vapors to the baron's brain
New stratagems the radiant lock to gain.

Ah, cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too
late, 121

Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's
fate!

Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their
will, 125

How soon they find fit instruments of ill!

Just then Clarissa drew with tempting
grace

A two-edged weapon from her shining
case:

So ladies in romance assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the
fight. 130

He takes the gift with reverence, and ex-
tends

The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,

As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her
head.

Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back
the hair; 136

And thrice they twitched the diamond in
her ear;

Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe
drew near.

Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
 The close recesses of the virgin's thought;
 As on the nosegay in her breast reclined, 141
 He watched th' ideas rising in her mind,
 Sudden he viewed, in spite of all her art,
 An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
 Amazed, confused, he found his power
 expired, 145

Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired.
 The peer now spreads the glittering for-
 fex wide,

T' inclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.
 E'en then, before the fatal engine closed,
 A wretched sylph too fondly interposed; 150
 Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in
 twain

(But airy substance soon unites again).

The meeting points the sacred hair dis-
 sever

From the fair head, forever, and forever!
 Then flashed the living lightning from
 her eyes, 155

And screams of horror rend th' affrighted
 skies.

Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are
 cast,

When husbands, or when lap-dogs breathe
 their last;

Or when rich China vessels, fallen from
 high,

In glittering dust and painted fragments
 lie! 160

"Let wreaths of triumph now my tem-
 ples twine,"

The victor cried; "the glorious prize is
 mine!

While fish in streams, or birds delight in
 air,

Or in a coach and six the British fair,
 As long as Atalantis shall be read, 165

Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
 While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
 When numerous wax-lights in bright order
 blaze,

While nymphs take treats, or assignations
 give,

So long my honor, name, and praise shall
 live! 170

What Time would spare, from steel re-
 ceives its date,

And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
 Steel could the labor of the gods destroy,
 And strike to dust th' imperial towers of

Troy;

Steel could the works of mortal pride con-
 found, 175
 And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
 What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs
 should feel

The conquering force of unresisted steel?"

CANTO IV

But anxious cares the pensive nymph
 oppressed,

And secret passions labored in her breast.
 Not youthful kings in battle seized alive,
 Not scornful virgins who their charms
 survive,

Not ardent lovers robbed of all their bliss,
 Not ancient ladies when refused a kiss, 6
 Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
 Not Cynthia when her mantua's pinned
 awry,

E'er felt such rage, resentment, and de-
 spair,

As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravished hair.
 For, that sad moment, when the sylphs
 withdrew, 11

And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
 Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite
 As ever sullied the fair face of light,
 Down to the central earth, his proper
 scene, 15

Repaired to search the gloomy cave of
 Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the
 gnome,

And in a vapor reached the dismal dome.
 No cheerful breeze this sullen region
 knows,

The dreaded east is all the wind that
 blows. 20

Here in a grotto, sheltered close from air,
 And screened in shades from day's de-
 tested glare,

She sighs forever on her pensive bed,
 Pain at her side, and Megrim¹ at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne, alike
 in place, 25

But differing far in figure and in face.

Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
 Her wrinkled form in black and white
 arrayed;

With store of prayers for mornings, nights,
 and noons

Her hand is filled; her bosom with lam-
 poons. 30

¹ headache.

There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen;
Practised to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faint into airs, and languishes with pride;
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming

woe, 35
Wrapped in a gown, for sickness, and for
show.

The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new
disease.

A constant vapor o'er the palace flies,
Strange phantoms rising as the mists
arise; 40

Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted
shades,

Or bright, as visions of expiring maids:
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling
spires,¹

Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple
fires;

Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes, 45
And crystal domes, and angels in ma-
chines.

Unnumbered throngs on every side are
seen,
Of bodies changed to various forms by
Spleen.

Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held
out,

One bent; the handle this, and that the
spout. 50

A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pie
talks;

Men prove with child, as powerful fancy
works,

And maids, turned bottles, call aloud for
corks.

Safe passed the gnome through this
fantastic band, 55

A branch of healing spleenwort in his
hand.

Then thus addressed the power: "Hail,
wayward queen!

Who rule the sex, to fifty from fifteen;

Parent of vapors² and of female wit;

Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit; 60

On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble
plays;

Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.

¹ coils.² whims.

A nymph there is that all thy power dis-
dains, 65
And thousands more in equal mirth main-
tains.

But oh! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a
grace,

Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game; 70
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caused suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discomposed the head-dress of a prude,
Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease, 75
Which not the tears of brightest eyes
could ease:

Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin;
That single act gives half the world the
spleen."

The goddess with a discontented air
Seems to reject him, though she grants
his prayer. 80

A wondrous bag with both her hands she
binds,

Like that where once Ulysses held the
winds:

There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of
tongues.

A vial next she fills with fainting fears, 85
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing
tears.

The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly
mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he
found,

Her eyes dejected and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he
rent, 91

And all the furies issued at the vent.

Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.

"O wretched maid!" she spread her hands,
and cried, 95

(While Hampton's echoes, "Wretched
maid!" replied)

"Was it for this you took such constant
care

The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance
bound,

For this with torturing irons wreathed
around? 100

For this with fillets strained your tender
head,

And bravely bore the double loads of
lead?

Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare!
Honor forbid! at whose unrivalled shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all, our sex re-
sign. 106

Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honor in a whisper lost! 110
How shall I, then, your helpless fame de-
fend?

'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Exposed through crystal to the gazing
eyes,

And heightened by the diamond's circling
rays, 115

On that rapacious hand forever blaze?

Sooner shall grass in Hyde Park Circus
grow,

And wits take lodgings in the sound of
Bow:

Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish
all!" 120

She said; then raging to Sir Plume re-
pairs,

And bids her beau demand the precious
hairs

(Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane).

With earnest eyes, and round unthinking
face, 125

He first the snuff-box opened, then the
case,

And thus broke out—"My lord—why—
what the devil!

Zounds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you
must be civil!

Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay, prithee,
pox!

Give her the hair."—He spoke, and rapped
his box. 130

"It grieves me much," replied the peer
again,

"Who speaks so well should ever speak
in vain.

But by this lock, this sacred lock, I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted
hair,

Which never more its honors shall re-
new, 135

Clipped from the lovely head where late
it grew)

That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall forever
wear."

He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph
spread

The long-contended honors of her head. 140
But Umbriel, hateful gnome! forbears

not so;

He breaks the vial whence the sorrows
flow.

Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief
appears,

Her eyes half languishing, half drowned in
tears;

On her heaved bosom hung her drooping
head, 145

Which, with a sigh, she raised; and thus
she said:

"Forever cursed be this detested day,
Which snatched my best, my favorite curl
away!

Happy! ah, ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton Court these eyes had never
seen! 150

Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
By love of courts to numerous ills be-
trayed.

Oh, had I rather unadmired remained
In some lone isle or distant northern land;

Where the gilt chariot never marks the
way, 155

Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste
bohea!

There kept my charms concealed from
mortal eye,

Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.

What moved my mind with youthful lords
to roam?

Oh, had I stayed, and said my prayers at
home! 160

'Twas this, the morning omens seemed to
tell:

Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-
box fell;

The tottering china shook without a wind;
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most
unkind!

A sylph, too, warned me of the threats of
fate, 165

In mystic visions, now believed too late!

See the poor remnants of these slighted
hairs!
My hands shall rend what e'en thy rapine
spares;
These in two sable ringlets taught to
break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy
neck; ¹⁷⁰
The sister lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurled it hangs, the fatal shears de-
mands,
And tempts once more, thy sacrilegious
hands.
Oh, hadst thou, cruel! been content to
seize ¹⁷⁵
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!"

CANTO V

She said: the pitying audience melt in
tears.
But Fate and Jove had stopped the baron's
ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fixed the Trojan could re-
main, ⁵
While Anna begged and Dido raged in
vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful waved her
fan;
Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began:
"Say, why are beauties praised and
honored most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain
man's toast? ¹⁰
Why decked with all that land and sea
afford,
Why angels called, and angel-like adored?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-
gloved beaux,
Why bows the side-box from its inmost
rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our
pains, ¹⁵
Unless good sense preserve what beauty
gains;
That men may say, when we the front-
box grace,
'Behold the first in virtue as in face!'
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charmed the small-pox, or chased old age
away, ²⁰

Who would not scorn what housewife's
cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of
use?
To patch, nay, ogle, might become a saint,
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must de-
cay; ²⁵
Curled or uncurled, since locks will turn
to grey;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall
fade,
And she who scorns a man must die a
maid;
What then remains but well our power to
use,
And keep good humor still whate'er we
lose? ³⁰
And trust me, dear, good humor can pre-
vail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and
scolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may
roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins
the soul."
So spoke the dame, but no applause en-
sued; ³⁵
Belinda frowned, Thalestris called her
prude.
"To arms, to arms!" the fierce virago
cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whale-
bones crack; ⁴⁰
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confusedly
rise,
And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are
found;
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal
wound.
So when bold Homer makes the gods
engage, ⁴⁵
And heavenly breasts with human pas-
sions rage;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes
arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms:
Jove's thunder roars, Heaven trembles all
around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps
resound: ⁵⁰

Earth shakes her nodding towers, the
ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of
day!

Triumphant Umbriel on a scone's
height

Clapped his glad wings, and sat to view
the fight:

Propped on their bodkin-spears, the
sprites survey 55

The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the press enraged Thales-
tris flies,

And scatters death around from both her
eyes,

A beau and witling perished in the throng,
One died in metaphor, and one in song. 60

"O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his
chair.

A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards
cast,

"Those eyes are made so killing"—was
his last.

Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies 65
Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he
dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn
Clarissa down,

Chloe stepped in, and killed him with a
frown;

She smiled to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the beau revived again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in
air, 71

Weighs the men's wits against the lady's
hair;

The doubtful beam long nods from side
to side;

At length the wits mount up, the hairs
subside.

See, fierce Belinda on the Baron flies, 75
With more than usual lightning in her
eyes;

Nor feared the chief th' unequal fight to
try,

Who sought no more than on his foe to
die.

But this bold lord, with manly strength
endued,

She with one finger and a thumb subdued:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils
drew, 81

A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;

The gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.

Sudden with starting tears each eye o'er-
flows, 85

And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

"Now meet thy fate," incensed Belinda
cried,

And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,

Her great great grandsire wore about his
neck, 90

In three seal-rings; which after, melted
down,

Formed a vast buckle for his widow's
gown;

Her infant grandame's whistle next it
grew,

The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin graced her mother's
hairs, 95

Which long she wore, and now Belinda
wears.)

"Boast not my fall," he cried, "insult-
ing foe!

Thou by some other shalt be laid as
low;

Nor think to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind! 100

Rather than so, ah, let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn
alive."

"Restore the lock!" she cries; and all
around

"Restore the lock!" the vaulted roofs re-
bound.

Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain 105
Roared for the handkerchief that caused
his pain.

But see how oft ambitious aims are
crossed,

And chiefs contend till all the prize is
lost!

The lock, obtained with guilt, and kept
with pain,

In every place is sought, but sought in
vain: 110

With such a prize no mortal must be
blessed.

So Heaven decrees! With Heaven who can
contest?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar
sphere,

Since all things lost on earth are treasured
there.

There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous
 vases, 115
 And beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer
 cases;
 There broken vows and death-bed alms
 are found,
 And lovers' hearts with ends of riband
 bound;
 The courtier's promises, and sick man's
 prayers,
 The smiles of harlots, and the tears of
 heirs; 120
 Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a
 flea,
 Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.
 But trust the Muse—she saw it upward
 rise,
 Though marked by none but quick, poetic
 eyes:
 (So Rome's great founder to the heavens
 withdrew, 125
 To Proculus alone confessed in view)
 A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
 And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
 Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
 The heavens bespangling with dishevelled
 light. 130
 The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
 And pleased pursue its progress through
 the skies.
 This the beau monde shall from the
 Mall survey,
 And hail with music its propitious ray;
 This the blest lover shall for Venus
 take, 135
 And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
 This Partridge soon shall view in cloud-
 less skies,
 When next he looks through Galileo's
 eyes;
 And hence th' egregious wizard shall fore-
 doom
 The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome. 140
 Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn
 thy ravished hair,
 Which adds new glory to the shining
 sphere!
 Not all the tresses that fair head can
 boast,
 Shall draw such envy as the lock you
 lost.
 For, after all the murders of your eye, 145
 When, after millions slain, yourself shall
 die;

When those fair suns shall set, as set they
 must,
 And all those tresses shall be laid in dust;
 This lock the Muse shall consecrate to
 fame,
 And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's
 name. 150

AN ESSAY ON MAN

From Book I

Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner
 things
 To low ambition, and the pride of kings.
 Let us (since life can little more supply
 Than just to look about us and to die)
 Expatriate free o'er all this scene of man; 5
 A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
 A wild, where weeds and flowers promis-
 cuous shoot;
 Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
 Together let us beat ¹ this ample field,
 Try what the open, what the covert yield;
 The latent tracts, the giddy heights, ex-
 plore 11
 Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
 Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
 And catch the manners living as they rise;
 Laugh where we must, be candid where
 we can; 15
 But vindicate the ways of God to man.
 I. Say first, of God above, or man be-
 low,
 What can we reason, but from what we
 know?
 Of man, what see we but his station here,
 From which to reason, or to which refer? 20
 Through worlds unnumbered though the
 God be known,
 'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
 He who through vast immensity can
 pierce,
 See worlds on worlds compose one uni-
 verse,
 Observe how system into system runs, 25
 What other planets circle other suns,
 What varied being peoples every star,
 May tell why Heaven has made us as we
 are:
 But of this frame the bearings, and the
 ties,
 The strong connections, nice dependencies,

¹ scour, range through.

Gradations just, has thy pervading soul 31
Looked through? or can a part contain
the whole?

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn, supports, upheld by God, or
there?

II. Presumptuous man! the reason
wouldst thou find, 35
Why formed so weak, so little, and so
blind?

First, if thou canst, the harder reason
guess,

Why formed no weaker, blinder, and no
less?

Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are
made

Taller or stronger than the weeds they
shade; 40

Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove.

* * * * *

Respecting man, whatever wrong we
call,

May, must be right, as relative to all.

In human works, though labored on with
pain,

A thousand movements scarce one purpose
gain;

In God's, one single can its end produce; 55
Yet serves to second too some other use.

So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere un-
known;

Touches some wheel, or verges to some
goal:

'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole. 60

When the proud steed shall know why
man restrains

His fiery course, or drives him o'er the
plains;

When the dull ox, why now he breaks the
clod,

Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god;
Then shall man's pride and dullness com-
prehend 65

His actions', passions', being's, use and
end;

Why doing, suffering, checked, impelled;
and why

This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not man's imperfect, Heaven
in fault;

Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought: 70

His knowledge measured to his state and
place,

His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,

What matter soon or late, or here or
there?

The blest to-day is as completely so, 75
As who began a thousand years ago.

III. Heaven from all creatures hides
the book of fate,

All but the page prescribed, their present
state:

From brutes what men, from men what
spirits know:

Or who could suffer being here below? 80
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,

Had he thy reason, would he skip and
play?

Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery
food,

And licks the hand just raised to shed his
blood.

Oh, blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by

Heaven: 86
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,

A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,

And now a bubble burst, and now a
world. 90

Hope humbly then; with trembling
pinions soar;

Wait the great teacher Death; and God
adore.

What future bliss, he gives not thee to
know,

But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:

Man never is, but always to be, blest. 96

The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored
mind

Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the
wind; 100

His soul proud science never taught to
stray

Far as the solar walk, or milky way;

Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler

Heaven;

Some safer world in depths of woods em-
braced, 105

Some happier island in the watery waste,

Where slaves once more their native land
behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst
for gold.

To be, contents his natural desire;
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky, ¹¹¹
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou! and, in thy scale of
sense

Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fanciest
such; ¹¹⁵

Say, "Here he gives too little, there too
much;"

Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,¹
Yet cry, "If man's unhappy, God's un-
just;"

If man alone engross not Heaven's high
care,

Alone made perfect here, immortal there,
Snatch from his hand the balance and the
rod, ¹²¹

Re-judge his justice; be the god of God.
In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the
skies.

Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes; ¹²⁵
Men would be angels, angels would be
gods.

Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against the Eternal Cause. ¹³⁰

* * * * *

IX. What if the foot, ordained the dust
to tread,

Or hand to toil, aspired to be the head? ²⁶⁰
What if the head, the eye, or ear repined
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this general frame;
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or
pains, ²⁶⁵

The great directing Mind of All ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous
whole,

Whose body nature is, and God the soul;
That, changed through all, and yet in all
the same,

Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal
frame, ²⁷⁰

. . . pleasure . . .

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the
trees,

Lives through all life, extends through all
extent,

Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal
part, ²⁷⁵

As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart,
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns.
To him no high, no low, no great, no
small;

He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals
all. ²⁸⁰

X. Cease then, nor order imperfection
name:

Our proper bliss depends on what we
blame.

Know thy own point: this kind, this due
degree

Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows
on thee.

Submit.—In this, or any other sphere, ²⁸⁵
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not
see; ²⁹⁰

All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good:

And, spite of pride, in erring reason's
spite,

One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.

From EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT

—Were there one whose fires

True genius kindles, and fair fame in-
spires,

Blessed with each talent and each art to
please, ¹⁹⁵

And born to write, converse, and live with
ease;

Should such a man, too fond to rule
alone,

Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the
throne;

View him with scornful, yet with jealous
eyes,

And hate for arts that caused himself to
rise; ²⁰⁰

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil
 leer,
 And without sneering, teach the rest to
 sneer;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
 Alike reserved to blame, or to com-
 mend, 205
 A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
 Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers be-
 sieged,
 And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;
 Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause, 210
 While wits and Templars every sentence
 raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there
 be?
 Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER

Father of all! in every age,
 In every clime adored,
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!
 Thou Great First Cause, least under-
 stood: 5
 Who all my sense confined
 To know but this, that Thou art good,
 And that myself am blind;
 Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
 To see the good from ill; 10
 And, binding nature fast in fate,
 Left free the human will.
 What conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do,
 This, teach me more than hell to shun, 15
 That, more than heaven pursue.
 What blessings Thy free bounty gives,
 Let me not cast away;
 For God is paid when man receives;
 T' enjoy is to obey. 20
 Yet not to earth's contracted span
 Thy goodness let me bound,
 Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
 When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand 25
 Presume Thy bolts to throw,
 And deal damnation round the land
 On each I deem Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart,
 Still in the right to stay; 30
 If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
 To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
 Or impious discontent,
 At aught Thy wisdom has denied, 35
 Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me. 40

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
 Since quickened by Thy breath;
 Oh lead me wheresoe'er I go,
 Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot: 45
 All else beneath the sun,
 Thou know'st if best bestowed or not;
 And let Thy will be done.

To Thee whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar earth, sea, skies, 50
 One chorus let all being raise,
 All nature's incense rise!

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728-1774)

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the
 plain;
 Where health and plenty cheered the
 laboring swain,
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting summer's lingering blooms
 delayed:
 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and
 ease, 5
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could
 please,
 How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endeared each
 scene!

How often have I paused on every charm,
 The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm, 10
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topped the neigh-
 boring hill,
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath
 the shade
 For talking age and whispering lovers
 made!
 How often have I blest the coming day, 15
 When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
 And all the village train, from labor free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading
 tree,
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 The young contending as the old sur-
 veyed; 20
 And many a gambol frolicked o'er the
 ground,
 And sleights of art and feats of strength
 went round.
 And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band in-
 spired;
 The dancing pair that simply sought re-
 nown 25
 By holding out to tire each other down;
 The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
 While secret laughter tittered round the
 place;
 The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
 The matron's glance that would those
 looks reprove. 30
 These were thy charms, sweet village!
 sports like these,
 With sweet succession, taught even toil to
 please:
 These round thy bowers their cheerful
 influence shed:
 These were thy charms—but all these
 charms are fled.
 Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the
 lawn, 35
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms
 withdrawn;
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is
 seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green:
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling
 plain. 40
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But, choked with sedges, works its weedy
 way;

Along the glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow sounding bittern guards its
 nest;
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing
 flies, 45
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
 Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the moulder-
 ing wall;
 And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's
 hand,
 Far, far away thy children leave the land.
 Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a
 prey, 51
 Where wealth accumulates, and men
 decay:
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may
 fade;
 A breath can make them, as a breath has
 made:
 But a bold peasantry, their country's
 pride, 55
 When once destroyed, can never be sup-
 plied.
 A time there was, ere England's griefs
 began,
 When every rood of ground maintained
 its man;
 For him light labor spread her wholesome
 store,
 Just gave what life required, but gave no
 more: 60
 His best companions, innocence and
 health;
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.
 But times are altered; trade's unfeeling
 train
 Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
 Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets
 rose, 65
 Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp re-
 pose,
 And every want to opulence allied,
 And every pang that folly pays to pride.
 These gentle hours that plenty bade to
 bloom,
 Those calm desires that asked but little
 room, 70
 Those healthful sports that graced the
 peaceful scene,
 Lived in each look, and brightened all the
 green;
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful
 hour, 75
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's
 power.
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds
 Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined
 grounds,
 And, many a year elapsed, return to view
 Where once the cottage stood, the haw-
 thorn grew, 80
 Remembrance wakes with all her busy
 train,
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to
 pain.
 In all my wanderings round this world
 of care,
 In all my griefs—and God has given my
 share—
 I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me
 down; 86
 To husband out life's taper at the close,
 And keep the flame from wasting by re-
 pose;
 I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
 Amidst the swains to show my book-
 learned skill, 90
 Around my fire an evening group to
 draw,
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
 And, as an hare whom hounds and horns
 pursue
 Pants to the place from whence at first
 she flew,
 I still had hopes, my long vexations
 past, 95
 Here to return—and die at home at last.
 O blest retirement, friend to life's de-
 cline,
 Retreats from care, that never must be
 mine,
 How happy he who crowns in shades like
 these
 A youth of labor with an age of ease; 100
 Who quits a world where strong tempta-
 tions try,
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to
 fly!
 For him no wretches, born to work and
 weep,
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous
 deep;
 No surly porter stands in guilty state, 105
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate;

But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
 Bends to the grave with unperceived de-
 cay,
 While resignation gently slopes the way;
 And, all his prospects brightening to the
 last, 111
 His heaven commences ere the world be
 past!
 Sweet was the sound, when oft at even-
 ing's close
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
 There, as I passed with careless steps and
 slow, 115
 The mingling notes came softened from
 below;
 The swain responsive as the milk-maid
 sung,
 The sober herd that lowed to meet their
 young,
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the
 pool,
 The playful children just let loose from
 school, 120
 The watch-dog's voice that bayed the
 whispering wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant
 mind;—
 These all in sweet confusion sought the
 shade,
 And filled each pause the nightingale had
 made.
 But now the sounds of population fail, 125
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the
 gale,
 No busy steps the grass-grown footway
 tread,
 For all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
 All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
 That feebly bends beside the splashy
 spring: 130
 She, wretched matron, forced in age, for
 bread,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses
 spread,
 To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till
 morn;
 She only left of all the harmless train, 135
 The sad historian of the pensive plain.
 Near yonder copse, where once the
 garden smiled,
 And still where many a garden flower
 grows wild;

There, where a few torn shrubs the place
 disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion
 rose. 140
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a
 year;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly
 race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to
 change his place;
 Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for
 power, 145
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying
 hour;
 Far other aims his heart had learned to
 prize,
 More skilled to raise the wretched than to
 rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant
 train;
 He chid their wanderings but relieved
 their pain: 150
 The long-remembered beggar was his
 guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged
 breast;
 The ruined spendthrift, now no longer
 proud,
 Claimed kindred there, and had his claims
 allowed;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to
 stay, 155
 Sat by the fire, and talked the night away,
 Wept o'er his wounds or, tales of sorrow
 done,
 Shouldered his crutch and showed how
 fields were won.
 Pleased with his guests, the good man
 learned to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
 Careless their merits or their faults to
 scan, 161
 His pity gave ere charity began.
 Thus to relieve the wretched was his
 pride,
 And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's
 side;
 But in his duty prompt at every call, 165
 He watched and wept, he prayed and felt
 for all;
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the
 skies,
 He tried each art, reproved each dull de-
 lay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the
 way. 170
 Beside the bed where parting life was
 laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dis-
 mayed,
 The reverend champion stood. At his
 control
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling
 soul;
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch
 to raise, 175
 And his last faltering accents whispered
 praise.
 At church, with meek and unaffected
 grace,
 His looks adorned the venerable place;
 Truth from his lips prevailed with double
 sway,
 And fools, who come to scoff, remained to
 pray. 180
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
 Even children followed with endearing
 wile,
 And plucked his gown to share the good
 man's smile.
 His ready smile a parent's warmth ex-
 pressed;
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares
 distressed: 186
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were
 given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in
 heaven.
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves
 the storm, 190
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds
 are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
 Beside yon straggling fence that skirts
 the way,
 With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
 There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to
 rule, 195
 The village master taught his little school.
 A man severe he was, and stern to view;
 I knew him well, and every truant knew;
 Well had the boding tremblers learned to
 trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face; 200

Full well they laughed with counter-
feited glee

At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he
frowned.

Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught, 205
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he
knew:

'Twas certain he could write, and cipher
too;

Lands he could measure, terms and tides
presage,

And even the story ran that he could
gauge; 210

In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For, even though vanquished, he could
argue still;

While words of learned length and thun-
dering sound

Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder
grew, 215

That one small head could carry all he
knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is for-
got.

Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on
high,

Where once the sign-post caught the pass-
ing eye, 220

Low lies that house where nut-brown
draughts inspired,

Where graybeard mirth and smiling toil
retired,

Where village statesmen talked with looks
profound,

And news much older than their ale went
round.

Imagination fondly stoops to trace 225
The parlor splendors of that festive place:

The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded
floor,

The varnished clock that clicked behind
the door;

The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by
day; 230

The pictures placed for ornament and
use,

The twelve good rules, the royal game of
goose;

The hearth, except when winter chilled
the day,

With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel
gay;

While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for
show, 235

Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a
row.

Vain transitory splendors! could not all
Reprive the tottering mansion from its
fall?

Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's
heart. 240

Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;

No more the farmer's news, the barber's
tale,

No more the woodman's ballad shall pre-
vail;

No more the smith his dusky brow shall
clear, 245

Relax his ponderous strength, and lean
to hear;

The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be
pressed,

Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest. 250
Yes! let the rich deride, the proud dis-
dain,

These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its
play, 255

The soul adopts, and owns their first-born
sway;

Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.

But the long pomp, the midnight mas-
querade,

With all the freaks of wanton wealth ar-
rayed— 260

In these, ere triflers half their wish ob-
tain,

The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, even while fashion's brightest arts
decoy,

The heart distrusting asks if this be joy.
Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who
survey 265

The rich man's joy increase, the poor's
decay,

'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
 Between a splendid and an happy land.
 Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
 And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
 Hoards even beyond the miser's wish abound,
 And rich men flock from all the world around.
 Yet count our gains! This wealth is but a name
 That leaves our useful products still the same.
 Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
 Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:
 The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
 Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth;
 His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green:
 Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies;
 While thus the land adorned for pleasure all
 In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.
 As some fair female unadorned and plain,
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
 Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
 But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
 When time advances, and when lovers fail,
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
 In all the glaring impotence of dress.
 Thus fares the land by luxury betrayed:
 In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed,
 But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;

While, scourged by famine from the smiling land
 The mournful peasant leads his humble band,
 And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
 The country blooms—a garden and a grave.
 Where then, ah! where, shall poverty reside,
 To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
 If to some common's fenceless limits strayed
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
 And even the bare-worn common is denied.
 If to the city sped—what waits him there?
 To see profusion that he must not share;
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
 To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
 To see those joys the sons of pleasure know
 Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
 Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
 There the pale artist¹ plies the sickly trade;
 Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
 There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
 The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign
 Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train:
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
 Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
 Sure these denote one universal joy!
 Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine eyes
 Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distressed;
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn:

¹ artisan.

Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue, fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her
head,

And, pinched with cold, and shrinking
from the shower,

With heavy heart deplores that luckless
hour,

When idly first, ambitious of the town, 335
She left her wheel and robes of country
brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn,—thine, the
loveliest train,—

Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?

Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger
led,

At proud men's doors they ask a little
bread! 340

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary
scene,

Where half the convex world intrudes
between,

Through torrid tracts with fainting steps
they go,

Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charmed
before 345

The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward
ray,

And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods, where birds forget
to sing,

But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling; 350
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuri-
ance crowned,

Where the dark scorpion gathers death
around;

Where at each step the stranger fears to
wake

The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless
prey, 355

And savage men more murderous still
than they;

While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the
skies.

Far different these from every former
scene,

The cooling brook, the grassy vested
green, 360

The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless
love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed
that parting day,

That called them from their native walks
away;

When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked
their last, 366

And took a long farewell, and wished in
vain

For seats like these beyond the western
main,

And shuddering still to face the distant
deep,

Returned and wept, and still returned to
weep. 370

The good old sire the first prepared to
go

To new-found worlds, and wept for other's
woe;

But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the
grave.

His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless
years, 376

Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.

With louder plaints the mother spoke her
woes,

And blest the cot where every pleasure
rose, 380

And kissed her thoughtless babes with
many a tear,

And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly
dear,

Whilst her fond husband strove to lend
relief

In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou curst by Heaven's de-
cree, 385

How ill exchanged are things like these for
thee!

How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!

Kingdoms, by thee to sickly greatness
grown,

Boast of a florid vigor not their own. 390

At every draught more large and large
they grow,

A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapped their strength, and every part
unsound,

Down, down, they sink, and spread a ruin
round.

Even now the devastation is begun, 395
 And half the business of destruction done;
 Even now, methinks, as pondering here I
 stand,
 I see the rural virtues leave the land.
 Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads
 the sail,
 That idly waiting flaps with every gale, 400
 Downward they move, a melancholy
 band,
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the
 strand.
 Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,
 And kind connubial Tenderness are there;
 And Piety with wishes placed above, 405
 And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love.
 And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest
 maid,
 Still first to fly where sensual joys in-
 vade;
 Unfit in these degenerate times of shame
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest
 fame; 410
 Dear charming nymph, neglected and de-
 cied,
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
 Thou source of all my bliss, and all my
 woe,
 That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st
 me so;
 Thou guide by which the nobler arts
 excel, 415
 Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee
 well!
 Farewell, and oh! where'er thy voice be
 tried,
 On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
 Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
 Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
 Still let thy voice, prevailing over time, 421
 Redress the rigors of the inclement clime;
 Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive
 strain;
 Teach erring man to spurn the rage of
 gain;
 Teach him that states of native strength
 possessed, 425
 Though very poor, may still be very blest;
 That trade's proud empire hastes to swift
 decay,
 As ocean sweeps the labored mole away;
 While self-dependent power can time
 defy,
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky. 430

From THE RETALIATION

At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
 Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the
 last?
 Here, waiter, more wine! let me sit while
 I'm able,
 Till all my companions sink under the
 table; 20
 Then, with chaos and blunders encircling
 my head,
 Let me ponder, and tell what I think of
 the dead.
 Here lies the good Dean, reunited to
 earth,
 Who mixed reason with pleasure, and
 wisdom with mirth;
 If he had any faults, he has left us in
 doubt, 25
 At least in six weeks I could not find 'em
 out;
 Yet some have declared, and it can't be
 denied 'em,
 That Slyboots was cursedly cunning to
 hide 'em.
 Here lies our good Edmund, whose
 genius was such,
 We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too
 much; 30
 Who, born for the universe, narrowed his
 mind,
 And to party gave up what was meant for
 mankind:
 Though fraught with all learning, yet
 straining his throat
 To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend
 him a vote;
 Who, too deep for his hearers, still went
 on refining, 35
 And thought of convincing, while they
 thought of dining;
 Though equal to all things, for all things
 unfit;
 Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a
 wit;
 For a patriot too cool; for a drudge dis-
 obedient;
 And too fond of the right to pursue the
 expedient. 40
 In short, 'twas his fate, unemployed or in
 place, sir,
 To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a
 razor.

* * * * *

Here lies David Garrick, describe me
 who can
 An abridgment of all that was pleasant
 in man;
 As an actor, confessed without rival to
 shine; 95
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first
 line;
 Yet with talents like these, and an excel-
 lent heart,
 The man had his failings, a dupe to his art;
 Like an ill-judging beauty his colors he
 spread,
 And beplastered with rouge his own nat-
 ural red. 100
 On the stage he was natural, simple,
 affecting,
 'Twas only that when he was off he was
 acting.
 With no reason on earth to go out of his
 way,
 He turned and he varied full ten times a
 day:
 Though secure of our hearts, yet con-
 foundedly sick 105
 If they were not his own by finessing and
 trick;
 He cast off his friends as a huntsman his
 pack,
 For he knew when he pleased he could
 whistle them back.
 Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed
 what came,
 And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for
 fame; 110
 Till his relish grown callous, almost to
 disease,
 Who peppered the highest was surest to
 please.
 But let us be candid, and speak out our
 mind:
 If dunces applauded, he paid them in
 kind.
 Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so
 grave, 115
 What a commerce was yours, while you
 got and you gave!
 How did Grub Street re-echo the shouts
 that you raised,
 When he was be-Rosciused, and you were
 bepraised!
 But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
 To act as an angel, and mix with the
 skies! 120

Those poets who owe their best fame to
 his skill,
 Shall still be his flatterers, go where he
 will;
 Old Shakespeare receive him with praise
 and with love,
 And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys
 above.

* * * * *

Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you
 my mind,
 He has not left a wiser or better behind.
 His pencil was striking, resistless, and
 grand;
 His manners were gentle, complying, and
 bland; 140
 Still born to improve us in every part,
 His pencil our faces, his manners our
 heart;
 To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly
 steering,
 When they judged without skill he was
 still hard of hearing;
 When they talked of their Raphaels,
 Correggios, and stuff, 145
 He shifted his trumpet, and only took
 snuff.

From THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD

LETTER LV

BEAU TIBBS AT HOME

I am apt to fancy I have contracted a
 new acquaintance whom it will be no
 easy matter to shake off. My little beau
 yesterday overtook me again in one of
 the public walks, and slapping me on
 the shoulder, saluted me with an air of
 the most perfect familiarity. His dress
 was the same as usual, except that he
 had more powder in his hair, wore a dirtier
 shirt, a pair of temple spectacles, and [10
 his hat under his arm.

As I knew him to be a harmless amusing
 little thing, I could not return his smiles
 with any degree of severity; so we walked
 forward on terms of the utmost intimacy,
 and in a few minutes discussed all the
 usual topics preliminary to particular
 conversation.

The oddities that marked his character, however, soon began to appear; he [20 bowed to several well-dressed persons, who, by their manner of returning the compliment, appeared perfect strangers. At intervals he drew out a pocket-book, seeming to take memorandums before all the company, with much importance and assiduity. In this manner he led me through the length of the whole walk, fretting at his absurdities, and fancying myself laughed at not less than him [30 by every spectator.

When we were got to the end of our procession, "Blast me," cries he, with an air of vivacity, "I never saw the Park so thin in my life before! There's no company at all to-day; not a single face to be seen."—"No company!" interrupted I peevishly; "no company where there is such a crowd? why, man, there's too much. What are the thousands [40 that have been laughing at us but company?"—"Lord, my dear," returned he, with the utmost good humor, "you seem immensely chagrined; but, blast me, when the world laughs at me, I laugh at the world, and so we are even. My Lord Trip, Bill Squash the Creolian, and I, sometimes make a party at being ridiculous; and so we say and do a thousand things for the joke's sake. But I see [50 you are grave, and if you are for a fine grave sentimental companion, you shall dine with me and my wife to-day; I must insist on 't. I'll introduce you to Mrs. Tibbs, a lady of as elegant qualifications as any in nature; she was bred (but that's between ourselves,) under the inspection of the Countess of All-night. A charming body of voice; but no more of that,—she will give us a song. You shall see my [60 little girl too, Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Tibbs, a sweet pretty creature! I design her for my Lord Drumstick's eldest son; but that's in friendship, let it go no farther: she's but six years old, and yet she walks a minuet, and plays on the guitar immensely already. I intend she shall be as perfect as possible in every accomplishment. In the first place, I'll make her a scholar: I'll teach her Greek myself, [70 and learn that language purposely to instruct her; but let that be a secret."

Thus saying, without waiting for a reply, he took me by the arm, and hauled me along. We passed through many dark alleys and winding ways; for, from some motives to me unknown, he seemed to have a particular aversion to every frequented street; at last, however, we got to the door of a dismal-looking [80 house in the outlets of the town, where he informed me he chose to reside for the benefit of the air.

We entered the lower door, which ever seemed to lie most hospitably open; and I began to ascend an old and creaking staircase, when, as he mounted to show me the way, he demanded, whether I delighted in prospects; to which answering in the affirmative, "Then," [90 says he, "I shall show you one of the most charming in the world, out of my window; we shall see the ships sailing, and the whole country for twenty miles round, tip top, quite high. My Lord Swamp would give ten thousand guineas for such a one; but, as I sometimes pleasantly tell him, I always love to keep my prospects at home, that my friends may visit me the oftener." [100

By this time we were arrived as high as the stairs would permit us to ascend, till we came to what he was facetiously pleased to call the first floor down the chimney; and knocking at the door, a voice from within demanded, "Who's there?" My conductor answered that it was him. But this not satisfying the querist, the voice again repeated the demand; to which he answered louder [110 than before; and now the door was opened by an old woman with cautious reluctance.

When we were got in, he welcomed me to his house with great ceremony, and turning to the old woman, asked where was her lady? "Good troth," replied she, in a peculiar dialect, "she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because they have taken an oath against lending out the tub any longer."—"My two [120 shirts!" cried he in a tone that faltered with confusion, "what does the idiot mean?"—"I ken what I mean weel enough," replied the other; "she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because——"—"Fire and fury, no more

of thy stupid explanations!" cried he; "go and inform her we have got company. Were that Scotch hag," continued he, turning to me, "to be for ever in my [130 family, she would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd poisonous accent of hers, or testify the smallest specimen of breeding or high life; and yet it is very surprising too, as I had her from a parliament man, a friend of mine from the Highlands, one of the politest men in the world; but that's a secret."

We waited some time for Mrs. Tibbs' arrival, during which interval I had [140 a full opportunity of surveying the chamber and all its furniture, which consisted of four chairs with old wrought bottoms, that he assured me were his wife's embroidery; a square table that had been once japanned; a cradle in one corner, a lumbering cabinet in the other; a broken shepherdess, and a mandarin without a head, were stuck over the chimney; and round the walls several paltry un- [150 framed pictures, which, he observed, were all his own drawing. "What do you think, sir, of that head in the corner, done in the manner of Grisoni? there's the true keeping in it; it is my own face, and though there happens to be no likeness, a Countess offered me a hundred for its fellow: I refused her, for, hang it, that would be mechanical, you know."

The wife at last made her appear- [160 ance, at once a slattern and a coquette; much emaciated, but still carrying the remains of beauty. She made twenty apologies for being seen in such odious dishabille, but hoped to be excused, as she had stayed out all night at the Gardens with the Countess, who was excessively fond of the horns. "And indeed, my dear," added she, turning to her husband, "his lordship drank your [170 health in a bumper." "Poor Jack!" cries he, "a dear good-natured creature, I know he loves me. But I hope, my dear, you have given orders for dinner; you need make no great preparations neither, there are but three of us; something elegant:—a little will do—a turbot, an ortolan, a ——" "Or what do you think, my dear," interrupts the wife, "of a nice pretty bit of ox-cheek, piping [180

hot, and dressed with a little of my own sauce?" "The very thing," replies he; "it will eat best with some smart bottled beer: but be sure to let us have the sauce his Grace was so fond of. I hate your immense loads of meat; that is country all over; extremely disgusting to those who are in the least acquainted with high life."

By this time my curiosity began [190 to abate, and my appetite to increase; the company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails of rendering us melancholy. I therefore pretended to a prior engagement, and after having shown my respect to the house, according to the fashion of the English, by giving the old servant a piece of money at the door, I took my leave: Mr. Tibbs assuring me that dinner, if I stayed, [200 would be ready at least in less than two hours.

LETTER LXXVII

A VISIT TO A SILK-MERCHANT

The shops of London are as well furnished as those of Pekin. Those of London have a picture hung at their door, informing the passengers what they have to sell, as those at Pekin have a board to assure the buyer that they have no intention to cheat him.

I was this morning to buy silk for a nightcap: immediately upon entering the mercer's shop, the master and his [10 two men, with wigs plastered with powder, appeared to ask my commands. They were certainly the civilest people alive; if I but looked, they flew to the place where I cast my eye; every motion of mine sent them running round the whole shop for my satisfaction. I informed them that I wanted what was good, and they showed me not less than forty pieces, and each was better than the former, [20 the prettiest pattern in nature, and the fittest in the world for nightcaps. "My very good friend," said I to the mercer, "you must not pretend to instruct me in silks; I know these in particular to be no better than your mere flimsy Bungees." —"That may be," cried the mercer,

who, I afterwards found, had never contradicted a man in his life; "I cannot pretend to say but they may; but I [30 can assure you, my Lady Trail has had a sack from this piece this very morning."—"But, friend," said I, "though my lady has chosen a sack from it, I see no necessity that I should wear it for a nightcap."—"That may be," returned he again, "yet what becomes a pretty lady, will at any time look well on a handsome gentleman." This short compliment was thrown in so very seasonably upon [40 my ugly face, that even though I disliked the silk, I desired him to cut me off the pattern of a nightcap.

While this business was consigned to his journeymen, the master himself took down some pieces of silk still finer than any I had yet seen, and spreading them before me, "There," cries he, "there's beauty; my Lord Snakeskin has bespoke the fellow to this for the birthnight [50 this very morning; it would look charmingly in waistcoats."—"But I don't want a waistcoat," replied I. "Not want a waistcoat!" returned the mercer, "then I would advise you to buy one; when waistcoats are wanted, you may depend upon it they will come dear. Always buy before you want, and you are sure to be well used, as they say in Cheapside." There was so much justice in his ad- [60 vice, that I could not refuse taking it; besides, the silk, which was really a good one, increased the temptation; so I gave orders for that too.

As I was waiting to have my bargains measured and cut, which, I know not how, they executed but slowly, during the interval the mercer entertained me with the modern manner of some of the nobility receiving company in their [70 morning gowns; "Perhaps, sir," adds he, "you have a mind to see what kind of silk is universally worn." Without waiting for my reply, he spreads a piece before me, which might be reckoned beautiful even in China. "If the nobility," continues he, "were to know I sold this to any under a Right Honorable, I should certainly lose their custom; you see, my lord, it is at once rich, tasty, and quite [80 the thing."—"I am no lord," interrupted

I.—"I beg pardon," cried he; "but be pleased to remember, when you intend buying a morning gown, that you had an offer from me of something worth money. Conscience, sir, conscience is my way of dealing; you may buy a morning gown now, or you may stay till they become dearer and less fashionable; but it is not my business to advise." In short, [90 most reverend Fum, he persuaded me to buy a morning gown also, and would probably have persuaded me to have bought half the goods in his shop, if I had stayed long enough, or was furnished with sufficient money.

Upon returning home, I could not help reflecting, with some astonishment, how this very man, with such a confined education and capacity, was yet capable [100 of turning me as he thought proper, and moulding me to his inclinations! I knew he was only answering his own purposes, even while he attempted to appear solicitous about mine: yet, by a voluntary infatuation, a sort of passion, compounded of vanity and good-nature, I walked into the snare with my eyes open, and put myself to future pain in order to give him immediate pleasure. The wisdom [110 of the ignorant somewhat resembles the instinct of animals; it is diffused in but a very narrow sphere, but within that circle it acts with vigor, uniformity, and success.

SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709-1784)

From THE RAMBLER

No. 121. Tuesday, May 14, 1751.

O imitatores, servum pecus!

Hor.

Away, ye imitators, servile herd!

Elphinston.

I have been informed by a letter from one of the universities, that among the youth from whom the next swarm of reasoners is to learn philosophy, and the next flight of beauties to hear elegies and sonnets, there are many who, instead of endeavoring by books and meditation

to form their own opinions, content themselves with the secondary knowledge which a convenient bench in a coffee [10 house can supply; and, without any examination or distinction, adopt the criticisms and remarks which happen to drop from those who have risen, by merit or fortune, to reputation and authority.

These humble retailers of knowledge my correspondent stigmatizes with the name of *Echoes*; and seems desirous that they should be made ashamed of lazy submission, and animated to attempts [20 after new discoveries and original sentiments.

It is very natural for young men to be vehement, acrimonious, and severe. For, as they seldom comprehend at once all the consequences of a position, or perceive the difficulties by which cooler and more experienced reasoners are restrained from confidence, they form their opinions with great precipitance. Seeing nothing [30 that can darken or embarrass the question, they expect to find their own opinion universally prevalent, and are inclined to impute uncertainty and hesitation to want of honesty rather than to knowledge. I may perhaps, therefore, be reproached by my lively correspondent, when it shall be found that I have no inclination to persecute these collectors of fortuitous knowledge with the severity re- [40 quired; yet, as I am now too old to be much pained by hasty censure, I shall not be afraid of taking into protection those whom I think condemned without a sufficient knowledge of their cause.

He that adopts the sentiments of another, whom he has reason to believe wiser than himself, is only to be blamed when he claims the honors that are not due but to the author, and endeavors [50 to deceive the world into praise and veneration; for to learn is the proper business of youth; and whether we increase our knowledge by books or by conversation, we are equally indebted to foreign assistance.

The greater part of students are not born with abilities to construct systems, or advance knowledge; nor can have any hope beyond that of becoming intelli- [60 gent hearers in the schools of art, of being

able to comprehend what others discover, and to remember what others teach. Even those to whom Providence hath allotted greater strength of understanding, can expect only to improve a single science. In every other part of learning, they must be content to follow opinions which they are not able to examine; and, even in that which they claim as peculiarly their own, can seldom add more than some small particle of knowledge to the hereditary stock devolved to them from ancient times, the collective labor of a thousand intellects.

In science, which, being fixed and limited, admits of no other variety than such as arises from new methods of distribution, or new arts of illustration, the necessity of following the traces of [80 our predecessors is indisputably evident; but there appears no reason why imagination should be subject to the same restraint. It might be conceived, that of those who profess to forsake the narrow paths of truth, every one may deviate towards a different point; since, though rectitude is uniform and fixed, obliquity may be infinitely diversified. The roads of science are narrow, so that they [90 who travel them must either follow or meet one another; but in the boundless regions of possibility which fiction claims for her dominion, there are surely a thousand recesses unexplored, a thousand flowers unexhausted, combinations of imagery yet unobserved, and races of ideal inhabitants not hitherto described.

Yet, whatever hope may persuade or reason evince, experience can boast [100 of very few additions to ancient fable. The wars of Troy, and the travels of Ulysses, have furnished almost all succeeding poets with incidents, characters, and sentiments. The Romans are confessed to have attempted little more than to display in their own tongue the inventions of the Greeks. There is in all their writings such a perpetual recurrence of allusions to the tales of the [110 fabulous age, that they must be confessed often to want that power of giving pleasure which novelty supplies; nor can we wonder that they excelled so much in the graces of diction, when we consider

how rarely they were employed in search of new thoughts.

The warmest admirers of the great Mantuan poet can extol him for little more than the skill with which he has, [120 by making his hero both a traveller and a warrior, united the beauties of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* in one composition: yet his judgment was perhaps sometimes overborne by his avarice of the Homeric treasures; and, for fear of suffering a sparkling ornament to be lost, he has inserted it where it cannot shine with its original splendor.

When Ulysses visited the infernal [130 regions, he found among the heroes that perished at Troy, his competitor Ajax, who, when the arms of Achilles were adjudged to Ulysses, died by his own hand in the madness of disappointment. He still appeared to resent, as on earth, his loss and disgrace. Ulysses endeavored to pacify him with praises and submission; but Ajax walked away without reply. This passage has always been [140 considered as eminently beautiful; because Ajax, the haughty chief, the unlettered soldier, of unshaken courage, of immovable constancy, but without the power of recommending his own virtues by eloquence, or enforcing his assertions by any other argument than the sword, had no way of making his anger known but by gloomy sullenness and dumb ferocity. His hatred of a man whom [150 he conceived to have defeated him only by volubility of tongue, was therefore naturally shown by silence, more contemptuous and piercing than any words that so rude an orator could have found, and by which he gave his enemy no opportunity of exerting the only power in which he was superior.

When Æneas is sent by Virgil to the shades, he meets Dido, the queen of [160 Carthage, whom his perfidy had hurried to the grave; he accosts her with tenderness and excuses; but the lady turns away like Ajax in mute disdain. She turns away like Ajax; but she resembles him in none of those qualities which give either dignity or propriety to silence. She might, without any departure from the tenor of her conduct, have burst out, like other

injured women, into clamor, re- [170 proach, and denunciation; but Virgil had his imagination full of Ajax, and therefore could not prevail on himself to teach Dido any other mode of resentment.

If Virgil could be thus seduced by imitation, there will be little hope that common wits should escape; and accordingly we find that, besides the universal and acknowledged practice of copying the ancients, there has prevailed in [180 every age a particular species of fiction. At one time all truth was conveyed in allegory; at another, nothing was seen but in a vision; at one period, all the poets followed sheep, and every event produced a pastoral; at another, they busied themselves wholly in giving directions to a painter.

It is indeed easy to conceive why any fashion should become popular, by [190 which idleness is favored and imbecility assisted; but surely no man of genius can much applaud himself for repeating a tale with which the audience is already tired, and which could bring no honor to any but its inventor.

There are, I think, two schemes of writing on which the laborious wits of the present time employ their faculties. One is the adaptation of sense to all the [200 rhymes which our language can supply to some word that makes the burden of the stanza; but this, as it has been only used in a kind of amorous burlesque, can scarcely be censured with much acrimony. The other is the imitation of Spenser, which, by the influence of some men of learning and genius, seems likely to gain upon the age, and therefore deserves to be more attentively considered. [210

To imitate the fictions and sentiments of Spenser can incur no reproach, for allegory is perhaps one of the most pleasing vehicles of instruction. But I am very far from extending the same respect to his diction or his stanza. His style was in his own time allowed to be vicious, so darkened with old words and peculiarities of phrase, and so remote from common use, that Jonson boldly pronounces [220 him to have written no language. His stanza is at once difficult and unpleasing; tiresome to the ear by its uniformity,

and to the attention by its length. It was at first formed in imitation of the Italian poets, without due regard to the genius of our language. The Italians have little variety of termination, and were forced to contrive such a stanza as might admit the greatest number of similar [230 rhymes; but our words end with so much diversity, that it is seldom convenient for us to bring more than two of the same sound together. If it be justly observed by Milton, that rhyme obliges poets to express their thoughts in improper terms, these improprieties must always be multiplied as the difficulty of rhyme is increased by long concatenations.

The imitators of Spenser are in- [240 deed not very rigid censors of themselves, for they seem to conclude that, when they have disfigured their lines with a few obsolete syllables, they have accomplished their design, without considering that they ought not only to admit old words, but to avoid new. The laws of imitation are broken by every word introduced since the time of Spenser, as the character of Hector is violated by quoting Aris- [250 totle in the play. It would indeed be difficult to exclude from a long poem all modern phrases, though it is easy to sprinkle it with gleanings of antiquity. Perhaps, however, the style of Spenser might by long labor be justly copied; but life is surely given us for higher purposes than to gather what our ancestors have wisely thrown away, and to learn what is of no value but because it has [260 been forgotten.

LETTER TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD

February 7, 1755.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE EARL
OF CHESTERFIELD.

MY LORD,

I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of the World, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honor, which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well

how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encour- [10 agement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address; and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*;—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me [20 to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my Lord, have now past, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; dur- [30 ing which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a Patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a [40 native of the rocks.

Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot [50 impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity, not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the Public should consider me as owing that to a Patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer [60 of learning, I shall not be disappointed

though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's most humble
Most obedient servant,
SAM. JOHNSON.

LETTER TO JAMES MACPHERSON

MR. JAMES MACPHERSON,

I received your foolish and impudent letter. Any violence offered me I shall do my best to repel; and what I cannot do for myself, the law shall do for me. I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat, by the menaces of a ruffian.

What would you have me retract? I thought your book an imposture; I think it an imposture still. For this [10 opinion I have given my reasons to the public, which I here dare you to refute. Your rage I defy. Your abilities, since your Homer, are not so formidable; and what I hear of your morals inclines me to pay regard not to what you shall say, but to what you shall prove. You may print this if you will.

SAM. JOHNSON.

THE LIVES OF THE ENGLISH POETS

From MILTON

The English poems, though they make no promises of *Paradise Lost*, have this evidence of genius, that they have a cast original and unborrowed. But their peculiarity is not excellence: if they differ from verses of others, they differ for the worse; for they are too often distinguished by repulsive harshness; the combinations of words are new, but they are not pleasing; the rhymes and epithets seem to [10 be laboriously sought, and violently applied.

That in the early parts of his life he wrote with much care appears from his manuscripts, happily preserved at Cambridge, in which many of his smaller works are found as they were first written, with

the subsequent corrections. Such reliques show how excellence is acquired: what we hope ever to do with ease, we may learn [30 first to do with diligence.

Those who admire the beauties of this great poet, sometimes force their own judgment into false approbation of his little pieces, and prevail upon themselves to think that admirable which is only singular. All that short compositions can commonly attain is neatness and elegance. Milton never learned the art of doing little things with grace; he overlooked [30 the milder excellence of suavity and softness: he was a "lion" that had no skill "in dandling the kid."

One of the poems upon which most praise has been bestowed is *Lycidas*; of which the diction is harsh, the rhymes uncertain, and the numbers unpleasing. What beauty there is we must therefore seek in the sentiments and images. It is not to be considered as the effusion [40 of real passion; for passion runs not after remote allusions and obscure opinions. Passion plucks no berries from the myrtle and ivy, nor calls upon Arethuse and Mincius, nor tells of "rough satyrs and fauns with cloven heel." Where there is leisure for fiction there is little grief.

In this poem there is no nature, for there is no truth; there is no art, for there is nothing new. Its form is that of a [50 pastoral, easy, vulgar, and therefore disgusting: whatever images it can supply are long ago exhausted; and its inherent improbability always forces dissatisfaction on the mind. When Cowley tells of Hervey that they studied together, it is easy to suppose how much he must miss the companion of his labors, and the partner of his discoveries; but what image of tenderness can be excited by these [60 lines!

"We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the grey fly winds her sultry
horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews
of night."

We know that they never drove afield, and that they had no flocks to batten; and though it be allowed that the representation may be allegorical, the true

meaning is so uncertain and remote, that it is never sought because it cannot [70 be known when it is found.

Among the flocks and copses and flowers appear the heathen deities, Jove and Phœbus, Neptune and Æolus, with a long train of mythological imagery, such as a college easily supplies. Nothing can less display knowledge, or less exercise invention, than to tell how a shepherd has lost his companion, and must now feed his flocks alone, without any judge [80 of his skill in piping; and how one god asks another god what has become of Lycidas, and how neither god can tell. He who thus grieves will excite no sympathy; he who thus praises will confer no honor.

This poem has yet a grosser fault. With these trifling fictions are mingled the most awful and sacred truths, such as ought never to be polluted with [90 such irreverent combinations. The shepherd likewise is now a feeder of sheep, and afterwards an ecclesiastical pastor, a superintendent of a Christian flock. Such equivocations are always unskilful; but here they are indecent, and at least approach to impiety, of which, however, I believe the writer not to have been conscious.

Such is the power of reputation [100 justly acquired, that its blaze drives away the eye from nice examination. Surely no man could have fancied that he read *Lycidas* with pleasure, had he not known its author.

Of the two pieces, *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, I believe opinion is uniform; every man that reads them, reads them with pleasure. The author's design is not . . . merely to show how objects [110 derive their colors from the mind, by representing the operation of the same things upon the gay and the melancholy temper, or upon the same man as he is differently disposed; but rather how, among the successive variety of appearances, every disposition of mind takes hold on those by which it may be gratified.

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By the general consent of critics, the first praise of genius is due to the [120

writer of an epic poem, as it requires an assemblage of all the powers which are singly sufficient for other compositions. Poetry is the art of uniting pleasure with truth, by calling imagination to the help of reason. Epic poetry undertakes to teach the most important truths by the most pleasing precepts, and therefore relates some great event in the most affecting manner. History must sup- [130 ply the writer with the rudiments of narration, which he must improve and exalt by a nobler art, must animate by dramatic energy, and diversify by retrospection and anticipation; morality must teach him the exact bounds and different shades of vice and virtue; from policy and the practise of life he has to learn the discriminations of character, and the tendency of the passions, either single [140 or combined; and physiology must supply him with illustrations and images. To put these materials to poetical use, is required an imagination capable of painting nature and realizing fiction. Nor is he yet a poet till he has attained the whole extension of his language, distinguished all the delicacies of phrase, and all the colors of words, and learned to adjust their different sounds to all the [150 varieties of metrical modulation.

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The subject of an epic poem is naturally an event of great importance. That of Milton is not the destruction of a city, the conduct of a colony, or the foundation of an empire. His subject is the fate of worlds, the revolutions of heaven and of earth; rebellion against the Supreme King, raised by the highest order of created beings; the overthrow of their [160 host and the punishment of their crime; the creation of a new race of reasonable creatures; their original happiness and innocence, their forfeiture of immortality, and their restoration to hope and peace.

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Of his moral sentiments it is hardly praise to affirm that they excel those of all other poets; for this superiority he was indebted to his acquaintancē with the sacred writings. The ancient epic [170 poets, wanting the light of Revelation,

were very unskilful teachers of virtue: their principal characters may be great, but they are not amiable. The reader may rise from their works with a greater degree of active or passive fortitude, and sometimes of prudence; but he will be able to carry away few precepts of justice, and none of mercy.

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In Milton every line breathes sanctity of thought and purity of manners, except when the train of the narration requires the introduction of the rebellious spirits; and even they are compelled to acknowledge their subjection to God in such a manner as excites reverence, and confirms piety.

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Something must be said of his versification. "The measure," he says, "is the English heroic verse without rhyme."

"Rhyme," he says, and says truly, "is no necessary adjunct of true poetry." But perhaps of poetry as a mental operation metre or music is no necessary adjunct; it is however by the music of metre that poetry has been discriminated in all languages, and in languages melodiously constructed with a due proportion of long and short syllables, metre is sufficient. But one language cannot communicate its rules to another; where metre is scanty and imperfect some help is necessary. The music of the English heroic line strikes the ear so faintly that it is easily lost, unless all the syllables of every line co-operate together; this co-operation can only be obtained by the preservation of every verse unmingled with another, as a distinct system of sounds, and this distinctness is obtained and preserved by the artifice of rhyme. The variety of pauses, so much boasted by the lovers of blank verse, changes the measures of an English poet to the periods of a declaimer; and there are only a few skilful and happy readers of Milton, who enable their audience to perceive where the lines end or begin. "Blank verse," says an ingenious critic, "seems to be verse only to the eye."

Poetry may subsist without rhyme, but English poetry will not often please; nor can rhyme ever be safely spared but where the subject is able to support itself. Blank verse makes some approach to that which is called the *lapidary style*; has neither the easiness of prose, nor the melody of numbers, and therefore tires by long continuance. Of the Italian writers without rhyme, whom Milton alleges as precedents, not one is popular; what reason could urge in its defence, has been confuted by the ear.

But, whatever be the advantage of rhyme, I cannot prevail on myself to wish that Milton had been a rhymers, for I cannot wish his work to be other than it is; yet, like other heroes, he is to be admired rather than imitated. He that thinks himself capable of astonishing, may write blank verse; but those that hope only to please, must condescend to rhyme.

The highest praise of genius is original invention. Milton cannot be said to have contrived the structure of an epic poem, and therefore owes reverence to that vigor and amplitude of mind to which all generations must be indebted for the art of poetical narration, for the texture of the fable, the variation of incidents, the interposition of dialogue, and all the stratagems that surprise and enchain attention. But of all the borrowers from Homer, Milton is perhaps the least indebted. He was naturally a thinker for himself, confident of his own abilities, and disdainful of help and hindrance; he did not refuse admission to the thoughts or images of his predecessors, but he did not seek them. From his contemporaries he neither courted nor received support; there is in his writings nothing by which the pride of other authors might be gratified, or favor gained; no exchange of praise, nor solicitation of support. His great works were performed under discountenance, and in blindness, but difficulties vanished at his touch; he was born for whatever is arduous; and his work is not the greatest of heroic poems, only because it is not the first.

From DRYDEN

Criticism, either didactic or defensive, occupies almost all his prose, except those pages which he has devoted to his patrons; but none of his prefaces were ever thought tedious. They have not the formality of a settled style, in which the first half of a sentence betrays the other. The clauses are never balanced, nor the periods modelled; every word seems to drop by chance, though it [10 falls into its proper place. Nothing is cold or languid; the whole is airy, animated, and vigorous: what is little, is gay; what is great, is splendid. He may be thought to mention himself too frequently; but while he forces himself upon our esteem, we cannot refuse him to stand high in his own. Everything is excused by the play of images and the sprightliness of expression. Though all is [20 easy, nothing is feeble; though all seems careless, there is nothing harsh; and though since his earlier works more than a century has passed, they have nothing yet uncouth or obsolete.

He who writes much will not easily escape a manner, such a recurrence of particular modes as may be easily noted. Dryden is always "another and the same;" he does not exhibit a second [30 time the same elegances in the same form, nor appears to have any art other than that of expressing with clearness what he thinks with vigor. His style could not easily be imitated, either seriously or ludicrously; for, being always equable and always varied, it has no prominent or discriminative characters. The beauty who is totally free from disproportion of parts and features, cannot be ridiculed [40 by an overcharged resemblance.

From his prose, however, Dryden derives only his accidental and secondary praise; the veneration with which his name is pronounced by every cultivator of English literature is paid to him as he refined the language, improved the sentiments, and tuned the numbers of English Poetry.

After about half a century of forced [50 thoughts and rugged metre, some advances towards nature and harmony had

been already made by Waller and Denham; they had shown that long discourses in rhyme grew more pleasing when they were broken unto couplets, and that verse consisted not only in the number but the arrangement of syllables.

But though they did much, who can deny that they left much to do? [60 Their works were not many, nor were their minds of very ample comprehension. More examples of more modes of composition were necessary for the establishment of regularity, and the introduction of propriety in word and thought.

Every language of a learned nation necessarily divides itself into diction scholastic and popular, grave and familiar, elegant and gross; and from a nice [70 distinction of these different parts arises a great part of the beauty of style. But if we except a few minds, the favorites of nature, to whom their original rectitude was in the place of rules, this delicacy of selection was little known to our authors: our speech lay before them in a heap of confusion, and every man took for every purpose what chance might offer him.

There was therefore before the time [80 of Dryden no poetical diction: no system of words at once refined from the grossness of domestic use, and free from the harshness of terms appropriated to particular arts. Words too familiar, or too remote, defeat the purpose of a poet. From those sounds which we hear on small or on coarse occasions, we do not easily receive strong impressions, or delightful images; and words to which [90 we are nearly strangers, whenever they occur, draw that attention on themselves which they should transmit to things.

Those happy combinations of words which distinguish poetry from prose had been rarely attempted; we had few elegances or flowers of speech: the roses had not yet been plucked from the bramble, or different colors had not yet been joined to enliven one another. [100

It may be doubted whether Waller and Denham could have overcome the prejudices which had long prevailed, and which even then were sheltered by the protection of Cowley. The new versification, as it was called, may be considered

as owing its establishment to Dryden; from whose time it is apparent that English poetry has had no tendency to relapse to its former savageness. [110]

From ADDISON

At the school of the Chartreux . . . he . . . contracted that intimacy with Sir Richard Steele, which their joint labors have so effectually recorded.

Of this memorable friendship the greater praise must be given to Steele. It is not hard to love those from whom nothing can be feared, and Addison never considered Steele as a rival; but Steele lived, as he confesses, under an habitual [10] subjection to the predominating genius of Addison, whom he always mentioned with reverence, and treated with obsequiousness.

Addison, who knew his own dignity, could not always forbear to show it, by playing a little upon his admirer; but he was in no danger of retort: his jests were endured without resistance or resentment.

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Before the *Taller* and *Spectator*, if [20] the writers for the theatre are excepted, England had no masters of common life. No writers had yet undertaken to reform either the savageness of neglect or the impertinence of civility; to show when to speak, or to be silent; how to refuse, or how to comply. We had many books to teach us our more important duties, and to settle opinions in philosophy or politics; but an *Arbiter elegantiarum*, a judge of [30] propriety, was yet wanting, who should survey the track of daily conversation and free it from thorns and prickles, which tease the passer, though they do not wound him.

For this purpose nothing is so proper as the frequent publication of short papers, which we read not as study but amusement. If the subject be slight, the treatise likewise is short. The busy may [40] find time, and the idle may find patience.

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That he always wrote as he would think it necessary to write now, cannot

be affirmed; his instructions were such as the characters of his readers made proper. That general knowledge which now circulates in common talk, was in his time rarely to be found. Men not professing learning were not ashamed of ignorance; and in the female world, any acquaint- [50] ance with books was distinguished only to be censured. His purpose was to infuse literary curiosity, by gentle and unsuspected conveyance, into the gay, the idle, and the wealthy; he therefore presented knowledge in the most alluring form, not lofty and austere, but accessible and familiar. When he showed them their defects, he showed them likewise that they might be easily supplied. [60] His attempt succeeded; enquiry was awakened, and comprehension expanded. An emulation of intellectual elegance was excited, and from his time to our own, life has been gradually exalted, and conversation purified and enlarged.

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As a describer of life and manners, he must be allowed to stand perhaps the first of the first rank. His humor, which, as Steele observes, is peculiar to himself, [70] is so happily diffused as to give the grace of novelty to domestic scenes and daily occurrences. He never "outsteps the modesty of nature," nor raises merriment or wonder by the violation of truth. His figures neither divert by distortion, nor amaze by aggravation. He copies life with so much fidelity, that he can be hardly said to invent; yet his exhibitions have an air so much original that it [80] is difficult to suppose them not merely the product of imagination.

As a teacher of wisdom, he may be confidently followed. His religion has nothing in it enthusiastic or superstitious: he appears neither weakly credulous nor wantonly sceptical; his morality is neither dangerously lax, nor impracticably rigid. All the enchantment of fancy and all the cogency of argument are employed [90] to recommend to the reader his real interest, the care of pleasing the Author of his being. Truth is shown sometimes as the phantom of a vision, sometimes appears half-veiled in an allegory; some-

times attracts regard in the robes of fancy, and sometimes steps forth in the confidence of reason. She wears a thousand dresses, and all is pleasing.

Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet. [100

His prose is the model of the middle style; on grave subjects not formal, on light occasions not groveling; pure without scrupulosity, and exact without apparent elaboration; always equable, and always easy, without glowing words or pointed sentences. Addison never deviates from his track to snatch a grace; he seeks no ambitious ornaments, and tries no hazardous inventions. His [110 page is always luminous, but never blazes in unexpected splendor.

It was apparently his principal endeavor to avoid all harshness and severity of diction; he is therefore sometimes verbose in his transitions and connections, and sometimes descends too much to the language of conversation; yet if his language had been less idiomatical it might have lost somewhat of its genuine [120 Anglicism. What he attempted, he performed; he is never feeble, and he did not wish to be energetic; he is never rapid, and he never stagnates. His sentences have neither studied amplitude, nor affected brevity; his periods, though not diligently rounded, are voluble and easy. Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his [130 days and nights to the volumes of Addison.

From POPE

[Pope] professed to have learned his poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whole life with unvaried liberality; and perhaps his character may receive some illustration if he be compared with his master.

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Pope was not content to satisfy; he desired to excel, and therefore always endeavored to do his best: he did not [10 court the candor, but dared the judgment

of his reader, and, expecting no indulgence from others, he showed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation, and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven.

* * * * *

In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose [20 education was more scholastic, and who before he became an author had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by compre- [30 hensive speculation, and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either, for both excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied, that of Pope is cautious and uniform; Dryden obeys [40 the motions of his own mind, Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller. [50

Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet; that quality without which judgment is cold and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates—the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred that of this poetical vigor Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton must [60 give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said, that if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems.

Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, [70 and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden therefore are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

From GRAY

Gray's poetry is now to be considered, and I hope not to be looked on as an enemy to his name if I confess that I contemplate it with less pleasure than his life.

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The *Prospect of Eton College* suggests nothing to Gray which every beholder does not equally think and feel. His supplication to Father Thames, to tell him who drives the hoop or tosses the ball, is [10 useless and puerile. Father Thames has no better means of knowing than himself. His epithet "buxom health" is not elegant; he seems not to understand the word. Gray thought his language more poetical as it was more remote from common use: finding in Dryden "honey redolent of Spring," an expression that reaches the utmost limits of our language, Gray drove it a little more beyond common apprehension, by making "gales" to be "redolent of joy and youth."

Of the *Ode on Adversity*, the hint was at first taken from *O Diva, gratum quae regis Antium*; but Gray has excelled his original by the variety of his sentiments, and by their moral application. Of this piece, at once poetical and rational, I

will not by slight objections violate the dignity. [30

My process has now brought me to the "Wonderful Wonder of Wonders," the two Sister Odes; by which, though either vulgar ignorance or common sense at first universally rejected them, many have been since persuaded to think themselves delighted. I am one of those that are willing to be pleased, and therefore would gladly find the meaning of the first stanza of *The Progress of Poesy*. [40

Gray seems in his rapture to confound the images of "spreading sound" and "running water." A "stream of music" may be allowed; but where does music, however "smooth and strong," after having visited the "verdant vales," "roll down the steep again," so as that "rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar"? If this be said of music, it is nonsense; if it be said of water, it is [50 nothing to the purpose.

The second stanza, exhibiting Mars's car and Jove's eagle, is unworthy of further notice. Criticism disdains to chase a schoolboy to his commonplaces.

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The third stanza sounds big with Delphi, and Egean, and Ilissus, and Meander, and "hallowed fountain", and "solemn sound"; but in all Gray's odes there is a kind of cumbrous splendor which we [60 wish away. His position is at last false: in the time of Dante and Petrarch, from whom he derives our first school of poetry, Italy was overrun by "tyrant power" and "coward vice"; nor was our state much better when we first borrowed the Italian arts.

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The Bard appears, at first view, to be . . . an imitation of the prophecy of Nereus. . . . [70

To select a singular event, and swell it to a giant's bulk by fabulous appendages of spectres and predictions, has little difficulty, for he that forsakes the probable may always find the marvellous. And it has little use: we are affected only as we believe; we are improved only as we find something to be imitated or de-

clined. I do not see that *The Bard* promotes any truth, moral or political. [80

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These odes are marked by glittering accumulations of ungraceful ornaments: they strike, rather than please; the images are magnified by affectation; the language is labored into harshness. The mind of the writer seems to work with unnatural violence. "Double, double, toil and trouble." He has a kind of strutting dignity, and is tall by walking on tiptoe. His art and his struggle are too [90 visible, and there is too little appearance of ease and nature.

To say that he has no beauties, would be unjust: a man like him, of great learning, and great industry, could not but produce something valuable. When he pleases least, it can only be said that a good design was ill directed.

His translations of Northern and Welsh poetry deserve praise: the imagery is preserved, perhaps often improved; but the language is unlike the language of other poets.

In the character of his *Elegy* I rejoice to concur with the common reader; for by the common sense of readers uncorrupted with literary prejudices, after all the refinements of subtlety and the dogmatism of learning, must be finally decided all claim to poetical honors. The [110 *Church-yard* abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo. The four stanzas beginning "Yet even these bones," are to me original: I have never seen the notions in any other place; yet he that reads them here, persuades himself that he has always felt them. Had Gray written often thus it had been vain to blame, and useless [120 to praise him.

JAMES BOSWELL (1740-1796)

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON

From THE YEAR 1763

This is to me a memorable year; for in it I had the happiness to obtain the acquaintance of that extraordinary man

whose memoirs I am now writing; an acquaintance which I shall ever esteem as one of the most fortunate circumstances in my life. Though then but two-and-twenty, I had for several years read his works with delight and instruction, and had the highest reverence for their author, which had grown up in my fancy into a kind of mysterious veneration, by figuring to myself a state of solemn elevated abstraction, in which I supposed him to live in the immense metropolis of London. Mr. Gentleman, a native of Ireland, who passed some years in Scotland as a player, and as an instructor in the English language, a man whose talents and worth were depressed by misfortune, [20 had given me a representation of the figure and manner of DICTIONARY JOHNSON! as he was then generally called; and during my first visit to London, which was for three months in 1760, Mr. Derrick, the poet, who was Gentleman's friend and countryman, flattered me with hopes that he would introduce me to Johnson, an honor of which I was very ambitious. But he never found an [30 opportunity; which made me doubt that he had promised to do what was not in his power; till Johnson some years afterwards told me, "Derrick, Sir, might very well have introduced you. I had a kindness for Derrick, and am sorry he is dead."

In the summer of 1761 Mr. Thomas Sheridan was at Edinburgh, and delivered lectures upon the English Language and Public Speaking to large and respectable [40 audiences. I was often in his company, and heard him frequently expatiate upon Johnson's extraordinary knowledge, talents, and virtues, repeat his pointed sayings, describe his particularities, and boast of his being his guest sometimes till two or three in the morning. At his house I hoped to have many opportunities of seeing the sage, as Mr. Sheridan obligingly assured me I should not be disappointed. [50

When I returned to London in the end of 1762, to my surprise and regret I found an irreconcilable difference had taken place between Johnson and Sheridan. A pension of two hundred pounds a year had been given to Sheridan. Johnson,

who, as has been already mentioned, thought slightly of Sheridan's art, upon hearing that he was also pensioned, exclaimed, "What! have they given *him* a pension? Then it is time for me to give up mine." Whether this proceeded from a momentary indignation, as if it were an affront to his exalted merit that a player should be awarded in the same manner with him, or was the sudden effect of a fit of peevishness, it was unluckily said, and, indeed, cannot be justified. Mr. Sheridan's pension was granted to him not as a player, but as a sufferer in the cause of government, when he was manager of the Theatre Royal in Ireland, when parties ran high in 1753. And it must also be allowed that he was a man of literature, and had considerably improved the arts of reading and speaking with distinctness and propriety.

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Johnson complained that a man who disliked him repeated his sarcasm to Mr. Sheridan, without telling him what followed, which was, that after a pause he added, "However, I am glad that Mr. Sheridan has a pension, for he is a very good man." Sheridan could never forgive this hasty contemptuous expression. It rankled in his mind; and though I informed him of all that Johnson said, and that he would be very glad to meet him amicably, he positively declined repeated offers which I made, and once went off abruptly from a house where he and I were engaged to dine, because he was told that Dr. Johnson was to be there. I have no sympathetic feeling with such persevering resentment. It is painful when there is a breach between those who have lived together socially and cordially; and I wonder that there is not, in all such cases, a mutual wish that it should be healed. I could perceive that Mr. Sheridan was by no means satisfied with Johnson's acknowledging him to be a good man. That could not soothe his injured vanity. I could not but smile, at the same time that I was offended, to observe Sheridan in the *Life of Swift*, which he afterwards published, attempting, in the writhings of

his resentment, to depreciate Johnson, by characterising him as "A writer of gigantic fame, in these days of little men;" that very Johnson whom he once so highly admired and venerated.

This rupture with Sheridan deprived Johnson of one of his most agreeable resources for amusement in his lonely evenings; for Sheridan's well-informed, animated, and bustling mind never suffered conversation to stagnate; and Mrs. Sheridan was a most agreeable companion to an intellectual man. She was sensible, ingenious, unassuming, yet communicative. I recollect, with satisfaction, many pleasing hours which I passed with her under the hospitable roof of her husband, who was to me a very kind friend. Her novel, entitled *Memoirs of Miss Sydney Biddulph*, contains an excellent moral, while it inculcates a future state of retribution; and what it teaches is impressed upon the mind by a series of as deep distress as can affect humanity, in the amiable and pious heroine who goes to her grave unrelieved, but resigned, and full of hope of "heaven's mercy." Johnson paid her this high compliment upon it: "I know not, Madam, that you have a right, upon moral principles, to make your readers suffer so much."

Mr. Thomas Davies the actor, who then kept a bookseller's shop in Russell-street, Covent-garden, told me that Johnson was very much his friend, and came frequently to his house, where he more than once invited me to meet him; but by some unlucky accident or other he was prevented from coming to us.

Mr. Thomas Davies was a man of good understanding and talents, with the advantage of a liberal education. Though somewhat pompous, he was an entertaining companion; and his literary performances have no inconsiderable share of merit. He was a friendly and very hospitable man. Both he and his wife (who has been celebrated for her beauty), though upon the stage for many years, maintained an uniform decency of character; and Johnson esteemed them, and lived in as easy an intimacy with them

as with any family which he used to visit. Mr. Davies recollected several of Johnson's remarkable sayings, and was one of the best of the many imitators of his voice and manner, while relating them. He increased my impatience more and more to see the extraordinary man [170 whose works I highly valued, and whose conversation was reported to be so peculiarly excellent.

At last, on Monday the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's back-parlor, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr. Davies having perceived him through the glass-door in the room in which we were sitting, [180 advancing towards us,—he announced his awful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost: "Look, my Lord, it comes." I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his Dictionary, in the [190 attitude of sitting in his easy chair in deep meditation; which was the first picture his friend did for him, which Sir Joshua very kindly presented to me, and from which an engraving has been made for this work. Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I [200 said to Davies, "Don't tell where I come from."—"From Scotland," cried Davies, roguishly. "Mr. Johnson (said I), I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as an humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat un- [210 lucky; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression "come from Scotland," which I used in the sense of being of that country; and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, "That, Sir, I find, is what a very great

many of your countrymen cannot help." This stroke stunned me a good deal; and when we had sat down, I felt myself [220 not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies: "What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings." Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, "Oh, Sir, I cannot think [230 Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you." "Sir, (said he, with a stern look,) I have known David Garrick longer than you have done: and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject." Perhaps I deserved this check; for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil. I now [240 felt myself much mortified, and began to think that the hope which I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted. And, in truth, had not my ardor been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me for ever from making any further attempts. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field not wholly dis- [250 comfited; and was soon rewarded by hearing some of his conversation.

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I was highly pleased with the extraordinary vigor of his conversation, and regretted that I was drawn away from it by an engagement at another place. I had, for a part of the evening, been left alone with him, and had ventured to make an observation now and then, which he received very civilly; so [260 that I was satisfied that though there was a roughness in his manner, there was no ill-nature in his disposition. Davies followed me to the door, and when I complained to him a little of the hard blows which the great man had given me, he kindly took upon him to console me by saying, "Don't be uneasy. I can see he likes you very well."

A few days afterwards I called on [270 Davies, and asked him if he thought I might take the liberty of waiting on Mr. Johnson at his chambers in the Temple. He said I certainly might, and that Mr. Johnson would take it as a compliment. So on Tuesday the 24th of May, after having been enlivened by the witty sallies of Messieurs Thornton, Wilkes, Churchill, and Lloyd, with whom I had passed the morning, I boldly repaired to Johnson. [280 His chambers were on the first floor of No. 1, Inner-Temple-lane, and I entered them with an impression given me by the Reverend Dr. Blair, of Edinburgh, who had been introduced to him not long before, and described his having "found the Giant in his den;" an expression which, when I came to be pretty well acquainted with Johnson, I repeated to him, and he was diverted at this picturesque account of himself. Dr. Blair had been presented to him by Dr. James Fordyce. At this time the controversy concerning the pieces published by Mr. James Macpherson, as translations of Ossian, was at its height. Johnson had all along denied their authenticity; and, what was still more provoking to their admirers, maintained that they had no merit. The subject having been introduced by Dr. Fordyce, Dr. Blair, relying on the internal evidence of their antiquity, asked Dr. Johnson whether he thought any man of a modern age could have written such poems? Johnson replied, "Yes, Sir; many men, many women, and many children." Johnson at this time, did not know that Dr. Blair had just published a *Dissertation*, not only defending their authenticity, but seriously [310 ranking them with the poems of Homer and Virgil; and when he was afterwards informed of this circumstance, he expressed some displeasure at Dr. Fordyce's having suggested the topic, and said, "I am not sorry that they got thus much for their pains. Sir, it was like leading one to talk of a book, when the author is concealed behind the door."

He received me very courteously: [320 but, it must be confessed, that his apartment, and furniture, and morning dress, were sufficiently uncouth. His brown

suit of clothes looked very rusty; he had on a little old shrivelled unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt-neck and knees of his breeches were loose; his black worsted stockings ill drawn up; and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all these slovenly [330 particularities were forgotten the moment that he began to talk. Some gentlemen, whom I do not recollect, were sitting with him; and when they went away, I also rose; but he said to me, "Nay, don't go."—"Sir (said I), I am afraid that I intrude upon you. It is benevolent to allow me to sit and hear you." He seemed pleased with this compliment, which I sincerely paid him, and answered, [340 "Sir, I am obliged to any man who visits me."—I have preserved the following short minute of what passed this day:—

"Madness frequently discovers itself merely by unnecessary deviation from the usual modes of the world. My poor friend Smart showed the disturbance of his mind, by falling upon his knees, and saying his prayers in the street, or in [350 any other unusual place. Now although, rationally speaking, it is greater madness not to pray at all, than to pray as Smart did, I am afraid there are so many who do not pray, that their understanding is not called in question."

Concerning this unfortunate poet, Christopher Smart, who was confined in a mad-house, he had, at another time, the following conversation with Dr. Burney:— [360 BURNLEY. "How does poor Smart do, Sir; is he likely to recover?" JOHNSON. "It seems as if his mind had ceased to struggle with the disease; for he grows fat upon it." BURNLEY. "Perhaps, Sir, that may be from want of exercise." JOHNSON. "No, Sir; he has partly as much exercise as he used to have, for he digs in the garden. Indeed, before his confinement, he used for exercise to [370 walk to the alehouse; but he was *carried* back again. I did not think he ought to be shut up. His infirmities were not noxious to society. He insisted on people praying with him; and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as any one else. Another charge was, that he did not love clean

linen; and I have no passion for it." Johnson continued. "Mankind have a great aversion to intellectual labor; [380 but even supposing knowledge to be easily attainable, more people would be content to be ignorant than would take even a little trouble to acquire it.

"The morality of an action depends on the motive from which we act. If I fling half a crown to a beggar with intention to break his head, and he picks it up and buys victuals with it, the physical effect is good; but, with respect to me, the [390 action is very wrong. So, religious exercises, if not performed with an intention to please God, avail us nothing. As our Savior says of those who perform them from other motives, 'Verily they have their reward.'

"The Christian religion has very strong evidences. It, indeed, appears in some degree strange to reason; but in History we have undoubted facts, against [400 which, in reasoning *a priori*, we have more arguments than we have for them; but then, testimony has great weight, and casts the balance." . . .

Talking of Garrick, he said, "He is the first man in the world for sprightly conversation."

When I rose a second time, he again pressed me to stay, which I did.

He told me, that he generally went [410 abroad at four in the afternoon, and seldom came home till two in the morning. I took the liberty to ask if he did not think it wrong to live thus, and not make more use of his great talents. He owned it was a bad habit. On reviewing, at the distance of many years, my journal of this period, I wonder how, at my first visit, I ventured to talk to him so freely, and that he bore it with so much indul- [420 gence.

Before we parted, he was so good as to promise to favor me with his company one evening at my lodgings: and, as I took my leave, shook me cordially by the hand. It is almost needless to add, that I felt no little elation at having now so happily established an acquaintance of which I had been so long ambitious.

My readers will, I trust, excuse me [430 for being thus minutely circumstantial,

when it is considered that the acquaintance of Dr. Johnson was to me a most valuable acquisition, and laid the foundation of whatever instruction and entertainment they may receive from my collections concerning the great subject of the work which they are now perusing.

I did not visit him again till Monday, June 13, at which time I recollect [440 no part of his conversation, except that when I told him I had been to see Johnson ride upon three horses, he said, "Such a man, Sir, should be encouraged; for his performances show the extent of the human power in one instance, and thus tend to raise our opinion of the faculties of man. He shows what may be attained by persevering application; so that every man may hope, that by giving as [450 much application, although perhaps he may never ride three horses at a time, or dance upon a wire, yet he may be equally expert in whatever profession he has chosen to pursue."

He again shook me by the hand at parting, and asked me why I did not come oftener to him. Trusting that I was now in his good graces, I answered, that he had not given me much [460 encouragement, and reminded him of the check I had received from him at our first interview. "Poh, poh! (said he, with a complacent smile,) never mind these things. Come to me as often as you can. I shall be glad to see you."

I had learned that his place of frequent resort was the Mitre tavern in Fleet-street, where he loved to sit up late, [470 and I begged I might be allowed to pass an evening with him there soon, which he promised I should. A few days afterwards I met him near Temple-bar, about one o'clock in the morning, and asked him if he would then go to the Mitre. "Sir (said he), it is too late; they won't let us in. But I'll go with you another night with all my heart."

A revolution of some importance [480 in my plan of life had just taken place; for instead of procuring a commission in the foot-guards, which was my own inclination, I had, in compliance with my father's wishes, agreed to study the law,

and was soon to set out for Utrecht, to hear the lectures of an excellent Civilian in that University, and then to proceed on my travels. Though very desirous of obtaining Dr. Johnson's advice and [490 instructions on the mode of pursuing my studies, I was at this time so occupied, shall I call it? or so dissipated, by the amusements of London, that our next meeting was not till Saturday, June 25, when happening to dine at Clifton's eating-house, in Butcher-row, I was surprised to perceive Johnson come in and take his seat at another table. The mode of dining, or rather being fed, [500 at such houses in London, is well known to many to be particularly unsocial, as there is no Ordinary, or united company, but each person has his own mess, and is under no obligation to hold any intercourse with any one. A liberal and full-minded man, however, who loves to talk, will break through this churlish and unsocial restraint. Johnson and an Irish gentleman got into a dispute concern- [510 ing the cause of some part of mankind being black. "Why, Sir (said Johnson), it has been accounted for in three ways: either by supposing that they are the posterity of Ham, who was cursed; or that God at first created two kinds of men, one black and another white; or that by the heat of the sun the skin is scorched, and so acquires a sooty hue. This matter has been much canvassed among [520 naturalists, but has never been brought to any certain issue." What the Irishman said is totally obliterated from my mind; but I remember that he became very warm and intemperate in his expressions: upon which Johnson rose, and quietly walked away. When he had retired, his antagonist took his revenge, as he thought, by saying, "He has a most ungainly figure, and an affectation [530 of pomposity, unworthy of a man of genius."

Johnson had not observed that I was in the room. I followed him, however, and he agreed to meet me in the evening at the Mitre. I called on him, and we went thither at nine. We had a good supper, and port wine, of which he then sometimes drank a bottle. The orthodox

high-church sound of the MITRE,— [540 the figure and manner of the celebrated SAMUEL JOHNSON,—the extraordinary power and precision of his conversation, and the pride arising from finding myself admitted as his companion, produced a variety of sensations, and a pleasing elevation of mind beyond what I had ever before experienced. I find in my Journal the following minute of our conversation, which, though it will give but a very [550 faint notion of what passed, is, in some degree a valuable record; and it will be curious in this view, as showing how habitual to his mind were some opinions which appear in his works.

"Colley Cibber, Sir, was by no means a blockhead; but by arrogating to himself too much, he was in danger of losing that degree of estimation to which he was entitled. His friends gave out that [560 he *intended* his birth-day Odes should be bad: but that was not the case, Sir; for he kept them many months by him, and a few years before he died he showed me one of them, with great solicitude to render it as perfect as might be, and I made some corrections, to which he was not very willing to submit. I remember the following couplet in allusion to the King and himself: [570

'Perched on the eagle's soaring wing,
The lowly linnet loves to sing.'

Sir, he had heard something of the fabulous tale of the wren sitting upon the eagle's wing, and he had applied it to a linnet. Cibber's familiar style, however, was better than that which Whitehead has assumed. *Grand* nonsense is insupportable. Whitehead is but a little man to inscribe verses to players." [580

I did not presume to controvert this censure, which was tintured with his prejudice against players, but I could not help thinking that a dramatic poet might with propriety pay a compliment to an eminent performer, as Whitehead has very happily done in his verses to Mr. Garrick.

"Sir, I do not think Gray a first-rate poet. He has not a bold imagination, [590 nor much command of words. The obscurity in which he has involved himself

will not persuade us that he is sublime. His *Elegy* in a church-yard has a happy selection of images, but I don't like what are called his great things. His ode which begins

'Ruin seize thee, ruthless King,
Confusion on thy banners wait!'

has been celebrated for its abruptness, [600 and plunging into the subject all at once. But such arts as these have no merit, unless when they are original. We admire them only once; and this abruptness has nothing new in it. We have had it often before. Nay, we have it in the old song of Johnny Armstrong:

'Is there ever a man in all Scotland,
From the highest estate to the lowest
degree, &c.'

And then, Sir, [610

'Yes, there is a man in Westmoreland,
And Johnny Armstrong they do him call.'

There, now, you plunge at once into the subject. You have no previous narration to lead you to it.—The two next lines in that Ode are, I think, very good:

'Though fanned by conquest's crimson
wing,
They mock the air with idle state.'

Here let it be observed, that although his opinion of Gray's poetry was [620 widely different from mine, and I believe from that of most men of taste, by whom it is with justice highly admired, there is certainly much absurdity in the clamor which has been raised, as if he had been culpably injurious to the merit of that bard, and had been actuated by envy. Alas! ye little short-sighted critics, could Johnson be envious of the talents of any of his contemporaries? That his opin- [630 ion on this subject was what in private and in public he uniformly expressed, regardless of what others might think, we may wonder, and perhaps regret; but it is shallow and unjust to charge him with expressing what he did not think.

Finding him in a placid humor, and wishing to avail myself of the opportunity which I fortunately had of consulting a sage, to hear whose wisdom, I con- [640

ceived, in the ardor of youthful imagination, that men filled with a noble enthusiasm for intellectual improvement would gladly have resorted from distant lands;—I opened my mind to him ingenuously, and gave him a little sketch of my life, to which he was pleased to listen with great attention.

I acknowledged, that though educated very strictly in the principles of re- [650 ligion, I had for some time been misled into a certain degree of infidelity; but that I was come now to a better way of thinking, and was fully satisfied of the truth of the Christian revelation, though I was not clear as to every point considered to be orthodox. Being at all times a curious examiner of the human mind, and pleased with an undisguised display of what had passed in it, [660 he called to me with warmth, "Give me your hand; I have taken a liking to you." He then began to descant upon the force of testimony, and the little we could know of final causes; so that the objections of, why was it so? or why was it not so? ought not to disturb us: adding, that he himself had at one period been guilty of a temporary neglect of religion, but that it was not the result of argu- [670 ment, but mere absence of thought.

After having given credit to reports of his bigotry, I was agreeably surprised when he expressed the following very liberal sentiment, which has the additional value of obviating an objection to our holy religion, founded upon the discordant tenets of Christians themselves: "For my part, Sir, I think all Christians, whether Papists or Protestants, agree [680 in the essential articles, and that their differences are trivial, and rather political than religious."

We talked of belief in ghosts. He said, "Sir, I make a distinction between what a man may experience by the mere strength of his imagination, and what imagination cannot possibly produce. Thus, suppose I should think that I saw a form, and heard a voice cry, 'John- [690 son, you are a very wicked fellow, and unless you repent you will certainly be punished;' my own unworthiness is so deeply impressed upon my mind, that I

might *imagine* I thus saw and heard, and therefore I should not believe that an external communication had been made to me. But if a form should appear, and a voice should tell me that a particular man had died at a particular place, [700 and a particular hour, a fact which I had no apprehension of, nor any means of knowing, and this fact, with all its circumstances, should afterwards be unquestionably proved, I should, in that case, be persuaded that I had supernatural intelligence imparted to me."

Here it is proper, once for all, to give a true and fair statement of Johnson's way of thinking upon the question, [710 whether departed spirits are ever permitted to appear in this world, or in any way to operate upon human life. He has been ignorantly misrepresented as weakly credulous upon that subject; and, therefore, though I feel an inclination to disdain and treat with silent contempt so foolish a notion concerning my illustrious friend, yet as I find it has gained ground, it is necessary to refute it. The real fact [720 then is, that Johnson had a very philosophical mind, and such a rational respect for testimony, as to make him submit his understanding to what was authentically proved, though he could not comprehend why it was so. Being thus disposed, he was willing to inquire into the truth of any relation of supernatural agency, a general belief of which has prevailed in all nations and ages. But [730 so far was he from being the dupe of implicit faith, that he examined the matter with a jealous attention, and no man was more ready to refute its falsehood when he had discovered it. Churchill in his poem entitled *The Ghost*, availed himself of the absurd credulity imputed to Johnson, and drew a caricature of him under the name of "POMPOSO," representing him as one of the believers of [740 the story of a Ghost in Cock-lane, which, in the year 1762, had gained very general credit in London. Many of my readers, I am convinced, are to this hour under an impression that Johnson was thus foolishly deceived. It will therefore surprise them a good deal when they are informed upon undoubted authority, that

Johnson was one of those by whom the imposture was detected. The story [750 had become so popular, that he thought it should be investigated; and in this research he was assisted by the Reverend Dr. Douglas, now Bishop of Salisbury, the great detector of impostures; who informs me, that after the gentlemen who went and examined into the evidence were satisfied of its falsity, Johnson wrote in their presence an account of it, which was published in the news- [760 papers and Gentleman's Magazine, and undeceived the world.

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As Dr. Oliver Goldsmith will frequently appear in this narrative, I shall endeavor to make my readers in some degree acquainted with his singular character. He was a native of Ireland, and a contemporary with Mr. Burke, at Trinity College, Dublin, but did not then give much promise of future celebrity. He, [770 however, observed to Mr. Malone, that "though he made no great figure in mathematics, which was a study in much repute there, he could turn an Ode of Horace into English better than any of them." He afterwards studied physic at Edinburgh, and upon the Continent: and I have been informed, was enabled to pursue his travels on foot, partly by demanding at Universities to enter the [780 lists as a disputant, by which, according to the custom of many of them, he was entitled to the premium of a crown, when luckily for him his challenge was not accepted; so that, as I once observed to Dr. Johnson, he *disputed* his passage through Europe. He then came to England, and was employed successively in the capacities of an usher to an academy, a corrector of the press, a reviewer, [790 and a writer for a newspaper. He had sagacity enough to cultivate assiduously the acquaintance of Johnson, and his faculties were gradually enlarged by the contemplation of such a model. To me and many others it appeared that he studiously copied the manner of Johnson, though, indeed, upon a smaller scale.

At this time I think he had pub- [800

lished nothing with his name, though it was pretty generally known that *one Dr. Goldsmith* was the author of "An Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe," and of "The Citizen of the World," a series of letters supposed to be written from London by a Chinese. No man had the art of displaying with more advantage as a writer; whatever literary acquisitions he made. "*Nihil [810 quod letigit non ornavit.*" His mind resembled a fertile, but thin soil. There was a quick, but not a strong vegetation, of whatever chanced to be thrown upon it. No deep root could be struck. The oak of the forest did not grow there: but the elegant shrubbery and the fragrant parterre appeared in gay succession. It has been generally circulated and believed that he was a mere fool in conversation; but, in truth, this has been greatly exaggerated. He had, no doubt, a more than common share of that hurry of ideas which we often find in his countrymen, and which sometimes produces a laughable confusion in expressing them. He was very much what the French call *un étourdi*, and from vanity and an eager desire of being conspicuous wherever he was, he frequently talked carelessly [830 without knowledge of the subject, or even without thought. His person was short, his countenance coarse and vulgar, his deportment that of a scholar awkwardly affecting the easy gentleman. Those who were in any way distinguished, excited envy in him to so ridiculous an excess, that the instances of it are hardly credible. When accompanying two beautiful young ladies with their mother [840 on a tour in France, he was seriously angry that more attention was paid to them than to him; and once at the exhibition of the *Fantoccini* in London, when those who sat next him observed with what dexterity a puppet was made to toss a pike, he could not bear that it should have such praise, and exclaimed with some warmth, "Pshaw! I can do it better myself." [850

He, I am afraid, had no settled system of any sort, so that his conduct must not be strictly scrutinized; but his affections were social and generous, and when he

had money he gave it away very liberally. His desire of imaginary consequence predominated over his attention to truth. When he began to rise into notice, he said he had a brother who was Dean of Durham, a fiction so easily detected, [860 that it is wonderful how he should have been so inconsiderate as to hazard it. He boasted to me at this time of the power of his pen in commanding money, which I believe was true in a certain degree, though in the instance he gave he was by no means correct. He told me that he had sold a novel for four hundred pounds. This was his *Vicar of Wakefield*. But Johnson informed me, that he had [870 made the bargain for Goldsmith, and the price was sixty pounds. "And, Sir (said he), a sufficient price too, when it was sold; for then the fame of Goldsmith had not been elevated, as it afterwards was, by his *Traveller*; and the bookseller had such faint hopes of profit by his bargain, that he kept the manuscript by him a long time, and did not publish it till after the *Traveller* had appeared. Then, to [880 be sure, it was accidentally worth more money."

Mrs. Piozzi and Sir John Hawkins have strangely misstated the history of Goldsmith's situation and Johnson's friendly interference, when this novel was sold. I shall give it authentically from Johnson's own exact narration:

"I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in [890 great distress, and as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of [900 Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return, and

having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith [910 the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

My next meeting with Johnson was on Friday the 1st of July, when he and I and Dr. Goldsmith supped at the Mitre. I was before this time pretty well acquainted with Goldsmith, who was one of the brightest ornaments of the Johnsonian school. Goldsmith's respectful at- [920 tachment to Johnson was then at its height; for his own literary reputation had not yet distinguished him so much as to excite a vain desire of competition with his great Master. He had increased my admiration of the goodness of Johnson's heart, by incidental remarks in the course of conversation, such as, when I mentioned Mr. Levet, whom he entertained under his roof, "He is poor [930 and honest, which is recommendation enough to Johnson;" and when I wondered that he was very kind to a man of whom I had heard a very bad character, "He is now become miserable, and that insures the protection of Johnson."

Goldsmith attempting this evening to maintain, I suppose from an affectation of paradox, "that knowledge was not desirable on its own account, for it [940 often was a source of unhappiness." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, that knowledge may in some cases produce unhappiness, I allow. But, upon the whole, knowledge, *per se*, is certainly an object which every man would wish to attain, although, perhaps, he may not take the trouble necessary for attaining it."

Dr. John Campbell, the celebrated political and biographical writer, be- [950 ing mentioned, Johnson said, "Campbell is a man of much knowledge, and has a good share of imagination. His 'Hermippus Redivivus' is very entertaining, as an account of the Hermetic philosophy, and as furnishing a curious history of the extravagances of the human mind. If it were merely imaginary, it would be nothing at all. Campbell is not always rigidly careful of truth in his conversation; [960 but I do not believe there is any thing of this carelessness in his books. Campbell

is a good man, a pious man. I am afraid he has not been in the inside of a church for many years; but he never passes a church without pulling off his hat. This shows that he has good principles. I used to go pretty often to Campbell's on a Sunday evening till I began to consider that the shoals of Scotchmen who [970 flocked about him might probably say, when any thing of mine was well done, 'Ay, ay, he has learnt this of CAWMELL!'"

He talked very contemptuously of Churchill's poetry, observing, that "it had a temporary currency, only from its audacity of abuse, and being filled with living names, that it would sink into oblivion." I ventured to hint that he was not quite a fair judge, as Churchill [980 had attacked him violently. JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, I am a very fair judge. He did not attack me violently till he found I did not like his poetry; and his attack on me shall not prevent me from continuing to say what I think of him, from an apprehension that it may be ascribed to resentment. No, Sir, I called the fellow a blockhead at first, and I will call him a blockhead still. However, I [990 will acknowledge that I have a better opinion of him now, than I once had; for he has shown more fertility than I expected. To be sure, he is a tree that cannot produce good fruit: he only bears crabs. But, Sir, a tree that produces a great many crabs is better than a tree which produces only a few."

In this depreciation of Churchill's poetry I could not agree with him. [1000 It is very true that the greatest part of it is upon the topics of the day, on which account, as it brought him great fame and profit at the time, it must proportionably slide out of the public attention as other occasional objects succeed. But Churchill had extraordinary vigor both of thought and expression. His portraits of the players will ever be valuable to the true lovers of the drama; and his strong [1010 caricatures of several eminent men of his age, will not be forgotten by the curious. Let me add, that there are in his works many passages which are of a general nature; and his *Prophecy of Famine* is a poem of no ordinary merit. It is, indeed,

falsely injurious to Scotland; but therefore may be allowed a greater share of invention.

Bonnell Thornton had just published a burlesque "Ode on St. Cecilia's day, adapted to the ancient British music, viz. the salt-box, the jews-harp, the marrow-bones and cleaver, the hum-strum or hurdy-gurdy, &c." Johnson praised its humor, and seemed much diverted with it. He repeated the following passage:

"In strains more exalted the salt-box
shall join,
And clattering and battering and clapping
combine;
With a rap and a tap while the hollow
side sounds,
Up and down leaps the flap, and with
rattling rebounds."

I mentioned the periodical paper called *The Connoisseur*. He said it wanted matter.—No doubt it had not the deep thinking of Johnson's writings. But surely it has just views of the surface of life, and a very sprightly manner. His opinion of *The World* was not much higher than of *The Connoisseur*.

Let me here apologize for the imperfect manner in which I am obliged to exhibit Johnson's conversation at this period. In the early part of my acquaintance with him, I was so wrapt in admiration of his extraordinary colloquial talents, and so little accustomed to his peculiar mode of expression, that I found it extremely difficult to recollect and record his conversation with its genuine vigor and vivacity. In progress of time, when my mind was, as it were, *strongly impregnated with the Johnsonian æther*, I could with much more facility and exactness, carry in my memory and commit to paper the exuberant variety of his wisdom and wit.

At this time Miss Williams, as she was then called, though she did not reside with him in the Temple under his roof, but had lodgings in Bolt-court, Fleet-street, had so much of his attention, that he every night drank tea with her before he went home, however late it might be, and she always sat up for him. This, it may be fairly conjectured,

was not alone a proof of his regard for *her*, but of his own unwillingness to go into solitude, before that unseasonable hour at which he had habituated himself to expect the oblivion of repose. Dr. Goldsmith, being a privileged man, went with him this night, strutting away, and calling to me with an air of superiority, like that of an esoteric over an exoteric disciple of a sage of antiquity, "I go to see Miss Williams." I confess, I then envied him this mighty privilege, of which he seemed so proud; but it was not long before I obtained the same mark of distinction.

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On Wednesday, July 6, he was engaged to sup with me at my lodgings in Downing-street, Westminster. But on the preceding night my landlord having behaved very rudely to me and some company who were with me, I had resolved not to remain another night in his house. I was exceedingly uneasy at the awkward appearance I supposed I should make to Johnson and the other gentleman whom I had invited, not being able to receive them at home, and being obliged to order supper at the Mitre. I went to Johnson in the morning, and talked of it as of a serious distress. He laughed, and said, "Consider, Sir, how insignificant this will appear a twelvemonth hence."—Were this consideration to be applied to most of the little vexatious incidents of life, by which our quiet is too often disturbed, it would prevent many painful sensations. I have tried it frequently with good effect. "There is nothing (continued he) in this mighty misfortune; nay, we shall be better at the Mitre." I told him that I had been at Sir John Fielding's office, complaining of my landlord, and had been informed, that though I had taken my lodgings for a year, I might, upon proof of his bad behavior, quit them when I pleased, without being under an obligation to pay rent for any longer time than while I possessed them. The fertility of Johnson's mind could show itself even upon so small a matter as this. "Why, Sir (said he), I suppose this must be the law, since you have been told so in

Bow-street. But, if your landlord could hold you to your bargain, and the lodgings should be yours for a year, you may [1120 certainly use them as you think fit. So, Sir, you may quarter two life-guardmen upon him; or you may send the greatest scoundrel you can find into your apartments; or you may say that you want to make some experiments in natural philosophy, and may burn a large quantity of assafoetida in his house."

I had as my guests this evening at the Mitre tavern, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Thomas Davies, Mr. Eccles, an Irish gentleman, for whose agreeable company I was obliged to Mr. Davies, and the Reverend Mr. John Ogilvie, who was desirous of being in company with my illustrious friend, while I in my turn was proud to have the honor of showing one of my countrymen upon what easy terms Johnson permitted me to live with him. [1140

Goldsmith, as usual, endeavored, with too much eagerness, to *shine*, and disputed very warmly with Johnson against the well known maxim of the British constitution, "the King can do no wrong;" affirming, that "what was morally false could not be politically true; and as the King might, in the exercise of his regal power, command and cause the doing of what was wrong, it certainly might [1150 be said, in sense and in reason, that he could do wrong." JOHNSON. "Sir, you are to consider, that in our constitution, according to its true principles, the King is the head, he is supreme: he is above everything, and there is no power by which he can be tried. Therefore, it is, Sir, that we hold the King can do no wrong; that whatever may happen to be wrong in government may not be [1160 above our reach, by being ascribed to Majesty. Redress is always to be had against oppression, by punishing the immediate agents. The King, though he should command, cannot force a Judge to condemn a man unjustly; therefore it is the Judge whom we prosecute and punish. Political institutions are formed upon the consideration of what will most frequently tend to the good of the whole, al- [1170 though now and then exceptions may

occur. Thus it is better in general that a nation should have a supreme legislative power, although it may at times be abused. And then, Sir, there is this consideration, that *if the abuse be enormous, Nature will rise up, and claiming her original rights, overturn a corrupt political system.*" I mark this animated sentence with peculiar pleasure, as a noble instance [1180 of that truly dignified spirit of freedom which ever glowed in his heart, though he was charged with slavish tenets by superficial observers; because he was at all times indignant against that false patriotism, that pretended love of freedom, that unruly restlessness which is inconsistent with the stable authority of any good government.

This generous sentiment, which he [1190 uttered with great fervor, struck me exceedingly, and stirred my blood to that pitch of fancied resistance, the possibility of which I am glad to keep in mind, but to which I trust I never shall be forced.

"Great abilities (said he) are not requisite for an Historian; for in historical composition, all the greatest powers of the human mind are quiescent. He has facts ready to his hand; so there is no [1200 exercise of invention. Imagination is not required in any high degree; only about as much as is used in the lower kinds of poetry. Some penetration, accuracy, and coloring, will fit a man for the task, if he can give the application which is necessary."

"Bayle's Dictionary is a very useful work for those to consult who love the biographical part of literature, which [1210 is what I love most."

Talking of the eminent writers in Queen Anne's reign, he observed, "I think Dr. Arbuthnot the first man among them. He was the most universal genius, being an excellent physician, a man of deep learning, and a man of much humor. Mr. Addison was, to be sure, a great man; his learning was not profound; but his morality, his humor, and his elegance [1220 of writing, set him very high."

Mr. Ogilvie was unlucky enough to choose for the topic of his conversation the praises of his native country. He began with saying, that there was very

rich land around Edinburgh. Goldsmith, who had studied physic there, contradicted this, very untruly, with a sneering laugh. Disconcerted a little by this, Mr. Ogilvie then took a new ground, [1230 where, I suppose, he thought himself perfectly safe; for he observed, that Scotland had a great many noble wild prospects. JOHNSON. "I believe, Sir, you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble wild prospects; and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious noble wild prospects. But, Sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees, is the high road that leads him [1240 to England!" This unexpected and pointed sally produced a roar of applause. After all, however, those who admire the rude grandeur of Nature, cannot deny it to Caledonia.

On Saturday, July 9, I found Johnson surrounded with a numerous levee, but have not preserved any part of his conversation. On the 14th we had another evening by ourselves at the Mitre. It [1250 happening to be a very rainy night, I made some common-place observations on the relaxation of nerves and depression of spirits which such weather occasioned; adding, however, that it was good for the vegetable creation. Johnson, who, as we have already seen, denied that the temperature of the air had any influence on the human frame, answered, with a smile of ridicule, "Why, yes, Sir, it is good [1260 for vegetables, and for the animals who eat those vegetables, and for the animals who eat those animals." This observation of his aptly enough introduced a good supper; and I soon forgot, in Johnson's company, the influence of a moist atmosphere.

Feeling myself now quite at ease as his companion, though I had all possible reverence for him, I expressed a regret that I could not be so easy with my father, though he was not much older than Johnson, and certainly however respectable had not more learning and greater abilities to depress me. I asked him the reason of this. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, I am a man of the world. I live in the world, and I take, in some degree, the color of the world as it moves along. Your

father is a Judge in a remote part of [1280 the island, and all his notions are taken from the old world. Besides, Sir, there must always be a struggle between a father and son, while one aims at power and the other at independence." I said, I was afraid my father would force me to be a lawyer. JOHNSON. "Sir, you need not be afraid of his forcing you to be a laborious practising lawyer; that is not in his power. For as the proverb [1290 says, 'One man may lead a horse to the water, but twenty cannot make him drink.' He may be displeased that you are not what he wishes you to be; but that displeasure will not go far. If he insists only on your having as much law as is necessary for a man of property, and then endeavors to get you into Parliament, he is quite in the right."

He enlarged very convincingly [1300 upon the excellence of rhyme over blank verse in English poetry. I mentioned to him that Dr. Adam Smith, in his lectures upon composition, when I studied under him in the College of Glasgow, had maintained the same opinion strenuously, and I repeated some of his arguments. JOHNSON. "Sir, I was once in company with Smith, and we did not take to each other; but had I known that he loved [1310 rhyme as much as you tell me he does, I should have HUGGED him."

Talking of those who denied the truth of Christianity, he said, "It is always easy to be on the negative side. If a man were now to deny that there is salt upon the table, you could not reduce him to an absurdity. Come, let us try this a little further. I deny that Canada is taken; and I can support my denial by [1320 pretty good arguments. The French are a much more numerous people than we; and it is not likely that they would allow us to take it. 'But the ministry have assured us, in all the formality of the Gazette, that it is taken.'—Very true. But the ministry have put us to an enormous expense by the war in America, and it is their interest to persuade us that we have got something for our money.— [1330 'But the fact is confirmed by thousands of men who were at the taking of it.'—Ay, but these men have still more in-

terest in deceiving us. They don't want that you should think the French have beat them, but that they have beat the French. Now suppose you should go over and find that it really is taken, that would only satisfy yourself; for when you come home we will not believe you. [1340 We will say, you have been bribed.— Yet, Sir, notwithstanding all these plausible objections, we have no doubt that Canada is really ours. Such is the weight of common testimony. How much stronger are the evidences of the Christian religion?

"Idleness is a disease which must be combated; but I would not advise a rigid adherence to a particular plan of [1350 study. I myself have never persisted in any plan for two days together. A man ought to read just as inclination leads him; for what he reads as a task will do him little good. A young man should read five hours in a day, and so may acquire a great deal of knowledge."

To a man of vigorous intellect and ardent curiosity like his own, reading without a regular plan may be bene- [1360 ficial; though even such a man must submit to it, if he would attain a full understanding of any of the sciences.

To such a degree of unrestrained frankness had he now accustomed me, that in the course of this evening I talked of the numerous reflections which had been thrown out against him on account of his having accepted a pension from his present Majesty. "Why, Sir (said [1370 he, with a hearty laugh), it is a mighty foolish noise that they make. I have accepted of a pension as a reward which has been thought due to my literary merit; and now that I have this pension, I am the same man in every respect that I have ever been; I retain the same principles. It is true, that I cannot now curse (smiling) the House of Hanover; nor would it be decent for me to drink [1380 King James's health in the wine that King George gives me money to pay for. But, Sir, I think that the pleasure of cursing the House of Hanover, and drinking King James's health, are amply overbalanced by three hundred pounds a year."

There was here, most certainly, an

affectation of more Jacobitism than he really had; and indeed an intention of admitting, for the moment, in a [1390 much greater extent than it really existed, the charge of disaffection imputed to him by the world, merely for the purpose of showing how dexterously he could repel an attack, even though he were placed in the most disadvantageous position; for I have heard him declare, that if holding up his right hand would have secured victory at Culloden to Prince Charles's army, he was not sure he [1400 would have held it up; so little confidence had he in the right claimed by the House of Stuart, and so fearful was he of the consequences of another revolution on the throne of Great Britain; and Mr. Topham Beauclerk assured me, he had heard him say this before he had his pension. At another time he said to Mr. Langton, "Nothing has ever offered, that has made it worth my while to con- [1410 sider the question fully." He, however, also said to the same gentleman, talking of King James the Second, "It was become impossible for him to reign any longer in this country." He no doubt had an early attachment to the House of Stuart; but his zeal had cooled as his reason strengthened. Indeed, I heard him once say, "that after the death of a violent Whig, with whom he used [1420 to contend with great eagerness, he felt his Toryism much abated." I suppose he meant Mr. Walmsley.

Yet there is no doubt that at earlier periods he was wont often to exercise both his pleasantry and ingenuity in talking Jacobitism. My much respected friend, Dr. Douglas, now Bishop of Salisbury, has favored me with the following admirable instance from his Lord- [1430 ship's own recollection. One day when dining at old Mr. Langton's, where Miss Roberts, his niece, was one of the company, Johnson, with his usual complacent attention to the fair sex, took her by the hand and said, "My dear, I hope you are a Jacobite." Old Mr. Langton, who, though a high and steady Tory, was attached to the present Royal Family, seemed offended, and asked Johnson, [1440 with great warmth, what he could mean

by putting such a question to his niece! "Why, Sir (said Johnson), I meant no offence to your niece, I meant her a great compliment. A Jacobite, Sir, believes in the divine right of Kings. He that believes in the divine right of Kings believes in a Divinity. A Jacobite believes in the divine right of Bishops. He that believes in the divine right of Bishops believes in the divine authority of the Christian religion. Therefore, Sir, a Jacobite is neither an Atheist nor a Deist. That cannot be said of a Whig; for *Whiggism is a negation of all principle.*"

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Next morning I found him alone, and have preserved the following fragments of his conversation. Of a gentleman who was mentioned, he said, "I have not met with any man for a long time [1460] who has given me such general displeasure. He is totally unfixed in his principles, and wants to puzzle other people." I said his principles had been poisoned by a noted infidel writer, but that he was, nevertheless, a benevolent good man. JOHNSON. "We can have no dependance upon that instinctive, that constitutional goodness, which is not founded upon principle. I grant you that such a [1470] man may be a very amiable member of society. I can conceive him placed in such a situation that he is not much tempted to deviate from what is right; and as every man prefers virtue, when there is not some strong incitement to transgress its precepts, I can conceive him doing nothing wrong. But if such a man stood in need of money, I should not like to trust him; and I should [1480] certainly not trust him with young ladies, for *there* there is always temptation. Hume, and other sceptical innovators, are vain men, and will gratify themselves at any expense. Truth will not afford sufficient food to their vanity; so they have betaken themselves to error. Truth, Sir, is a cow which will yield such people no more milk, and so they are gone to milk the bull. If I could have al- [1490] lowed myself to gratify my vanity at the expense of truth, what fame might I have acquired. Everything which Hume has

advanced against Christianity had passed through my mind long before he wrote. Always remember this, that after a system is well settled upon positive evidence, a few partial objections ought not to shake it. The human mind is so limited, that it cannot take in all the parts [1500] of a subject, so that there may be objections raised against any thing." . . .

I mentioned Hume's argument against the belief of miracles, that it is more probable that the witnesses to the truth of them are mistaken, or speak falsely, than that the miracles should be true. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, the great difficulty of proving miracles should make us very cautious in believing them. But let [1510] us consider; although God has made Nature to operate by certain fixed laws, yet it is not unreasonable to think that he may suspend those laws, in order to establish a system highly advantageous to mankind. Now the Christian Religion is a most beneficial system, as it gives us light and certainty where we were before in darkness and doubt. The miracles which prove it are attested by men [1520] who had no interest in deceiving us; but who, on the contrary, were told that they should suffer persecution, and did actually lay down their lives in confirmation of the truth of the facts which they asserted. Indeed, for some centuries the heathens did not pretend to deny the miracles; but said they were performed by the aid of evil spirits. This is a circumstance of great weight. Then, [1530] Sir, when we take the proofs derived from prophecies which have been so exactly fulfilled, we have most satisfactory evidence. Supposing a miracle possible, as to which, in my opinion, there can be no doubt, we have as strong evidence for the miracles in support of Christianity, as the nature of the thing admits."

At night, Mr. Johnson and I supped in a private room at the Turk's Head [1540] coffee-house, in the Strand. "I encourage this house (said he), for the mistress of it is a good civil woman, and has not much business.

"Sir, I love the acquaintance of young people; because, in the first place, I don't like to think myself growing old. In

the next place, young acquaintances must last longest, if they do last; and then, Sir, young men have more virtue than [1550 old men; they have more generous sentiments in every respect. I love the young dogs of this age, they have more wit and humor and knowledge of life than we had; but then the dogs are not so good scholars. Sir, in my early years I read very hard. It is a sad reflection but a true one, that I knew almost as much at eighteen as I do now. My judgment, to be sure, was not so good; but I had all the facts. [1560 I remember very well, when I was at Oxford, an old gentleman said to me, 'Young man, ply your book diligently now, and acquire a stock of knowledge; for when years come upon you, you will find that poring upon books will be but an irksome task.'

This account of his reading, given by himself in plain words, sufficiently confirms what I have already ad- [1570 vanced upon the disputed question as to his application. It reconciles any seeming inconsistency in his way of talking upon it at different times; and shows that idleness and reading hard were with him relative terms, the import of which, as used by him, must be gathered from a comparison with what scholars of different degrees of ardor and assiduity have been known to do. And let it be re- [1580 membered, that he was now talking spontaneously, and expressing his genuine sentiments; whereas at other times he might be induced, from his spirit of contradiction, or more properly from his love of argumentative contest, to speak lightly of his own application to study. It is pleasing to consider that the old gentleman's gloomy prophecy as to the irksomeness of books to men of an ad- [1590 vanced age, which is too often fulfilled, was so far from being verified in Johnson, that his ardor for literature never failed, and his last writings had more ease and vivacity than any of his earlier productions.

He mentioned to me now, for the first time, that he had been distressed by melancholy, and for that reason had been obliged to fly from study and medita- [1600 tion, to the dissipating variety of life.

Against melancholy he recommended constant occupation of mind, a great deal of exercise, moderation in eating and drinking, and especially to shun drinking at night. He said melancholy people were apt to fly to intemperance for relief, but that it sunk them much deeper in misery. He observed, that laboring men who work hard, and live sparingly, are [1610 seldom or never troubled with low spirits.

He again insisted on the duty of maintaining subordination of rank. "Sir, I would no more deprive a nobleman of his respect, than of his money. I consider myself as acting a part in the great system of society, and I do to others as I would have them to do to me. I would behave to a nobleman as I should expect he would behave to me, were I a [1620 nobleman and he Sam. Johnson. Sir, there is one Mrs. Macaulay in this town, a great republican. One day when I was at her house, I put on a very grave countenance, and said to her, 'Madam, I am now become a convert to your way of thinking. I am convinced that all mankind are upon an equal footing; and to give you an unquestionable proof, Madam, that I am in earnest, here [1630 is a very sensible, civil, well-behaved fellow citizen, your footman; I desire that he may be allowed to sit down and dine with us.' I thus, Sir, showed her the absurdity of the levelling doctrine. She has never liked me since. Sir, your levellers wish to level *down* as far as themselves; but they cannot bear levelling *up* to themselves. They would all have some people under them; why not [1640 then have some people above them?" I mentioned a certain author who disgusted me by his forwardness, and by showing no deference to noblemen into whose company he was admitted. JOHNSON. "Suppose a shoemaker should claim an equality with him, as he does with a Lord: how he would stare. 'Why, Sir, do you stare? (says the shoemaker,) I do great service to society. 'Tis [1650 true, I am paid for doing it; but so are you, Sir: and I am sorry to say it, better paid than I am, for doing something not so necessary. For mankind could do better without your books, than without

my shoes.' Thus, Sir, there would be a perpetual struggle for precedence, were there no fixed invariable rules for the distinction of rank, which creates no jealousy, as it is allowed to be accidental." [1660]

* * * * *

I again begged his advice as to my method of study at Utrecht. "Come, (said he) let us make a day of it. Let us go down to Greenwich and dine, and talk of it there." The following Saturday was fixed for this excursion.

As we walked along the Strand to-night, arm in arm, a woman of the town accosted us, in the usual enticing manner. "No, no, my girl (said Johnson), it [1670 won't do." He, however, did not treat her with harshness; and we talked of the wretched life of such women, and agreed, that much more misery than happiness, upon the whole, is produced by illicit commerce between the sexes.

On Saturday, July 30, Dr. Johnson and I took a sculler at the Temple-stairs, and set out for Greenwich. I asked him if he really thought a knowledge of [1680 the Greek and Latin languages an essential requisite to a good education. JOHNSON. "Most certainly, Sir; for those who know them have a very great advantage over those who do not. Nay, Sir, it is wonderful what a difference learning makes upon people even in the common intercourse of life, which does not appear to be much connected with it." "And yet (said I), people go through the [1690 world very well, and carry on the business of life to good advantage, without learning." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, that may be true in cases where learning cannot possibly be of any use; for instance, this boy rows us as well without learning, as if he could sing the song of Orpheus to the Argonauts, who were the first sailors." He then called to the boy, "What would you give, my lad, to know about [1700 the Argonauts?" "Sir (said the boy), I would give what I have." Johnson was much pleased with his answer, and we gave him a double fare. Dr. Johnson then turning to me, "Sir (said he), a desire of knowledge is the natural feeling of mankind; and every human being,

whose mind is not debauched, will be willing to give all that he has, to get knowledge." [1710]

We landed at the Old Swan, and walked to Billingsgate, where we took oars and moved smoothly along the silver Thames. It was a very fine day. We were entertained with the immense number and variety of ships that were lying at anchor, and with the beautiful country on each side of the river.

I talked of preaching, and of the great success which those called Metho- [1720 dists have. JOHNSON. "Sir, it is owing to their expressing themselves in a plain and familiar manner, which is the only way to do good to the common people, and which clergymen of genius and learning ought to do from a principle of duty, when it is suited to their congregations; a practice, for which they will be praised by men of sense. To insist against drunkenness as a crime, because it de- [1730 bases reason, the noblest faculty of man, would be of no service to the common people; but to tell them that they may die in a fit of drunkenness, and show them how dreadful that would be, cannot fail to make a deep impression. Sir, when your Scotch clergy give up their homely manner, religion will soon decay in that country." Let this observation, as Johnson meant it, be ever remembered. [1740]

I was much pleased to find myself with Johnson at Greenwich, which he celebrates in his "London" as a favorite scene. I had the poem in my pocket, and read the lines aloud with enthusiasm:

"On Thames's banks in silent thought we stood,
Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood:
Pleased with the seat which gave ELIZA birth,
We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth."

He remarked that the structure of [1750 Greenwich hospital was too magnificent for a place of charity, and that its parts were too much detached, to make one great whole.

Buchanan, he said, was a very fine poet; and observed, that he was the first

who complimented a lady, by ascribing to her the different perfections of the heathen goddesses; but that Johnston improved upon this, by making his [1760] lady, at the same time, free from their defects.

He dwelt upon Buchanan's elegant verses to Mary, Queen of Scots, *Nympha Caledoniæ*, &c. and spoke with enthusiasm of the beauty of Latin verse. "All the modern languages (said he) cannot furnish so melodious a line as

*Formosam resonare doces Amarillida
silvas.* [1770]

Afterwards he entered upon the business of the day, which was to give me his advice as to a course of study. And here I am to mention with much regret, that my record of what he said is miserably scanty. I recollect with admiration an animating blaze of eloquence, which roused every intellectual power in me to the highest pitch, but must have dazzled me so much, [1780] that my memory could not preserve the substance of his discourse; for the note which I find of it is no more than this:—"He ran over the grand scale of human knowledge; advised me to select some particular branch to excel in, but to acquire a little of every kind." The defect of my minutes will be fully supplied by a long letter upon the subject, which he favored me with, after I had been [1790] some time at Utrecht, and which my readers will have the pleasure to peruse in its proper place.

We walked in the evening in Greenwich Park. He asked me I suppose, by way of trying my disposition, "Is not this very fine?" Having no exquisite relish of the beauties of Nature, and being more delighted with "the busy hum of men," I answered, "Yes, Sir; but not equal [1800] to Fleet-street." JOHNSON. "You are right, Sir."

I am aware that many of my readers may censure my want of taste. Let me, however, shelter myself under the authority of a very fashionable Baronet in the brilliant world, who, on his attention being called to the fragrance of a May evening in the country, observed, "This

may be very well; but for my part, [1810] I prefer the smell of a flambeau at the play-house."

We stayed so long at Greenwich, that our sail up the river, in our return to London, was by no means so pleasant as in the morning; for the night air was so cold that it made me shiver. I was the more sensible of it from having sat up all the night before recollecting and writing in my Journal what I thought [1820] worthy of preservation; an exertion, which, during the first part of my acquaintance with Johnson, I frequently made. I remember having sat up four nights in one week, without being much incommoded in the day time.

Johnson, whose robust frame was not in the least affected by the cold, scolded me, as if my shivering had been a paltry effeminacy, saying, "Why do you [1830] shiver?" Sir William Scott, of the Commons, told me, that when he complained of a head-ache in the post-chaise, as they were travelling together to Scotland, Johnson treated him in the same manner: "At your age, Sir, I had no head-ache." It is not easy to make allowance for sensations in others, which we ourselves have not at the time. We must all have experienced how very differently we [1840] are affected by the complaints of our neighbors, when we are well and when we are ill. In full health, we can scarcely believe that they suffer much; so faint is the image of pain upon our imagination: when softened by sickness, we readily sympathize with the sufferings of others.

We concluded the day at the Turk's Head coffee-house very socially. [1850] He was pleased to listen to a particular account which I gave him of my family, and of its hereditary estate, as to the extent and population of which he asked questions, and made calculations; recommending, at the same time, a liberal kindness to the tenantry, as people over whom the proprietor was placed by Providence. He took delight in hearing my description of the romantic seat [1860] of my ancestors. "I must be there, Sir (said he), and we will live in the old castle; and if there is not a room in it

remaining, we will build one." I was highly flattered, but could scarcely indulge a hope that Auchinleck would indeed be honored by his presence, and celebrated by a description, as it afterwards was, in his *Journey to the Western Islands*.

After we had again talked of my [1870 setting out for Holland, he said, "I must see thee out of England; I will accompany you to Harwich." I could not find words to express what I felt upon this unexpected and very great mark of his affectionate regard.

Next day, Sunday, July 31, I told him I had been that morning at a meeting of the people called Quakers, where I had heard a woman preach. JOHNSON. [1880 "Sir, a woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all."

On Tuesday, August 2 (the day of my departure from London having been fixed for the 5th), Dr. Johnson did me the honor to pass a part of the morning with me at my chambers. He said, that "he always felt an inclination to do nothing." [1890 I observed, that it was strange to think that the most indolent man in Britain had written the most laborious work, THE ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

I mentioned an imprudent publication, by a certain friend of his, at an early period of life, and asked him if he thought it would hurt him. JOHNSON. "No, Sir; not much. It may, perhaps, be mentioned at an election." [1900

I had now made good my title to be a privileged man, and was carried by him in the evening to drink tea with Miss Williams, whom, though under the misfortune of having lost her sight, I found to be agreeable in conversation; for she had a variety of literature, and expressed herself well; but her peculiar value was the intimacy in which she had long lived with Johnson, by which [1910 she was well acquainted with his habits, and knew how to lead him on to talk.

After tea he carried me to what he called his walk, which was a long narrow paved court in the neighborhood, overshadowed by some trees. There we sauntered a considerable time; and I complained to

him that my love of London and of his company was such, that I shrunk almost from the thought of going away even [1920 to travel, which is generally so much desired by young men. He roused me by manly and spirited conversation. He advised me, when settled in any place abroad, to study with an eagerness after knowledge, and to apply to Greek an hour every day; and when I was moving about, to read diligently the great book of mankind.

On Wednesday, August 3, we had [1930 our last social evening at the Turk's Head coffee-house, before my setting out for foreign parts. I had the misfortune, before we parted, to irritate him unintentionally. I mentioned to him how common it was in the world to tell absurd stories of him, and to ascribe to him very strange sayings. JOHNSON. "What do they make me say, Sir?" BOSWELL. "Why, Sir, as an instance very strange [1940 indeed (laughing heartily as I spoke), David Hume told me, you said that you would stand before a battery of cannon to restore the Convocation to its full powers."

—Little did I apprehend that he had actually said this: but I was soon convinced of my error; for, with a determined look, he thundered out, "And would I not, Sir? Shall the Presbyterian *Kirk* of Scotland have its General Assembly, [1950 and the Church of England be denied its Convocation?" He was walking up and down the room, while I told him the anecdote; but when he uttered this explosion of high-church zeal, he had come close to my chair, and his eye flashed with indignation. I bowed to the storm, and diverted the force of it, by leading him to expatiate on the influence which religion derived from maintaining [1960 the church with great external respectability. . . .

On Friday, August 5, we set out early in the morning in the Harwich stage-coach. A fat elderly gentlewoman, and a young Dutchman, seemed the most inclined among us to conversation. At the inn where we dined, the gentlewoman said that she had done her best to educate her children; and, particularly, that [1970 she had never suffered them to be a

moment idle. JOHNSON. "I wish, Madam, you would educate me too; for I have been an idle fellow all my life." "I am sure, Sir (said she), you have not been idle." JOHNSON. "Nay, Madam, it is very true; and that gentleman there (pointing to me), has been idle. He was idle at Edinburgh. His father sent him to Glasgow, where he continued [1980 to be idle. He then came to London, where he has been very idle; and now he is going to Utrecht, where he will be as idle as ever." I asked him privately how he could expose me so. JOHNSON. "Poh, poh! (said he) they knew nothing about you, and will think of it no more." In the afternoon the gentlewoman talked violently against the Roman Catholics, and of the horrors of the Inquisition. [1990 To the utter astonishment of all the passengers but myself, who knew that he could talk upon any side of a question, he defended the Inquisition, and maintained, that "false doctrine should be checked on its first appearance; that the civil power should unite with the church in punishing those who dare to attack the established religion, and that such only were punished by the Inquisition." [2000 He had in his pocket *Pomponius Mela de Situ Orbis*, in which he read occasionally, and seemed very intent upon ancient geography. Though by no means nigardly, his attention to what was generally right was so minute, that having observed at one of the stages that I ostentatiously gave a shilling to the coachman, when the custom was for each passenger to give only six-pence, he took me aside [2010 and scolded me, saying that what I had done would make the coachman dissatisfied with all the rest of the passengers who gave him no more than his due. This was a just reprimand; for in whatever way a man may indulge his generosity or his vanity in spending his money, for the sake of others he ought not to raise the price of any article for which there is a constant demand. [2020

He talked of Mr. Blacklock's poetry, so far as it was descriptive of visible objects; and observed, that "as its author had the misfortune to be blind, we may be absolutely sure that

such passages are combinations of what he has remembered of the works of other writers who could see. That foolish fellow, Spence, has labored to explain philosophically how Blacklock may [2030 have done, by means of his own faculties, what it is impossible he should do. The solution, as I have given it, is plain. Suppose, I know a man to be so lame that he is absolutely incapable to move himself, and I find him in a different room from that in which I left him; shall I puzzle myself with idle conjectures, that, perhaps, his nerves have by some unknown change all at once become [2040 effective? No, Sir, it is clear how he got into a different room: he was *carried*."

Having stopped a night at Colchester, Johnson talked of that town with veneration, for having stood a siege for Charles the First. The Dutchman alone now remained with us. He spoke English tolerably well; and thinking to recommend himself to us by expatiating on the superiority of the criminal jurisprudence of this country over that of Holland, he inveighed against the barbarity of putting an accused person to the torture, in order to force a confession. But Johnson was as ready for this, as for the Inquisition. "Why, Sir, you do not, I find, understand the law of your own country. To torture in Holland is considered as a favor to an accused person; for no man is put to the torture [2060 there, unless there is as much evidence against him as would amount to conviction in England. An accused person among you, therefore, has one chance more to escape punishment, than those who are tried among us."

At supper this night he talked of good eating with uncommon satisfaction. "Some people (said he), have a foolish way of not minding, or pretending [2070 not to mind, what they eat. For my part, I mind my belly very studiously, and very carefully; for I look upon it, that he who does not mind his belly, will hardly mind any thing else." He now appeared to me *Jean Bull philosophe*, and he was for the moment, not only serious, but vehement. Yet I have heard him, upon other occasions, talk with great contempt

of people who were anxious to gratify their palates; and the 206th number of his *Rambler* is a masterly essay against gulosity. His practice, indeed, I must acknowledge, may be considered as casting the balance of his different opinions upon this subject; for I never knew any man who relished good eating more than he did. When at table, he was totally absorbed in the business of the moment; his looks seemed rivetted to his plate; nor would he, unless when in very high company, say one word, or even pay the least attention to what was said by others, till he had satisfied his appetite: which was so fierce, and indulged with such intemperance, that while in the act of eating, the veins of his forehead swelled, and generally a strong perspiration was visible. To those whose sensations were delicate, this could not but be disgusting; and it was doubtless not very suitable to the character of a philosopher, who should be distinguished by self-command. But it must be owned, that Johnson, though he could be rigidly abstemious, was not a temperate man either in eating or drinking. He could refrain, but he could not use moderately. He told me, that he had fasted two days without inconvenience, and that he had never been hungry but once. They who beheld with wonder how much he eat upon all occasions, when his dinner was to his taste, could not easily conceive what he must have meant by hunger; and not only was he remarkable for the extraordinary quantity which he eat, but he was, or affected to be, a man of very nice discernment in the science of cookery. He used to descant critically on the dishes which had been at table where he had dined or supped, and to recollect very minutely what he had liked. I remember when he was in Scotland, his praising "*Gordon's palates*," (a dish of palates at the Honorable Alexander Gordon's) with a warmth of expression which might have done honor to more important subjects. "As for Maclaurin's imitation of a *made dish*, it was a wretched attempt." He about the same time was so much displeased with the performances of a nobleman's French cook, that he exclaimed with

vehemence, "I'd throw such a rascal into the river;" and he then proceeded to alarm a lady at whose house he was to sup, by the following manifesto of his skill: "I, Madam, who live at a variety of good tables, am a much better judge of cookery, than any person who has a very tolerable cook, but lives much at home; for his palate is gradually adapted to the taste of his cook: whereas, Madam, in trying by a wider range, I can more exquisitely judge." When invited to dine, even with an intimate friend, he was not pleased if something better than a plain dinner was not prepared for him. I have heard him say on such an occasion, "This was a good dinner enough, to be sure: but it was not a dinner to ask a man to." On the other hand, he was wont to express, with great glee, his satisfaction when he had been entertained quite to his mind. One day when he had dined with his neighbor and landlord, in Bolt-court, Mr. Allen, the printer, whose old housekeeper had studied his taste in every thing, he pronounced this eulogy: "Sir, we could not have had a better dinner, had there been a *Synod of Cooks*."

While we were left by ourselves, after the Dutchman had gone to bed, Dr. Johnson talked of that studied behavior which many have recommended and practised. He disapproved of it; and said, "I never considered whether I should be a grave man, or a merry man, but just let inclination, for the time, have its course."

He flattered me with some hopes that he would, in the course of the following summer, come over to Holland, and accompany me in a tour through the Netherlands.

I teased him with fanciful apprehensions of unhappiness. A moth having fluttered round the candle, and burnt itself, he laid hold of this little incident to admonish me; saying, with a sly look, and in a solemn but a quiet tone, "That creature was its own tormentor, and I believe its name was BOSWELL."

Next day we got to Harwich, to dinner; and my passage in the packet-boat to Helvoetsluys being secured, and my bag-

gage put on board, we dined at our inn by ourselves. I happened to say, it would be terrible if he should not [2190 find a speedy opportunity of returning to London, and be confined in so dull a place. JOHNSON. "Don't, Sir, accustom yourself to use big words for little matters. It would *not* be terrible, though I *were* to be detained some time here." The practice of using words of disproportionate magnitude, is, no doubt, too frequent everywhere; but, I think, most remarkable among the French, of [2200 which, all who have travelled in France must have been struck with innumerable instances.

We went and looked at the church, and having gone into it, and walked up to the altar, Johnson, whose piety was constant and fervent, sent me to my knees, saying, "Now that you are going to leave your native country, recommend yourself to the protection of your CREATOR [2210 and REDEEMER."

After we came out of the church, we stood talking for some time together of Bishop Berkeley's ingenious sophistry to prove the non-existence of matter, and that every thing in the universe is merely ideal. I observed, that though we are satisfied his doctrine is not true, it is impossible to refute it. I never shall forget the alacrity with which John- [2220 son answered, striking his foot with mighty force against a large stone, till he rebounded from it,—“I refute it *thus*.” This was a stout exemplification of the *first truths* of *Pere Bouffier*, or the *original principles* of Reid and of Beattie; without admitting which, we can no more argue in metaphysics, than we can argue in mathematics without axioms. To me it is not conceivable how Berkeley can [2230 be answered by pure reasoning; but I know that the nice and difficult task was to have been undertaken by one of the most luminous minds of the present age, had not politics “turned him from calm philosophy aside.” What an admirable display of subtilty, united with brilliance, might his contending with Berkeley have afforded us! How must we, when we reflect on the loss of such an intellectual feast, regret [2240 that he should be characterised as the man,

“Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind”?

My revered friend walked down with me to the beach, where we embraced and parted with tenderness, and engaged to correspond by letters. I said, “I hope, Sir, you will not forget me in my absence.” JOHNSON. “Nay, Sir, it is more likely you should forget me, than that I [2250 should forget you.” As the vessel put out to sea, I kept my eyes upon him for a considerable time, while he remained rolling his majestic frame in his usual manner; and at last I perceived him walk back into the town, and he disappeared.

EDMUND BURKE (1729-1797)

TO THE ELECTORS OF BRISTOL,

ON HIS BEING DECLARED BY THE SHERIFFS,
DULY ELECTED ONE OF THE REPRESENT-
ATIVES IN PARLIAMENT FOR THAT CITY,

On Thursday the Third of November, 1774

GENTLEMEN: I cannot avoid sympathizing strongly with the feelings of the gentleman who has received the same honor that you have conferred on me. If he, who was bred and passed his whole life amongst you; if he, who through the easy gradations of acquaintance, friendship, and esteem, has obtained the honor, which seems of itself, naturally and almost insensibly, to meet with those, [10 who by the even tenor of pleasing manners and social virtues, slide into the love and confidence of their fellow-citizens;—if he cannot speak but with great emotion on this subject, surrounded as he is on all sides with his old friends; you will have the goodness to excuse me, if my real, unaffected embarrassment prevents me from expressing my gratitude to you as I ought.

I was brought hither under the dis- [20 advantage of being unknown, even by sight, to any of you. No previous canvass was made for me. I was put in nomination after the poll was opened. I did not

appear until it was far advanced. If, under all these accumulated disadvantages, your good opinion has carried me to this happy point of success, you will pardon me, if I can only say to you collectively, as I said to you individually, [30 simply, and plainly, I thank you—I am obliged to you—I am not insensible of your kindness.

This is all that I am able to say for the inestimable favor you have conferred upon me. But I cannot be satisfied, without saying a little more in defence of the right you have to confer such a favor. The person that appeared here as counsel for the candidate who so long and so [40 earnestly solicited your votes, thinks proper to deny, that a very great part of you have any votes to give. He fixes a standard period of time in his own imagination, not what the law defines, but merely what the convenience of his client suggests, by which he would cut off, at one stroke, all those freedoms which are the dearest privileges of your corporation; which the common law authorizes; [50 which your magistrates are compelled to grant; which come duly authenticated into this court; and are saved in the clearest words, and with the most religious care and tenderness, in that very act of parliament which was made to regulate the elections by freemen, and to prevent all possible abuses in making them.

I do not intend to argue the matter here. My learned counsel has supported your cause with his usual ability; the worthy sheriffs have acted with their usual equity, and I have no doubt that the same equity which dictates the return, will guide the final determination. I had the honor, in conjunction with many far wiser men, to contribute a very small assistance, but, however, some assistance, to the forming the judicature which is to try such questions. It [70 would be unnatural in me to doubt the justice of that court, in the trial of my own cause, to which I have been so active to give jurisdiction over every other.

I assure the worthy freemen, and this corporation, that, if the gentleman perseveres in the intentions which his present warmth dictates to him, I will attend their

cause with diligence, and I hope with effect. For, if I know anything of myself, [80 it is not my own interest in it, but my full conviction, that induces me to tell you—I *think there is not a shadow of doubt in the case.*

I do not imagine that you find me rash in declaring myself, or very forward in troubling you. From the beginning to the end of the election, I have kept silence in all matters of discussion. I have never asked a question of a voter [90 on the other side, or supported a doubtful vote on my own. I respected the abilities of my managers; I relied on the candor of the court. I think the worthy sheriffs will bear me witness, that I have never once made an attempt to impose upon their reason, to surprise their justice, or to ruffle their temper. I stood on the hustings (except when I gave my thanks to those who favored me with their [100 votes) less like a candidate, than an unconcerned spectator of a public proceeding. But here the face of things is altered. Here is an attempt for a general massacre of suffrages; an attempt, by a promiscuous carnage of *friends and foes*, to exterminate above two thousand votes, including *seven hundred* polled for the gentleman himself, who now complains, and who would destroy the friends [110 whom he has obtained, only because he cannot obtain as many of them as he wishes.

How he will be permitted, in another place, to stultify and disable himself, and to plead against his own acts, is another question. The law will decide it. I shall only speak of it as it concerns the propriety of public conduct in this city. I do not pretend to lay down rules of [120 decorum for other gentlemen. They are best judges of the mode of proceeding that will recommend them to the favor of their fellow-citizens. But I confess I should look rather awkward, if I had been the *very first to produce the new copies of freedom*, if I had persisted in producing them to the last; if I had ransacked, with the most unremitting industry and the most penetrating research, the remotest [130 corners of the kingdom to discover them; if I were then, all at once, to turn short,

and declare that I had been sporting all this while with the right of election; and that I had been drawing out a poll, upon no sort of rational grounds, which disturbed the peace of my fellow-citizens for a month together—I really, for my part, should appear awkward under such circumstances. [140]

It would be still more awkward in me, if I were gravely to look the sheriffs in the face, and to tell them they were not to determine my cause on my own principles; not to make the return upon those votes upon which I had rested my election. Such would be my appearance to the court and magistrates.

But how should I appear to the voters themselves? If I had gone round to [150] the citizens entitled to freedom, and squeezed them by the hand—"Sir, I humbly beg your vote—I shall be eternally thankful—may I hope for the honor of your support?—Well!—come—we shall see you at the council-house."—If I were then to deliver them to my managers, pack them into tallies, vote them off in court, and when I heard from the bar—"Such a one only! and such a one for [160] ever!—he's my man!"—"Thank you, good Sir—Hah! my worthy friend! thank you kindly—that's an honest fellow—how is your good family?"—Whilst these words were hardly out of my mouth, if I should have wheeled round at once, and told them—"Get you gone, you pack of worthless fellows! you have no votes—you are usurpers! you are intruders on the rights of real freemen! I will have [170] nothing to do with you! you ought never to have been produced at this election, and the sheriffs ought not to have admitted you to poll."

Gentlemen, I should make a strange figure if my conduct had been of this sort. I am not so old an acquaintance of yours as the worthy gentleman. Indeed I could not have ventured on such kind of freedoms with you. But I am bound, and [180] I will endeavor, to have justice done to the rights of freemen; even though I should, at the same time, be obliged to vindicate the former part of my antagonist's conduct against his own present inclinations.

I owe myself, in all things, to *all* the freemen of this city. My particular friends have a demand on me that I should not deceive their expectations. [190] Never was cause or man supported with more constancy, more activity, more spirit. I have been supported with a zeal indeed and heartiness in my friends, which (if their object had been at all proportioned to their endeavors) could never be sufficiently commended. They supported me upon the most liberal principles. They wished that the members for Bristol should be chosen for the [200] city, and for their country at large, and not for themselves.

So far they are not disappointed. If I possess nothing else, I am sure I possess the temper that is fit for your service. I know nothing of Bristol, but by the favors I have received, and the virtues I have seen exerted in it.

I shall ever retain, what I now feel, the most perfect and grateful attach- [210] ment to my friends—and I have no enmities, no resentment. I never can consider fidelity to engagements, and constancy in friendships, but with the highest approbation; even when those noble qualities are employed against my own pretensions. The gentleman, who is not so fortunate as I have been in this contest, enjoys, in this respect, a consolation full of honor both to himself and to [220] his friends. They have certainly left nothing undone for his service.

As for the trifling petulance which the rage of party stirs up in little minds, though it should show itself even in this court, it has not made the slightest impression on me. The highest flight of such clamorous birds is winged in an inferior reign of the air. We hear them, and we look upon them, just as you, [230] gentlemen, when you enjoy the serene air on your lofty rocks, look down upon the gulls that skim the mud of your river, when it is exhausted of its tide.

I am sorry I cannot conclude without saying a word on a topic touched upon by my worthy colleague. I wish that topic had been passed by at a time when I have so little leisure to discuss it. But since he has thought proper to throw [240]

it out, I owe you a clear explanation of my poor sentiments on that subject.

He tells you that "the topic of instructions has occasioned much altercation and uneasiness in this city;" and he expresses himself (if I understand him rightly) in favor of the coercive authority of such instructions.

Certainly, gentlemen, it ought to be the happiness and glory of a representative [250] to live in the strictest union, the closest correspondence, and the most unreserved communication with his constituents. Their wishes ought to have great weight with him; their opinion, high respect; their business, unremitting attention. It is his duty to sacrifice his repose, his pleasures, his satisfactions, to theirs; and above all, ever, and in all cases, to prefer their interest to his own. [260] But his unbiassed opinion, his mature judgment, his enlightened conscience, he ought not to sacrifice to you, to any man, or to any set of men living. These he does not derive from your pleasure; no, nor from the law and the constitution. They are a trust from Providence, for the abuse of which he is deeply answerable. Your representative owes you, not his industry only, but his judgment; [270] and he betrays, instead of serving you, if he sacrifices it to your opinion.

My worthy colleague says, his will ought to be subservient to yours. If that be all, the thing is innocent. If government were a matter of will upon any side, yours, without question, ought to be superior. But government and legislation are matters of reason and judgment, and not of inclination; and what sort of [280] reason is that, in which the determination precedes the discussion; in which one set of men deliberate, and another decide; and where those who form the conclusion are perhaps three hundred miles distant from those who hear the arguments?

To deliver an opinion is the right of all men; that of constituents is a weighty and respectable opinion, which a [290] representative ought always to rejoice to hear; and which he ought always most seriously to consider. But *authoritative* instructions; *mandates* issued, which the

member is bound blindly and implicitly to obey, to vote, and to argue for, though contrary to the clearest conviction of his judgment and conscience—these are things utterly unknown to the laws of this land, and which arise from a [300] fundamental mistake of the whole order and tenor of our constitution.

Parliament is not a *congress* of ambassadors from different and hostile interests; which interests each must maintain, as an agent and advocate, against other agents and advocates; but parliament is a *deliberative* assembly of *one* nation, with *one* interest, that of the whole; where, not local purposes, not [310] local prejudices, ought to guide, but the general good, resulting from the general reason of the whole. You choose a member indeed; but when you have chosen him, he is not member of Bristol, but he is a member of *parliament*. If the local constituent should have an interest, or should form an hasty opinion, evidently opposite to the real good of the rest of the community, the member for that [320] place ought to be as far as any other from any endeavor to give it effect. I beg pardon for saying so much on this subject. I have been unwillingly drawn into it; but I shall ever use a respectful frankness of communication with you. Your faithful friend, your devoted servant, I shall be to the end of my life; a flatterer you do not wish for. On this point of instructions, however, I think [330] it scarcely possible we ever can have any sort of difference. Perhaps I may give you too much, rather than too little, trouble.

From the first hour I was encouraged to court your favor, to this happy day of obtaining it, I have never promised you anything but humble and persevering endeavors to do my duty. The weight of that duty, I confess, makes me [340] tremble; and whoever well considers what it is, of all things in the world, will fly from what has the least likeness to a positive and precipitate engagement. To be a good member of parliament is, let me tell you, no easy task; especially at this time, when there is so strong a disposition to run into the perilous extremes of servile

compliance or wild popularity. To unite circumspection with vigor, is abso- [350] lutely necessary; but it is extremely difficult. We are now members for a rich commercial *city*; this city, however, is but a part of a rich commercial *nation*, the interests of which are various, multi-form, and intricate. We are members for that great nation, which, however, is itself but part of a great *empire*, extended by our virtue and our fortune to the farthest limits of the east and of the [360] west. All these wide-spread interests must be considered; must be compared; must be reconciled, if possible. We are members for a *free* country; and surely we all know, that the machine of a free constitution is no simple thing; but as intricate and as delicate as it is valuable. We are members in a great and ancient *monarchy*; and we must preserve religiously the true legal rights of the [370] sovereign, which form the key-stone that binds together the noble and well-constructed arch of our empire and our constitution. A constitution made up of balanced powers must ever be a critical thing. As such I mean to touch that part of it which comes within my reach. I know my inability, and I wish for support from every quarter. In particular I shall aim at the friendship, and shall culti- [380] vate the best correspondence, of the worthy colleague you have given me.

I trouble you no further than once more to thank you all; you, gentlemen, for your favors; the candidates, for their temperate and polite behavior; and the sheriffs, for a conduct which may give a model for all who are in public stations.

From THE IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS

THE CHARGE

I, therefore, charge Mr. Hastings with having destroyed, for private purposes, the whole system of government by the six provincial councils, which he had no right to destroy.

I charge him with having delegated to others that power which the act of parlia-

ment had directed him to preserve unalienably in himself.

I charge him with having formed a [10] committee to be mere instruments and tools, at the enormous expenses of £62,000 per annum.

I charge him with having appointed a person their *dewan*, to whom these Englishmen were to be subservient tools; whose name, to his own knowledge, was by the general voice of India, by the general recorded voice of the Company, by recorded official transactions, by [20] everything that can make a man known, abhorred and detested, stamped with infamy; and with giving him the whole power which he had thus separated from the council-general and from the provincial councils.

I charge him with taking bribes of Gunga Govin Sing.

I charge him with not having done that bribe service which fidelity even in [30] iniquity requires at the hands of the worst of men.

I charge him with having robbed those people of whom he took the bribes.

I charge him with having fraudulently alienated the fortunes of widows.

I charge him with having, without right, title, or purchase, taken the lands of orphans, and given them to wicked persons under him. [40]

I charge him with having removed the natural guardians of a minor Rajah, and with having given that trust to a stranger, Debi Sing, whose wickedness was known to himself and all the world; and by whom the Rajah, his family, and dependants, were cruelly oppressed.

I charge him with having committed to the management of Debi Sing three great provinces; and thereby, with [50] having wasted the country, ruined the landed interest, cruelly harassed the peasants, burnt their houses, seized their crops, tortured and degraded their persons, and destroyed the honor of the whole female race of that country.

In the name of the Commons of England, I charge all this villany upon Warren Hastings, in this last moment of my application to you. [60]

My lords, what is it that we want here

to a great act of national justice? Do we want a cause, my lords? You have the cause of oppressed princes, of undone women of the first rank, of desolated provinces, and of wasted kingdoms.

Do you want a criminal, my lords? When was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one?—No, my lords, you must not look to punish any [70 other such delinquent from India.—Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish such another delinquent.

My lords, is it a prosecutor you want?—You have before you the Commons of Great Britain as prosecutors; and, I believe, my lords, that the sun in his beneficent progress round the world does not behold a more glorious sight than [80 that of men, separated from a remote people by the material bounds and barriers of nature, united by the bond of a social and moral community;—all the Commons of England resenting, as their own, the indignities and cruelties that are offered to all the people of India.

Do we want a tribunal? My lords, no example of antiquity, nothing in the modern world, nothing in the range of [90 human imagination, can supply us with a tribunal like this. My lords, here we see virtually in the mind's eye that sacred majesty of the Crown, under whose authority you sit, and whose power you exercise. We see in that invisible authority, what we all feel in reality and life, the beneficent powers and protecting justice of his Majesty. We have here the heir-apparent to the Crown, such as [100 the fond wishes of the people of England wish an heir-apparent of the Crown to be. We have here all the branches of the royal family in a situation between majesty and subjection, between the sovereign and the subject,—offering a pledge in that situation for the support of the rights of the Crown and the liberties of the people, both which extremities they touch. My lords, we have a great [110 hereditary peerage here; those who have their own honor, the honor of their ancestors, and of their posterity, to guard; and who will justify, as they have always justified, that provision in the constitu-

tion by which justice is made an hereditary office. My lords, we have here a new nobility, who have risen and exalted themselves by various merits, by great military services, which have ex- [120 tended the fame of this country from the rising to the setting sun: we have those who by various civil merits and various civil talents have been exalted to a situation which they well deserve, and in which they will justify the favor of their sovereign, and the good opinion of their fellow-subjects, and make them rejoice to see those virtuous characters, that were the other day upon a [130 level with them, now exalted above them in rank, but feeling with them in sympathy what they felt in common with them before. We have persons exalted from the practice of the law, from the place in which they administered high though subordinate justice, to a seat here, to enlighten with their knowledge and to strengthen with their votes those principles which have distinguished the [140 courts in which they have presided.

My lords, you have here also the lights of our religion; you have the bishops of England. My lords, you have that true image of the primitive church in its ancient form, in its ancient ordinances, purified from the superstitions and the vices which a long succession of ages will bring upon the best institutions. You have the representatives of that re- [150 ligion which says that their God is love, that the very vital spirit of their institution is charity; a religion which so much hates oppression, that when the God whom we adore appeared in human form, He did not appear in a form of greatness and majesty, but in sympathy with the lowest of the people,—and thereby made it a firm and ruling principle, that their welfare was the object of all [160 government; since the person, who was the Master of Nature, chose to appear Himself in a subordinate situation. These are the considerations which influence them, which animate them, and will animate them, against all oppression; knowing, that He who is called first among them, and first among us all, both of the flock that is fed and of those who

feed it, made Himself "the servant [170 of all."

My lords, these are the securities which we have in all the constituent parts of the body of this House. We know them, we reckon, we rest upon them, and commit safely the interests of India and of humanity into your hands. Therefore, it is with confidence that, ordered by the Commons,

I impeach Warren Hastings, Esq., [180 of high crimes and misdemeanors.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain in parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed.

I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonored.

I impeach him in the name of the people in India, whose laws, rights, and [190 liberties he has subverted, whose properties he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him in the name and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated.

I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, [200 and condition of life.

THE PERORATION

My lords, I have done; the part of the Commons is concluded. With a trembling solicitude we consign this product of our long, long labors to your charge. Take it!—take it! It is a sacred trust. Never before was a cause of such magnitude submitted to any human tribunal.

My lords, at this awful close, in the name of the Commons, and surrounded by them, I attest the retiring, I attest [10 the advancing generations, between which, as a link in the great chain of eternal order, we stand.—We call this nation, we call the world to witness, that the Commons have shrunk from no labor; that we have been guilty of no prevarication; that we have made no compromise with crime; that we have not feared any odium whatsoever, in the long warfare which

we have carried on with the crimes— [20 with the vices—with the exorbitant wealth—with the enormous and overpowering influence of Eastern corruption. This war, my lords, we have waged for twenty-two years, and the conflict has been fought at your lordships' bar for the last seven years. My lords, twenty-two years is a great space in the scale of the life of man; it is no inconsiderable space in the history of a great nation. [30 A business which has so long occupied the councils and the tribunals of Great Britain, cannot possibly be huddled over in the course of vulgar, trite, and transitory events. Nothing but some of those great revolutions that break the traditional chain of human memory, and alter the very face of nature itself, can possibly obscure it. My lords, we are all elevated to a degree of importance [40 by it; the meanest of us will, by means of it, more or less become the concern of posterity, if we are yet to hope for such a thing in the present state of the world as a recording, retrospective, civilized posterity; but this is in the hands of the great Disposer of events: it is not ours to settle how it shall be. My lords, your House yet stands; it stands as a great edifice; but let me say, that it stands [50 in the midst of ruins; in the midst of the ruins that have been made by the greatest moral earthquake that ever convulsed and shattered this globe of ours. My lords, it has pleased Providence to place us in such a state, that we appear every moment to be upon the verge of some great mutations. There is one thing, and one thing only, which defies all mutation; that which existed before the [60 world, and will survive the fabric of the world itself; I mean justice; that justice, which, emanating from the Divinity, has a place in the breast of every one of us, given us for our guide with regard to ourselves and with regard to others, and which will stand after this globe is burned to ashes, our advocate or our accuser before the great Judge, when He comes to call upon us for the tenor of a well- [70 spent life.

My lords, the Commons will share in every fate with your lordships; there is

nothing sinister which can happen to you, in which we shall not be involved; and if it should so happen that we shall be subjected to some of those frightful changes which we have seen—if it should happen that your lordships, stripped of all the decorous distinctions of human [80 society, should, by hands at once base and cruel, be led to those scaffolds and machines of murder, upon which great kings and glorious queens have shed their blood, amidst the prelates, amidst the nobles, amidst the magistrates who supported their thrones, may you in those moments feel that consolation which I am persuaded they felt in the critical moments of their dreadful agony! [90

My lords, there is a consolation, and a great consolation it is, which often happens to oppressed virtue and fallen dignity; it often happens that the very oppressors and persecutors themselves are forced to bear testimony in its favor. I do not like to go for instances a great way back into antiquity. I know very well that length of time operates so as to give an air of the fabulous to remote events, [100 which lessens the interest and weakens the application of examples. I wish to come nearer to the present time. Your lordships know and have heard, for which of us has not known and heard, of the parliament of Paris? The parliament of Paris had an origin very, very similar to that of the great court before which I stand; the parliament of Paris continued to have a great resemblance [110 to it in its constitution, even to its fall; the parliament of Paris, my lords, WAS; it is gone! It has passed away; it has vanished like a dream! It fell, pierced by the sword of the *Compte de Mirabeau*. And yet I will say that that man, at the time of his inflicting the death wound of that parliament, produced at once the shortest and the grandest funeral oration that ever was or could be made upon [120 the departure of a great court of magistracy. Though he had himself smarted under its lash, as every one knows who knows his history (and he was elevated to dreadful notoriety in history), yet when he pronounced the death sentence upon that parliament, and inflicted the mortal

wound, he declared that his motives for doing it were merely political, and that their hands were as pure as those of [130 justice itself, which they administered—a great and glorious exit, my lords, of a great and glorious body! And never was a eulogy pronounced upon a body more deserved. They were persons in nobility of rank, in amplitude of fortune, in weight of authority, in depth of learning, inferior to few of those that hear me. My lords, it was but the other day that they submitted their necks to the axe; but [140 their honor was unwounded. Their enemies, the persons who sentenced them to death, were lawyers, full of subtlety; they were enemies, full of malice; yet lawyers full of subtlety, and enemies full of malice, as they were, they did not dare to reproach them with having supported the wealthy, the great, and powerful, and of having oppressed the weak and feeble, in any of their judgments, or of having [150 perverted justice in any one instance whatever, through favor, through interest, or cabal.

My lords, if you must fall, may you so fall! But if you stand, and stand I trust you will, together with the fortune of this ancient monarchy—together with the ancient laws and liberties of this great and illustrious kingdom, may you stand as unimpeached in honor as in power; [160 may you stand not as a substitute for virtue, but as an ornament of virtue, as a security for virtue; may you stand long, and long stand the terror of tyrants; may you stand the refuge of afflicted nations; may you stand a sacred temple, for the perpetual residence of an inviolable justice.

*From REFLECTIONS ON THE
REVOLUTION IN FRANCE*

THE RIGHTS OF MEN

Far am I from denying in theory, full as far is my heart from withholding in practice (if I were of power to give or to withhold), the *real* rights of men. In denying their false claims of right, I do not mean to injure those which are real, and are such as their pretended rights would totally destroy. If civil society

be made for the advantage of man, all the advantages for which it is made [10 become his right. It is an institution of beneficence; and law itself is only beneficence acting by a rule. Men have a right to live by that rule; they have a right to do justice, as between their fellows, whether their fellows are in public function or in ordinary occupation. They have a right to the fruits of their industry; and to the means of making their industry fruitful. They have a right to the [20 acquisitions of their parents; to the nourishment and improvement of their offspring; to instruction in life, and to consolation in death. Whatever each man can separately do, without trespassing upon others, he has a right to do for himself; and he has a right to a fair portion of all which society, with all its combinations of skill and force, can do in his favor. In this partnership all men [30 have equal rights; but not to equal things. He that has but five shillings in the partnership, has as good a right to it, as he that has five hundred pounds has to his larger proportion. But he has not a right to an equal dividend in the product of the joint stock; and as to the share of power, authority, and direction which each individual ought to have in the management of the state, that I must [40 deny to be amongst the direct original rights of man in civil society; for I have in my contemplation the civil social man, and no other. It is a thing to be settled by convention.

If civil society be the offspring of convention, that convention must be its law. That convention must limit and modify all the descriptions of constitution which are formed under it. Every sort of [50 legislative, judicial, or executory power are its creatures. They can have no being in any other state of things; and how can any man claim under the conventions of civil society, rights which do not so much as suppose its existence? rights which are absolutely repugnant to it? One of the first motives to civil society, and which becomes one of its fundamental rules, is, *that no man should* [60 *be judge in his own cause*. By this each person has at once divested himself of

the first fundamental right of unconvenanted man, that is, to judge for himself, and to assert his own cause. He abdicates all right to be his own governor. He inclusively, in a great measure, abandons the right of self-defence, the first law of nature. Men cannot enjoy the rights of an uncivil and of a civil state together. [70 That he may obtain justice, he gives up his right of determining what it is in points the most essential to him. That he may secure some liberty, he makes a surrender in trust of the whole of it.

Government is not made in virtue of natural rights, which may and do exist in total independence of it; and exist in much greater clearness, and in a much greater degree of abstract perfection; [80 but their abstract perfection is their practical defect. By having a right to everything they want everything. Government is a contrivance of human wisdom to provide for human *wants*. Men have a right that these wants should be provided for by this wisdom. Among these wants is to be reckoned the want, out of civil society, of a sufficient restraint upon their passions. Society requires not [90 only that the passions of individuals should be subjected, but that even in the mass and body, as well as in the individuals, the inclinations of men should frequently be thwarted, their will controlled, and their passions brought into subjection. This can only be done *by a power out of themselves*; and not, in the exercise of its function, subject to that will and to those passions which it is [100 its office to bridle and subdue. In this sense the restraints on men, as well as their liberties, are to be reckoned amongst their rights. But as the liberties and the restrictions vary with times and circumstances, and admit of infinite modifications, they cannot be settled upon any abstract rule; and nothing is so foolish as to discuss them upon that principle.

The moment you abate anything [110 from the full rights of men, each to govern himself, and suffer any artificial, positive limitation upon those rights, from that moment the whole organization of government becomes a consideration of convenience. This it is which makes the

constitution of a state, and the due distribution of its powers, a matter of the most delicate and complicated skill. It requires a deep knowledge of human [120 nature and human necessities, and of the things which facilitate or obstruct the various ends, which are to be pursued by the mechanism of civil institutions. The state is to have recruits to its strength, and remedies to its distempers. What is the use of discussing a man's abstract right to food or medicine? The question is upon the method of procuring and administering them. In that delibera- [130 tion I shall always advise to call in the aid of the farmer and the physician, rather than the professor of metaphysics.

The science of constructing a commonwealth, or renovating it, or reforming it, is, like every other experimental science, not to be taught *a priori*. Nor is it a short experience that can instruct us in that practical science; because the real effects of moral causes are not always [140 immediate; but that which in the first instance is prejudicial may be excellent in its remoter operation; and its excellence may arise even from the ill effects it produces in the beginning. The reverse also happens: and very plausible schemes, with very pleasing commencements, have often shameful and lamentable conclusions. In states there are often some obscure and almost latent causes, [150 things which appear at first view of little moment, on which a very great part of its prosperity or adversity may most essentially depend. The science of government being therefore so practical in itself, and intended for such practical purposes, a matter which requires experience, and even more experience than any person can gain in his whole life, however sagacious and observing he may be, it is [160 with infinite caution that any man ought to venture upon pulling down an edifice, which has answered in any tolerable degree for ages the common purposes of society, or on building it up again, without having models and patterns of approved utility before his eyes.

These metaphysic rights entering into common life, like rays of light which pierce into a dense medium, are, by [170

the laws of nature, refracted from their straight line. Indeed in the gross and complicated mass of human passions and concerns, the primitive rights of men undergo such a variety of refractions and reflections, that it becomes absurd to talk of them as if they continued in the simplicity of their original direction. The nature of man is intricate; the objects of society are of the greatest [180 possible complexity: and therefore no simple disposition or direction of power can be suitable either to man's nature, or to the quality of his affairs. When I hear the simplicity of contrivance aimed at and boasted of in any new political constitutions, I am at no loss to decide that the artificers are grossly ignorant of their trade, or totally negligent of their duty. The simple governments are [190 fundamentally defective, to say no worse of them. If you were to contemplate society in but one point of view, all the simple modes of polity are infinitely captivating. In effect each would answer its single end much more perfectly than the more complex is able to attain all its complex purposes. But it is better that the whole should be imperfectly and anomalously answered, than that, [200 while some parts are provided for with great exactness, others might be totally neglected, or perhaps materially injured, by the over-care of a favorite member.

The pretended rights of these theorists are all extremes: and in proportion as they are metaphysically true, they are morally and politically false. The rights of men are in a sort of *middle*, incapable of [210 definition, but not impossible to be discerned. The rights of men in governments are their advantages; and these are often in balances between differences of good; in compromises sometimes between good and evil, and sometimes between evil and evil. Political reason is a computing principle; adding, subtracting, multiplying, and dividing, morally and not metaphysically, or mathematic- [220 ally, true moral denominations.

By these theorists the right of the people is almost always sophistically confounded with their power. The body of

the community, whenever it can come to act, can meet with no effectual resistance; but till power and right are the same, the whole body of them has no right inconsistent with virtue, and the first of all virtues, prudence. Men have no [230 right to what is not reasonable, and to what is not for their benefit; for though a pleasant writer said, *Liceat perire poetis*, when one of them, in cold blood, is said to have leaped into the flames of a volcanic revolution, *Ardentem frigidus Ætnam insiluit*, I consider such a frolic rather as an unjustifiable poetic license, than as one of the franchises of Parnassus; and whether he were poet, or divine, or [240 politician, that chose to exercise this kind of right, I think that more wise, because more charitable, thoughts would urge me rather to save the man, than to preserve his brazen slippers as the monuments of his folly.

THE PRECURSORS OF ROMANTICISM

ALLAN RAMSAY (1686-1758)

PEGGY

My Peggy is a young thing,
Just entered in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay;
My Peggy is a young thing, 5
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wauking¹ of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly
Whene'er we meet alane, 10
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare;
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave² I'm cauld,
But she gars³ a' my spirits glow 15
At wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown; 20

¹ watching.

² rest.

³ makes.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld,
And naething gives me sic⁴ delight
As wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly 25
When on my pipe I play,
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest, that she sings best;
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tauld 30
With innocence the wale⁵ of sense,
At wauking of the fauld.

THE LASS WITH A LUMP OF LAND

Gi'e me a lass with a lump of land,
And we for life shall gang thegither;
Though daft⁶ or wise I'll never demand,
Or black or fair it maks na whether.
I'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade, 5
And blood alane is no worth a shilling;
But she that's rich, her market's made,
For ilka' charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a lass with a lump of land,
And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure; 10
Gin I had anes⁸ her gear⁹ in my hand,
Should love turn dowf,¹⁰ it will find
pleasure.
Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,
I hate with poortith,¹¹ though bonny, to
meddle;
Unless they bring cash or a lump of land, 15
They'se never get me to dance to their
fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands and
bags,
And siller and gowd's¹² a sweet com-
plexion;
But beauty, and wit, and virtue in rags,
Have tint¹³ the art of gaining affection. 20
Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
And castles, and riggs,¹⁴ and moors, and
meadows;
And naithing can catch our modern
sparks,
But well-tochered¹⁵ lasses or jointured
widows.

⁴ such. ⁸ choice. ⁶ foolish. ⁷ every. ⁸ once.

⁹ property. ¹⁰ mournful. ¹¹ poverty. ¹² gold. ¹³ lost.

¹⁴ ridge, a measure of land. ¹⁵ well-dowered.

JAMES THOMSON (1700-1748)

THE SEASONS

From WINTER

Through the hushed air the whitening
 shower descends,
 At first thin-wavering, till at last the
 flakes 230
 Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming
 the day
 With a continual flow. The cherished
 fields
 Put on their winter robe of purest white:
 'T is brightness all, save where the new
 snow melts
 Along the mazy current. Low the woods
 Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid
 sun 236
 Faint from the west emits his evening
 ray,
 Earth's universal face, deep-hid and chill,
 Is one wide dazzling waste, that buries
 wide
 The works of man. Drooping, the labor-
 er-ox 240
 Stands covered o'er with snow, and then
 demands
 The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of
 heaven,
 Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
 The winnowing store, and claim the little
 boon
 Which Providence assigns them. One
 alone, 245
 The redbreast, sacred to the household
 gods,
 Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
 In joyless fields and thorny thickets
 leaves
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted
 man
 His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first 250
 Against the window beats; then, brisk,
 alights
 On the warm hearth; then hopping o'er
 the floor,
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where
 he is;
 Till more familiar grown, the table-
 crumbs 255

Attract his slender feet. The foodless
 wilds
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The
 hare,
 Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
 By death in various forms, dark snares and
 dogs,
 And more unpitying men, the garden
 seeks, 260
 Urged on by fearless want. The bleating
 kind
 Eye the bleak heaven, and next, the glis-
 tening earth,
 With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dis-
 persed,
 Dig for the withered herb through heaps
 of snow.

* * * * *

As thus the snows arise, and foul and
 fierce 276
 All winter drives along the darkened air,
 In his own loose-revolving fields the swain
 Disastered stands; sees other hills ascend,
 Of unknown joyless brow, and other
 scenes, 280
 Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless
 plain;
 Nor finds the river nor the forest, hid
 Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
 From hill to dale, still more and more
 astray,
 Impatient flouncing through the drifted
 heaps, 285
 Stung with the thoughts of home; the
 thoughts of home
 Rush on his nerves, and call their vigor
 forth
 In many a vain attempt. How sinks his
 soul!
 What black despair, what horror, fills his
 heart!
 When for the dusky spot which fancy
 feigned, 290
 His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
 He meets the roughness of the middle
 waste,
 Far from the track and blessed abode of
 man;
 While round him night resistless closes
 fast,
 And every tempest howling o'er his
 head, 295
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild.

Then throng the busy shapes into his
mind,
Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge, 300
Smoothed up with snow; and what is land
unknown,
What water of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom
boils.
These check his fearful steps, and down he
sinks 305
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mixed with the tender anguish nature
shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying
man,
His wife, his children, and his friends, un-
seen. 310
In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair blazing, and the vestment
warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire
With tears of artless innocence. Alas! 315
Nor wife nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every
nerve,
The deadly winter seizes, shuts up sense,
And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows a stiffened
corse, 320
Stretched out, and bleaching in the north-
ern blast.

From SUMMER

Rushing thence, in one diffusive band, 371
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a
dog
Compelled, to where the mazy-running
brook
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and
high,
And that, fair-spreading in a pebbled
shore. 375
Urged to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamor much, of men, and boys, and
dogs,
Ere the soft, fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly sides. And oft the
swain,

On some impatient seizing, hurls them in:
Emboldened then, nor hesitating more, 381
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing
wave,
And, panting, labor to the farther shore.
Repeated this, till deep the well-washed
fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively
haunt 385
The trout is banished by the sordid stream;
Heavy and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmless race; where, as
they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Inly disturbed, and wondering what this
wild 390
Outrageous tumult means, their loud
complaints
The country fill—and, tossed from rock
to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
At last, of snowy white, the gathered
flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerable pressed,
Head above head; and ranged in lusty
rows 396
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding
shears.
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy
stores,
With all her gay-dressed maids attending
round.
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthroned,
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen,
and rays 401
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shep-
herd-king;
While the glad circle round them yield
their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no
gall.
Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace:
Some mingling stir the melted tar, and
some, 406
Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving
side,
To stamp his master's cipher ready stand;
Others the unwilling wether drag along;
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy
Holds by the twisted horns the indignant
ram. 411
Behold where bound, and of its robe
bereft,
By needy man, that all-depending lord,

How meek, how patient, the mild creature
lies!
What softness in its melancholy face, 415
What dumb complaining innocence ap-
pears!
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the
knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you waved;
No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided
shears,
Who having now, to pay his annual
care, 420
Borrowed your fleece, to you a cumbrous
load,
Will send you bounding to your hills
again.

From THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side, 10
With woody hill o'er hill encompassed
round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere
found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;
And there a season between June and
May, 15
Half prankt¹ with spring, with summer
half imbrowned,
A listless climate made, where, sooth
to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared
even for play.

Was nought around but images of rest:
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns
between; 20
And flowery beds, that slumbrous in-
fluence kest,²
From poppies breathed; and beds of
pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature
seen.
Meantime unnumbered glittering stream-
lets played,
And hurled everywhere their waters
sheen; 25
That, as they bickered through the
sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling
murmur made.

¹ adorned.

² cast.

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the
vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the dis-
tant hills, 30
And vacant³ shepherds piping in the
dale:
And now and then sweet Philomel would
wail,
Or stock-doves plain amid the forest
deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep:
Yet all the sounds yb lent⁴ inclinèd all to
sleep. 36

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood;
Where nought but shadowy forms were
seen to move,
As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood:
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and
fro, 42
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the
blood;
And where this valley winded out below,
The murmuring main was heard, and
scarcely heard, to flow. 45

A pleasing land of drowsy-head⁵ it was:
Of dreams that wave before the half-
shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that
pass,
Forever flushing round a summer-sky.
There eke⁶ the soft delights, that
witchingly 50
Instil a wanton sweetness through the
breast,
And the calm pleasures, always hov-
ered nigh;
But whate'er smackt of noyance,⁷ or
unrest,
Was far, far off expelled from this de-
licious nest.

The landscape such, inspiring perfect
ease, 55
Where Indolence (for so the wizard
hight)
Close-hid his castle mid embowering
trees,

³ care-free. ⁴ mingled. ⁵ sleepiness. ⁶ also. ⁷ annoyance.

That half shut out the beams of Phœbus
bright,
And made a kind of checkered day and
night.
Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy
gate, 60
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked
wight¹
Was placed; and to his lute, of cruel
fate
And labor harsh, complained, lamenting
man's estate.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
From all the roads of earth that pass
there by: 65
For, as they chanced to breathe on
neighboring hill,
The freshness of this valley smote their
eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh;
Till clustering round the enchanter
false they hung,
Ymolten with his syren melody; 70
While o'er the enfeebling lute his hand
he flung,
And to the trembling chords these tempt-
ing verses sung

"Behold! ye pilgrims of this earth,
behold!
See all but man with unearned pleasure
gay:
See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
Broke from her wintry tomb in prime
of May! 76
What youthful bride can equal her
array?
Who can with her for easy pleasure vie?
From mead to mead with gentle wing
to stray,
From flower to flower on balmy gales to
fly, 80
Is all she has to do beneath the radiant
sky."

RULE, BRITANNIA

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang this strain:
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves! 5
Britons never will be slaves!

¹ person.

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all. 10
Rule, Britannia, etc.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak. 15
Rule, Britannia, etc.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe and thy renown. 20
Rule, Britannia, etc.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine. 25
Rule, Britannia, etc.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest isle, with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair! 30
Rule, Britannia, etc.

EDWARD YOUNG (1681-1765)

NIGHT THOUGHTS

From NIGHT THE FIRST

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy
Sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he
forsakes:
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear. 5
From short (as usual) and disturbed re-
pose
I wake: how happy they who wake no
more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the
grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wrecked despond-
ing thought 10

From wave to wave of fancied misery
At random drove, her helm of reason lost.
Though now restored, 'tis only change of
pain—

A bitter change!—severer for severe:
The day too short for my distress; and
night, 15
Even in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the color of my fate.

Night, sable goddess, from her ebon
throne,

In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden scepter o'er a slumbering world.
Silence how dead! and darkness how pro-
found! 21

Nor eye nor listening ear an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a
pause;

An awful pause! prophetic of her end. 25
And let her prophecy be soon fulfilled:
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no
more.

Silence and Darkness! solemn sisters!
twins

From ancient Night, who nurse the
tender thought

To reason, and on reason build resolve—
That column of true majesty in man— 31
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave, your kingdom; there this frame
shall fall

A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye? Thou who didst put to
flight 35

Primeval Silence, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
O Thou! whose word from solid darkness
struck

That spark, the sun, strike wisdom from
my soul;

My soul which flies to thee, her trust, her
treasure, 40

As misers to their gold, while others rest.
Through this opaque of nature and of
soul,

This double night, transmit one pitying
ray

To lighten and to cheer. Oh, lead my
mind—

A mind that fain would wander from its
woe— 45

Lead it through various scenes of life and
death,

And from each scene the noblest truths
inspire.

Nor less inspire my conduct than my song;
Teach my best reason, reason; my best
will

Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve 50
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear.
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance,
poured

On this devoted head, be poured in vain.

* * * * *

How poor, how rich, how abject, how
august,

How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder He who made him
such!

Who centered in our make such strange
extremes, 70

From different natures marvellously mixed,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds,
Distinguished link in being's endless chain,
Midway from nothing to the Deity!

A beam ethereal, sullied and absorbed, 75
Though sullied and dishonored, still divine,
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!

An heir of glory, a frail child of dust,
Helpless immortal, insect infinite,

A worm, a god!—I tremble at myself, 80
And in myself am lost, at home a stranger.

Thought wanders up and down, surprised,
aghast,

And wondering at her own; how reason
reels!

Oh, what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly distressed! What joy, what
dread, 85

Alternately transported and alarmed!
What can preserve my life, or what de-
stroy?

An angel's arm can't snatch me from the
grave;

Legions of angels can't confine me there.

ROBERT BLAIR (1699–1746)

From THE GRAVE

While some affect the sun, and some the
shade,

Some flee the city, some the hermitage,
Their aims as various as the roads they
take

In journeying through life, the task be
mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb; 5
The appointed place of rendezvous, where
all
These travellers meet. Thy succors I
implore,
Eternal King! whose potent arm sustains
The keys of hell and death.—The Grave,
dread thing!
Men shiver when thou'rt named: nature,
appalled, 10
Shakes off her wonted firmness.—Ah, how
dark
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful
wastes!
Where nought but silence reigns, and
night, dark night,
Dark as was chaos, ere the infant sun
Was rolled together, or had tried his beams
Athwart the gloom profound.—The sickly
taper 16
By glimmering through thy low-browed
misty vaults,
Furred round with mouldy damps and
ropy slime,
Lest fall a supernumerary horror,
And only serves to make thy night more
irksome. 20
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to
dwell
Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and
worms:
Where light-heeled ghosts, and visionary
shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame re-
ports) 25
Embodied, thick, perform their mystic
rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.
See yonder hallowed fane;—the pious
work
Of names once famed, now dubious or
forgot,
And buried midst the wreck of things
which were; 30
There lie interred the more illustrious
dead.
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Me-
thinks
Till now I never heard a sound so dreary:
Doors creak, and windows clap, and
night's fowl bird,

Rooked¹ in the spire, screams loud: the
gloomy aisles, 35
Black-plastered, and hung round with
shreds of 'scutcheons
And tattered coats of arms, send back the
sound
Laden with heavier airs, from the low
vaults,
The mansions of the dead.—Roused from
their slumbers,
In grim array the grisly spectres rise, 40
Grin horrible, and, obstinately sullen,
Pass and repass, hushed as the foot of
night.
Again the screech-owl shrieks: ungracious
sound!
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood
run chill.
Quite round the pile, a row of reverend
elms, 45
(Coeval near with that) all ragged show,
Long lashed by the rude winds. Some
rift half down
Their branchless trunks; others so thin
a-top,
That scarce two crows could lodge in the
same tree.
Strange things, the neighbors say, have
happened here: 50
Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow
tombs;
Dead men have come again, and walked
about;
And the great bell has tolled, unring, un-
touched.
(Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossip-
ing,
When it draws near the witching time of
night.) 55
Oft in the lone church-yard at night I've
seen,
By glimpse of moonshine chequering
through the trees,
The school-boy, with his satchel in his
hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat
stones, 60
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'er-
grown.)
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he
hears,

¹ cowering.

The sound of something purring at his
heels;
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind
him, 65
Till out of breath he overtakes his fel-
lows;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his
stand
O'er some new-opened grave; and (strange
to tell!) 70
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

WILLIAM COLLINS (1721-1769)

**A SONG FROM SHAKESPEARE'S
CYMBELINE**

*Sung by Guiderus and Arrivagus over Fidele,
supposed to be dead*

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear, 5
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew; 10
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gathered flow'rs, 15
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell,
Or midst the chase on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall
dwell, 20

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed:
Beloved till life could charm no more;
And mourned till Pity's self be dead.

ODE

**WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING OF
THE YEAR 1746**

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod 5
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay; 10
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

ODE TO EVENING

If ought of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest
ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs and dying gales,

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-
haired sun 5
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy
skirts,
With brede¹ ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-
eyed bat,
With short shrill shriek, flits by on leathern
wing, 10
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid composed, 15
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy
darkening vale
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return! 20

¹ embroidery.

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and elves
Who slept in flowers the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her
brows with sedge, 25
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier
still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then lead, calm votaress, where some
sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-
hallowed pile 30
Or upland fallows gray
Reflect its last cool gleam.

But when chill blustering winds, or driv-
ing rain,
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the
hut
That from the mountain's side 35
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered
spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er
all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil. 40

While Spring shall pour his showers, as
oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest
Eve;
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with
leaves; 45
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous
air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, sure-found beneath the sylvan
shed,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-
lipped Health, 50
Thy gentlest influence own,
And hymn thy favorite name!

THE PASSIONS

AN ODE FOR MUSIC

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting, 5
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined:
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired, 10
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of sound;
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for madness ruled the hour, 15
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
Ev'n at the sound himself had made. 20

Next Anger rushed; his eyes, on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the
strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair 25
Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delightful measure? 30
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance
hail!

Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the
vale,
She called on Echo still through all the
song; 35
And where her sweetest theme she
chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every
close,
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved
her golden hair.

And longer had she sung,—but with a frown

Revenge impatient rose; 40
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down

And with a withering look
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe. 45

And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied, 50
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed,
Sad proof of thy distressful state;
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed, 55
And now it courted Love, now raving called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sate retired,
And from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet, 60
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul:

And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole;

Or o'er some haunted stream with fond delay 65

Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But oh, how altered was its sprightlier tone,

When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue, 70

Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,

The hunter's call, to faun and dryad known!

The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen, 75

Satyrs, and sylvan boys, were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leaped up, and seized his beachen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial. 80
He, with viny crown advancing,

First to the lively pipe his hand addressed;

But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,

Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.

They would have thought, who heard the strain, 85

They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids

Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,

While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,

Loved framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round; 90

Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,

And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,

Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

O Music, sphere-descended maid, 95

Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid,
Why, goddess, why, to us denied,

Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that loved Athenian bower

You learned an all-commanding power, 100
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared,

Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,

Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
Arise as in that elder time, 105

Warm, energetic,¹ chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,

Fill thy recording sister's page.—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,

Thy humblest reed could more prevail, 110
Had more of strength, diviner rage,

Than all which charms this laggard age,
Ev'n all at once together found,

Cecilia's mingled world of sound.

¹ energetic.

O bid our vain endeavors cease, 115
Revive the just designs of Greece,
Return in all thy simple state,
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

THOMAS GRAY (1716-1771)

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF
ETON COLLEGE

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy Shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow 5
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers
among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way: 10

Ah, happy hills, ah, pleasing shade,
Ah, fields beloved in vain,
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales, that from ye blow, 15
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring. 20

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave 25
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball? 30

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmur'ing labors ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty;
Some bold adventurers disdain 35
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:

Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy. 40

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possessed;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue, 45
Wild wit, invention ever-new,
And lively cheer of vigor born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn. 50

Alas, regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see how all around 'em wait 55
The Ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey the murth'rous band!
Ah, tell them, they are men! 60

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth, 65
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged, comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart. 70

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falshood those shall try, 75
And hard Unkindness' altered eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe. 80

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A griesly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their Queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins, 85

That every laboring sinew strains,
 Those in the deeper vitals rage;
 Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,
 And slow-consuming Age. 90

To each his sufferings: all are men,
 Condemned alike to groan,
 The tender for another's pain,
 The unfeeling for his own.
 Yet ah! why should they know their
 fate?
 Since sorrow never comes too late, 96
 And happiness too swiftly flies.
 Thought would destroy their paradise.
 No more; where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise. 100

ELEGY
 WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY
 CHURCHYARD

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the
 lea,
 The plowman homeward plods his weary
 way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to
 me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on
 the sight, 5
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning
 flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant
 folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
 The moping owl does to the moon com-
 plain 10
 Of such, as wandering near her secret
 bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-
 tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould-
 ering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid, 15
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet
 sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw-
 built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing
 horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their
 lowly bed. 20

For them no more the blazing hearth shall
 burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to
 share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield, 25
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe
 has broke;
 How jocund did they drive their team
 afield!
 How bowed the woods beneath their
 sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny ob-
 scure; 30
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful
 smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth
 e'er gave,
 Awaits alike the inevitable hour. 35
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the
 fault,
 If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies
 raise,
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and
 fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of
 praise. 40

Can storied¹ urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting
 breath?
 Can Honor's voice provoke the silent
 dust,
 Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of
 Death?

¹ pictured.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid 45
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial
 fire;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have
 swayed,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample
 page
 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er
 unroll; 50
 Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean
 bear:
 Full many a flower is born to blush un-
 seen, 55
 And waste its sweetness on the desert
 air.

Some village Hampden, that with daunt-
 less breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may
 rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's
 blood. 60

The applause of listening senates to com-
 mand,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's
 eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed
 alone 65
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes
 confined;
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a
 throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on man-
 kind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth
 to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous
 shame, 70
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's
 flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble
 strife,
 Their sober wishes never learned to
 stray;
 Along the cool sequestered vale of life 75
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their
 way.

Yet even these bones from insult to pro-
 tect,
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculp-
 ture decked,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh. 80

Their name, their years, spelt by the un-
 lettered muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply;
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey, 85
 This pleasing anxious being e'er re-
 signed,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful
 day,
 Nor cast one longing lingering look
 behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul re-
 lies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye re-
 quires; 90
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature
 cries,
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of the unhonored
 dead
 Dost in these lines their artless tale re-
 late;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led, 95
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy
 fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may
 say,
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of
 dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews
 away
 To meet the sun upon the upland
 lawn. 100

"There at the foot of yonder nodding
 beech
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so
 high,
 His listless length at noontide would he
 stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles
 by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in
 scorn, 105
 Muttering his wayward fancies he
 would rove,
 Now drooping, woeful wan, like one for-
 lorn,
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hope-
 less love.

"One morn I missed him on the custom'd
 hill,
 Along the heath and near his favorite
 tree; 110
 Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was
 he;

"The next with dirges due in sad array
 Slow through the church-way path we
 saw him borne.
 Approach and read (for thou can'st read)
 the lay, 115
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged
 thorn."

THE EPITAPH

*Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown.
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble
 birth,
 And Melancholy marked him for her
 own. 120*

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
 He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
 He gained from Heaven ('twas all he
 wished) a friend.*

*No farther seek his merits to disclose, 125
 Or draw his frailties from their dread
 abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.*

THE PROGRESS OF POESY

A PINDARIC ODE

I

The Strophe

Awake, Æolian lyre, awake,
 And give to rapture all thy trembling
 strings.
 From Helicon's harmonious springs
 A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
 The laughing flowers, that round them
 blow, 5
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
 Now the rich stream of music winds along
 Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
 Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden
 reign:
 Now rolling down the steep amain, 10
 Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
 The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to
 the roar.

The Antistrophe

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
 Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares 15
 And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.
 On Thracia's hills the Lord of War,
 Has curbed the fury of his car,
 And dropped his thirsty lance at thy
 command.
 Perching on the scepter'd hand 20
 Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king
 With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
 Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie
 The terror of his beak, and lightnings of
 his eye.

The Epode

Thee the voice, the dance, obey, 25
 Tempered to thy warbled lay.
 O'er Idalia's velvet-green
 The rosy-crown'd Loves are seen
 On Cytherea's day
 With antic Sports, and blue-eyed Pleas-
 ures, 30
 Frisking light in frolic measures;
 Now pursuing, now retreating,
 Now in circling troops they meet:
 To brisk notes in cadence beating
 Glance their many-twinkling feet. 35

Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:

Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay.
With arms sublime,¹ that float upon the air,

In gliding state she wins her easy way:

O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move 40

The bloom of young desire, and purple light of love.

II

The Strophe

Man's feeble race what ills await,
Labor, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate! 45

The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.

Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?

Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky: 51

Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

The Antistrophe

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam, 55
The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom,
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat 60

In loose numbers wildly sweet
Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves.

Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
The unconquerable mind, and Freedom's holy flame. 65

The Epode

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown the Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves

¹ uplifted.

In lingering labyrinths creep, 70
How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of Anguish?

Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathed around:

Every shade and hallowed fountain 75
Murmured deep a solemn sound:

Till the sad Nine in Greece's evil hour
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.

Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-Power,

And coward Vice, that revels in her chains. 80

When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, O Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III

The Strophe

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,

What time, where lucid Avon strayed, 85
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child

Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.
This pencil take (she said) whose colors clear

Richly paint the vernal year: 90
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!

This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

The Antistrophe

Nor second he, that rode sublime 95
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of the Abyss to spy.

He passed the flaming bounds of place and time:

The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble, while they gaze, 100

He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.

Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,

Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race, 105

With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.

The Epode

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
 Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er
 Scatters from her pictured urn
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that
 burn. 110
 But ah! 'tis heard no more—
 O Lyre divine, what daring spirit
 Wakes thee now? though he inherit
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
 That the Theban Eagle bear 115
 Sailing with supreme dominion
 Through the azure deep of air:
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
 Such forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray
 With orient hues, unborrowed of the
 Sun: 120
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant
 way
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
 Beneath the good how far—but far above
 the great.

THE BARD

A PINDARIC ODE

I

The Strophe

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
 Confusion on thy banners wait,
 Though fanned by Conquest's crimson
 wing
 They mock the air with idle state.
 Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail, 5
 Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
 To save thy secret soul from nightly
 fears,
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's
 tears!"
 Such were the sounds, that o'er the
 crested pride
 Of the first Edward scattered wild dis-
 may, 10
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy
 side
 He wound with toilsome march his long
 array.
 Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless
 trance;
 "To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couched
 his quivering lance.

The Antistrophe

On a rock, whose haughty brow 15
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the Poet stood;
 (Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled
 air) 20
 And with a master's hand, and prophet's
 fire,
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre:
 "Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert
 cave,
 Sighs to the torrent's awful voice be-
 neath!
 O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms
 they wave, 25
 Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs
 breathe;
 Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
 To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewel-
 lyn's lay.

The Epode

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
 That hushed the stormy main; 30
 Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
 Mountains, ye mourn in vain
 Modred, whose magic song
 Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-
 topped head.
 On dreary Arvon's shore they lie, 35
 Smeared with gore, and ghastly pale:
 Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail;
 The famished eagle screams, and passes by.
 Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 Dear, as the light that visits these sad
 eyes, 40
 Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my
 heart,
 Ye died amidst your dying country's
 cries—
 No more I weep. They do not sleep.
 On yonder cliffs, a griesly band,
 I see them sit, they linger yet, 45
 Avengers of their native land:
 With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 And weave with bloody hands the tissue of
 thy line:—

II

The Strophe

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 The winding sheet of Edward's race. 50

Give ample room, and verge enough
 The characters of hell to trace.
 Mark the year, and mark the night,
 When Severn shall re-echo with affright
 The shrieks of death, through Berkley's
 roofs that ring, 55
 Shrieks of an agonising king!
 She-Wolf of France, with unrelenting
 fangs,
 That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled
 mate,
 From thee be born, who o'er thy country
 hangs
 The scourge of Heaven. What terrors
 round him wait! 60
 Amazement in his van, with flight com-
 bined,
 And sorrow's faded form, and solitude
 behind.

The Antistrophe

"Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
 Low on his funeral couch he lies!
 No pitying heart, no eye, afford 65
 A tear to grace his obsequies.
 Is the sable warrior fled?
 Thy son is gone. He rests among the
 dead.
 The swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam
 were born?
 Gone to salute the rising morn. 70
 Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr
 blows,
 While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
 In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
 Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the
 helm;
 Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's
 sway, 75
 That, hushed in grim repose, expects his
 evening prey.

The Epode

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,
 The rich repast prepare;
 Reft of a crown, he yet may share the
 feast.
 Close by the regal chair 80
 Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
 Heard ye the din of battle bray,
 Lance to lance and horse to horse?
 Long years of havoc urge their destined
 course, 85

And through the kindred squadrons mow
 their way.
 Ye Towers of Julius, London's lasting
 shame,
 With many a foul and midnight murder
 fed,
 Revere his consort's faith, his father's
 fame,
 And spare the meek usurper's holy head. 90
 Above, below, the rose of snow,
 Twined with her blushing foe, we spread:
 The bristled Boar in infant-gore
 Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed
 loom 95
 Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify
 his doom.

III

The Strophe

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
 (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
 Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 (The web is wove. The work is done.)'—
 Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn 101
 Leave me unblessed, unpitied, here to
 mourn!
 In yon bright track, that fires the western
 skies,
 They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 But oh! what solemn scenes on Snow-
 don's height 105
 Descending slow their glittering skirts
 unroll?
 Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
 Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
 No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
 All-hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's
 issue, hail! 110

The Antistrophe

"Girt with many a baron bold
 Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
 And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
 In bearded majesty, appear.
 In the midst a form divine! 115
 Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
 Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
 Attempered sweet to virgin-grace.
 What strings symphonious tremble in the
 air,
 What strains of vocal transport round her
 play! 120

Hear from the grave, great Taliessin,
hear;
They breathe a soul to animate thy
clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she
sings,
Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-
colored wings.

The Epode

"The verse adorn again 125
Fierce War, and faithful Love,
And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.
In buskined measures move
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, Tyrant of the throbbing
breast. 130

A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear;
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
That lost in long futurity expire.

Fond¹ impious man, think'st thou, yon
sanguine cloud, 135
Raised by thy breath, has quenched the
orb of day?

To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled
ray.

Enough for me: with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign. 140
Be thine Despair, and sceptered Care,
To triumph, and to die, are mine."—

He spoke, and headlong from the
mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to
endless night.

THE FATAL SISTERS

AN ODE
FROM THE NORSE TONGUE

Now the storm begins to lower,
(Haste, the loom of hell prepare,)
Iron-sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darkened air.

Glittering lances are the loom, 5
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

¹ foolish.

See the griesly texture grow!
('Tis of human entrails made,) 10
And the weights, that play below,
Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along.
Sword, that once a monarch bore, 15
Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista black, terrific maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda, see,
Join the wayward work to aid:
'Tis the woof of victory. 20

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war.) 25
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading through the ensanguined field: 30
Gondula, and Geira, spread
O'er the youthful king your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to spare:
Spite of danger he shall live. 35
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert-beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain. 40

Low the dauntless earl is laid,
Gored with many a gaping wound:
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a king shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin weep, 45
Ne'er again his likeness see;
Long her strains in sorrow steep,
Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun. 50
Sisters, weave the web of death;
Sisters, cease, the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph sing!
Joy to the victorious bands; 55
Triumph to the younger king.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenor of our song.
Scotland, through each winding vale
Far and wide the notes prolong. 60

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed:
Each her thundering falchion wield;
Each bestride her sable steed.
Hurry, hurry to the field.

SKETCH OF HIS OWN CHARACTER

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to
importune;
He had not the method of making a
fortune;
Could love, and could hate, so was thought
somewhat odd;
No very great wit, he believed in a God.
A place or a pension he did not desire, 5
But left church and state to Charles
Townshend and Squire.

LETTERS

TO MRS. DOROTHY GRAY

LYONS, *October 13, 1739.*

. . . It is a fortnight since we set out from hence upon a little excursion to Geneva. We took the longest road, which lies through Savoy, on purpose to see a famous monastery, called the Grand Chartreuse, and had no reason to think our time lost. After having travelled seven days very slow (for we did not change horses, it being impossible for a chaise to go post in these roads) we [10 arrived at a little village, among the mountains of Savoy, called Echelles; from thence we proceeded on horses, who are used to the way, to the mountain of the Chartreuse. It is six miles to the top; the road runs winding up it, commonly not six feet broad; on one hand is the rock, with woods of pine-trees hanging over-head; on the other, a monstrous precipice, almost perpendicular, at the bottom [20

of which rolls a torrent, that sometimes tumbling among the fragments of stone that have fallen from on high, and sometimes precipitating itself down vast descents with a noise like thunder, which is still made greater by the echo from the mountains on each side, concurs to form one of the most solemn, the most romantic, and the most astonishing scenes I ever beheld. . . . [30

TO MRS. DOROTHY GRAY

TURIN, *November 7, 1739.*

I am this night arrived here, and have just set down to rest me after eight days' tiresome journey. For the first three we had the same road we before passed through to go to Geneva; the fourth we turned out of it, and for that day and the next travelled rather among than upon the Alps; the way commonly running through a deep valley by the side of the river Arve, which works itself a pas- [10 sage, with great difficulty and a mighty noise, among vast quantities of rocks, that have rolled down from the mountain-tops. The winter was so far advanced as in great measure to spoil the beauty of the prospect; however, there was still somewhat fine remaining amidst the savageness and horror of the place: the sixth we began to go up several of these mountains; and as we were passing [20 one, met with an odd accident enough: Mr. Walpole had a little fat black spaniel, that he was very fond of, which he sometimes used to set down, and let it run by the chaise side. We were at that time in a very rough road, not two yards broad at most; on one side was a great wood of pines, and on the other a vast precipice; it was noonday, and the sun shone bright, when all of a sudden, from the wood- [30 side (which was as steep upwards as the other part was downwards), out rushed a great wolf, came close to the head of the horses, seized the dog by the throat, and rushed up the hill again with him in his mouth. This was done in less than a quarter of a minute; we all saw it, and yet the servants had not time to draw their pistols, or do anything to save the dog. If he had not been there, and [40 the creature had thought fit to lay hold

of one of the horses, chaise, and we, and all must inevitably have tumbled about fifty fathoms perpendicular down the precipice. The seventh we came to Lanebourg, the last town in Savoy; it lies at the foot of the famous Mount Cenis, which is so situated as to allow no room for any way but over the very top of it. Here the chaise was forced to be pulled to [50 pieces, and the baggage and that to be carried by mules. We ourselves were wrapped up in our furs, and seated upon a sort of matted chair without legs, which is carried upon poles in the manner of a bier, and so begun to ascend by the help of eight men. It was six miles to the top, where a plain opens itself about as many more in breadth, covered perpetually with very deep snow, and in the midst [60 of that a great lake of unfathomable depth, from whence a river takes its rise, and tumbles over monstrous rocks quite down the other side of the mountain. The descent is six miles more, but infinitely more steep than the going up; and, here the men perfectly fly down with you, stepping from stone to stone with incredible swiftness in places where none but they could go three paces without [70 falling. The immensity of the precipices, the roaring of the river and torrents that run into it, the huge crags covered with ice and snow, and the clouds below you and about you, are objects it is impossible to conceive without seeing them; and though we had heard many strange descriptions of the scene, none of them at all came up to it. . . .

TO RICHARD WEST

TURIN, *November 16, 1739.*

. . . I have not, as yet, anywhere met with those grand and simple works of Art, that are to amaze one, and whose sight one is to be the better for: but those of Nature have astonished me beyond expression. In our little journey up to the Grande Chartreuse, I do not remember to have gone ten paces without an exclamation that there was no restraining. Not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, [10 but is pregnant with religion and poetry. There are certain scenes that would awe an atheist into belief, without the help of

other argument. One need not have a very fantastic imagination to see spirits there at noonday; you have Death perpetually before your eyes, only so far removed, as to compose the mind without frightening it. I am well persuaded St. Bruno was a man of no common genius, [20 to choose such a situation for his retirement; and perhaps should have been a disciple of his, had I been born in his time. . . .

TO HORACE WALPOLE

CAMBRIDGE, *February 11, 1751.*

As you have brought me into a little sort of distress, you must assist me, I believe, to get out of it as well as I can. Yesterday I had the misfortune of receiving a letter from certain gentlemen (as their bookseller expresses it), who have taken the Magazine of Magazines into their hands. They tell me that an *ingenious* poem, called reflections in a Country Church-yard, has been com- [10 municated to them, which they are printing forthwith; that they are informed that the *excellent* author of it is I by name, and that they beg not only his *indulgence*, but the *honor* of his correspondence, etc. As I am not at all disposed to be either so indulgent, or so correspondent, as they desire, I have but one bad way left to escape the honor they would inflict upon me; and therefore am obliged to desire [20 you would make Dodsley print it immediately (which may be done in less than a week's time) from your copy, but without my name, in what form is most convenient to him, but on his best paper and character; he must correct the press himself, and print it without any interval between the stanzas, because the sense is in some places continued beyond them; and the title must be, — Elegy, writ- [30 ten in a Country Church-yard. If he would add a line or two to say it came into his hands by accident, I should like it better. If you behold the Magazine of Magazines in the light that I do, you will not refuse to give yourself this trouble on my account, which you have taken of your own accord before now. If Dodsley do not do this immediately, he may as well let it alone. [40

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON

December 19, 1757.

Dear Mason—Though I very well know the bland emollient saponaceous qualities both of sack and silver, yet if any great man would say to me, "I make you rat-catcher to his Majesty, with a salary of £300 a year and two butts of the best Malaga; and though it has been usual to catch a mouse or two, for form's sake, in public once a year, yet to you, sir, we will not stand upon these things," I can- [10 not say I should jump at it; nay, if they would drop the very name of the office, and call me Sinecure to the King's Majesty, I should still feel a little awkward, and think everybody I saw smelt a rat about me; but I do not pretend to blame any one else that has not the same sensations; for my part I would rather be serjeant trumpeter or pinmaker to the palace. Nevertheless I interest my- [20 self a little in the history of it, and rather wish somebody may accept it that will retrieve the credit of the thing, if it be retrievable, or ever had any credit. Rowe was, I think, the last man of character that had it. As to Settle, whom you mention, he belonged to my lord mayor, not to the king. Eusden was a person of great hopes in his youth, though he at last turned out a drunken parson. [30 Dryden was as disgraceful to the office, from his character, as the poorest scribbler could have been from his verses. The office itself has always humbled the professor hitherto (even in an age when kings were somebody), if he were a poor writer by making him more conspicuous, and if he were a good one by setting him at war with the little fry of his own profession, for there are poets little enough to [40 envy even a poet-laureate. . . .

JAMES MACPHERSON (1736-1796)

From CATH-LODA

A Tale of the times of old!

Why, thou wanderer unseen! Thou bender of the thistle of Lora; why, thou breeze of the valley, hast thou left mine ear? I hear no distant roar of streams!

No sound of the harp, from the rock! Come, thou huntress of Lutha, Malvina, call back his soul to the bard. I look forward to Lochlin of lakes, to the dark, billowy bay of U-thorno, where Fingal [10 descends from ocean, from the roar of winds. Few are the heroes of Morven, in a land unknown!

Starno sent a dweller of Loda, to bid Fingal to the feast; but the king remembered the past, and all his rage arose. "Nor Gormal's mossy towers, nor Starno, shall Fingal behold. Deaths wander, like shadows, over his fiery soul! Do I forget that beam of light, the white-handed [20 daughter of kings? Go, son of Loda; his words are wind to Fingal: wind, that to and fro drives the thistle, in autumn's dusky vale. Duth-maruno, arm of death! Cromma-glas, of iron shields! Struthmor, dweller of battle's wing! Cormar, whose ships bound on seas, careless as the course of a meteor, on dark-rolling clouds! Arise around me, children of heroes, in a land unknown! Let each look on his [30 shield, like Trenmor, the ruler of wars."

* * * * *

Around the king they rise in wrath. No words come forth: they seize their spears. Each soul is rolled into itself. At length the sudden clang is waked, on all their echoing shields. Each takes his hill, by night; at intervals, they darkly stand. Unequal bursts the hum of songs, between the roaring wind!

Broad over them rose the moon! [40

In his arms came tall Duth-maruno; he from Croma of rocks, stern hunter of the boar! In his dark boat he rose on waves.

* * * * *

Fingal rushed, in all his arms, wide-bounding over Turthor's stream, that sent its sullen roar by night through Gormal's misty vale. A moon-beam glittered on a rock; in the midst, stood a stately form; a form with floating [50 locks, like Lochlin's white-bosomed maids. Unequal are her steps, and short. She throws a broken song on wind. At times she tosses her white arms: for grief is dwelling in her soul.

* * * * *

Whence is the stream of years? Whither do they roll along? Where have they hid, in mist, their many-colored sides?

I look into the times of old, but they seem dim to Ossian's eyes, like reflected moonbeams on a distant lake. Here rise the red beams of war! There, silent, dwells a feeble race! They mark no years with their deeds, as slow they pass along. Dweller between the shields! thou that awakest the failing soul! descend from thy wall, harp of Cona, with thy voices three! Come with that which kindles the past: rear the forms of old, on their own dark-brown years! [70

From THE SONGS OF SELMA

It is night; I am alone, forlorn on the hill of storms. The wind is heard in the mountain. The torrent pours down the rock. No hut receives me from the rain; forlorn on the hill of winds!

Rise, moon! from behind thy clouds. Stars of the night arise! Lead me, some light, to the place where my love rests from the chase alone! his bow near him, unstrung; his dogs panting around [10 him. But here I must sit alone, by the rock of the mossy stream. The stream and the wind roar aloud. I hear not the voice of my love! Why delays my Salgar, why the chief of the hill his promise? Here is the rock, and here the tree! here is the roaring stream! Thou didst promise with night to be here. Ah! whither is my Salgar gone? With thee I would fly, from my father; with thee from my [20 brother of pride. Our races have long been foes; we are not foes, O Salgar!

Cease a little while, O wind! stream, be thou silent a while! let my voice be heard around. Let my wanderer hear me! Salgar! it is Colma who calls. Here is the tree, and the rock. Salgar, my love! I am here. Why delayest thou thy coming? Lo! the calm moon comes forth. The flood is bright in the vale. The [30 rocks are grey on the steep. I see him not on the brow. His dogs come not before him, with tidings of his near approach. Here I must sit alone.

From CARTHON

OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth, in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall: the mountains themselves decay with years; [10 the ocean shrinks and grows again: the moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art for ever the same; rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests; when thunder rolls, and lightning flies; thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laugh-est at the storm. But to Ossian, thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair [20 flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season; thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O sun! in the strength of thy youth: Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the [30 hills; the blast of the north is on the plain; the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.

ROBERT FERGUSSON (1750-1774)

THE DAFT DAYS

Now mirk December's dowie¹ face
Glowrs ovr the rigs² wi' sour grimace,
While, thro' his minimum of space,
The bleer-eyed sun,
Wi' blinkin light and stealing pace, 5
His race doth run.

From naked groves nae birdie sings;
To shepherd's pipe nae hillock rings;
The breeze nae odorous flavor brings
From Borean cave; 10
And dwyning³ Nature droops her wings,
Wi' visage grave.

¹ dreary.

² fields.

³ pining.

Mankind but scanty pleasure glean
 Frae snawy hill or barren plain,
 Whan Winter, 'midst his nipping train, 15
 Wi' frozen spear,
 Sends drift ovr a' his bleak domain,
 And guides¹ the weir.²

Auld Reikie!³ thou'rt the canty⁴ hole,
 A bield⁵ for mony a caldrife⁶ soul, 20
 Wha snugly at thine ingle⁷ loll,
 Baith warm and couth,⁸
 While round they gar⁹ the bicker¹⁰ roll
 To weet their mouth.

When merry Yule-day comes, I trow, 25
 You'll scantlins¹¹ find a hungry mou;¹²
 Sma' are our cares, our stamacks fou
 O' gusty gear,¹³
 And kickshaws,¹⁴ strangers to our view,
 Sin' fairn-year.¹⁵ 30

Ye browster¹⁶ wives! now busk¹⁷ ye bra,¹⁸
 And fling your sorrows far awa';
 Then, come and gie's the tither blaw¹⁹
 Of reaming²⁰ ale,
 Mair precious than the Well of Spa, 35
 Our hearts to heal.

Then, tho' at odds wi' a' the warl',
 Amang oursell we'll never quarrel;
 Tho' Discord gie a cankered snarl
 To spoil our glee, 40
 As lang's there's pith²¹ into the barrel
 We'll drink and 'gree.

Fiddlers! your pins in temper fix,
 And roset²² weel your fiddlesticks,
 But banish vile Italian tricks 45
 From out your quorum,
 Nor *fortes* wi' *pianos* mix—
 Gie's *Tullochgorum*.

For nought can cheer the heart sae weel
 As can a canty²³ Highland reel; 50
 It even vivifies the heel
 To skip and dance:
 Lifeless is he wha canna feel
 Its influence.

¹ governs. ² mill-dam. ³ Edinburgh ("Old Sooty").
⁴ snug. ⁵ shelter. ⁶ freesing. ⁷ fireside.
⁸ comfortable. ⁹ make. ¹⁰ bowl.
¹¹ scarcelly. ¹² mouth. ¹³ savory food. ¹⁴ delicacies.
¹⁵ long ago. ¹⁶ brewer. ¹⁷ dress yourselves.
¹⁸ finely. ¹⁹ draught. ²⁰ foaming.
²¹ anything left. ²² rosin. ²³ jolly.

Let mirth abound; let social cheer 55
 Invest the dawning of the year;
 Let blithesome innocence appear
 To crown our joy:
 Nor envy, wi' sarcastic sneer,
 Our bliss destroy. 60

And thou, great god of *aqua vita*!
 Wha sways the empire of this city—
 When fou²⁴ we're sometimes capernoity²⁵—
 Be thou prepared
 To hedge us frae that black banditti, 65
 The City Guard.

THOMAS CHATTERTON (1752–1770)

BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE;

OR, THE DETHE OF SYR CHARLES
 BAWDIN

The feathered songster chaunticleer
 Han²⁶ wounde hys bugle horne,
 And tolde the earlie villager
 The commynge of the morne:

Kynge Edwarde sawe the ruddie streakes;
 Of lyghte eclipse the greie;
 And herde the raven's crokyng throte
 Proclayme the fated daie.

"Thou'rt righte," quod hee, "for, by the
 Godde
 That syttes enthroned on hyghe! 10
 Charles Bawdin, and hys fellowes twaine,
 To-daie shall surelie die."

Thenne wythe a jugge of nappy ale
 Hys knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite;
 "Goe tell the traytour, thatt to-daie 15
 Hee leaves thys mortall state."

Sir Canterlone thenne bendedd lowe,
 With harte brymm-fulle of woe;
 Hee journeyed to the castle-gate,
 And to Syr Charles dydd goe. 20

Butt whenne hee came, hys children
 twaine,
 And eke hys lovyng wyfe,
 Wythe brinie tears dydd wett the floore,
 For goode Syr Charleses lyfe.

²⁴ drunk.

²⁵ ill-natured.

²⁶ has.

"O goode Syr Charles!" sayd Canterlone,
 "Badde tydyngs I doe brynge." 26
 "Speke boldlie, manne," sayd brave Syr
 Charles,
 "Whatte says the traytor kynge?"

"I greeve to telle; before yonne sonne
 Does fromme the welkin flye, 30
 Hee hathe uppon hys honnour sworne,
 Thatt thou shalt surelie die."

"Wee all must die," quod brave Syr
 Charles;
 "Of thatte I'm not affearde;
 Whatte bootes to lyve a little space? 35
 Thanke Jesu, I'm prepared;

"Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee's not,
 I'de sooner die to-daie
 Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,
 Though I shoulde lyve for aie." 40

Thenne Canterlone hee dydd goe out,
 To telle the maior straitte
 To gett all thynges ynne reddyng
 For goode Syr Charles's fate.

Thenne Maisterr Canynge saughte the
 kynge, 45
 And felle down onne hys knee;
 "I'm come," quod hee, "unto your grace
 To move your clemencye."

Thenne quod the kynge, "Youre tale
 speke out,
 You have been much oure friende; 50
 Whatever youre request may bee,
 Wee wylle to ytte attende."

"My nobile leige! alle my request,
 Ys for a nobile knyghte,
 Who, though may hap hee has donne
 wronge, 55
 Hee thoughte ytte¹ style was ryghte:

"He has a spouse and children twaine,
 Alle rewyned² are for aie;
 Yff that you are resolved to lett
 Charles Bawdin die to-dai." 60

"Speke not of such a traytour vile,"
 The kynge ynne furie sayde;
 "Before the evening starre doth sheene,³
 Bawdin shall loose hys hedde:

"Justice does loudlie for hym calle, 65
 And hee shalle have hys meede:
 Speke, Maister Canynge! Whatte thyng
 else
 Att present doe you neede?"

"My nobile leige!" goode Canynge sayde,
 "Leave justice to our Godde, 70
 And laye the yronne rule asyde;
 Be thyne the olyve rodde.

"Was Godde to serche our hertes and
 reines,
 The best were synners grete;
 Christ's vycarr only knowes ne synne, 75
 Ynne alle thys mortall state.

"Lett mercie rule thyne infante reigne,
 "Twylle faste⁴ thye crowne fulle sure;
 From race to race thye familie
 Alle sov'reigns shall endure: 80

"But yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou
 Beginne thy infante reigne,
 Thy crowne upponne thy childrennes
 brows
 Wylle never long remayne."

"Canynge, awaie! thys traytour vile 85
 Has scorned my power and mee;
 Howe canst thou then for such a manne
 Entreate my clemencye?"

"Mie nobile leige! the trulie brave
 Wylle val'rous actions prize; 90
 Respect a brave and nobile mynde,
 Although ynne enemies."

"Canynge, awaie! By Godde ynne Heav'n
 Thatt dydd mee beinge gyve,
 I wylle nott taste a bitt of breade 95
 Whilst thys Syr Charles dothe lyve.

"Bie Marie, and alle Seinctes ynne
 Heav'n,
 Thys sunne shall be hys laste,"
 Thenne Canynge dropt a brinie teare,
 And from the presence paste.⁵ 100

With herte brymm-fulle of gnawynge
 grief,
 Hee to Syr Charles dydd goe,
 And sat hymm downe upponne a stoole,
 And teares beganne to flowe.

¹ it.² ruined.³ shine.⁴ secure.⁵ passed.

"Wee all must die," quod brave Syr
Charles; 105
"Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne;
Dethe ys the sure, the certaine fate
Of all wee mortall menne.

"Saye why, my friende, thie honest soul
Runns overr att thyne eye; 110
Is ytte for my most welcome doome
Thatt thou dost child-lyke crye?"

Quod godlie Canynge, "I doe weepe,
Thatt thou soe soone must dye,
And leave thy sonnes and helpless
wyfe; 115
"Tys thys thatt wettes myne eye."

"Thenne drie the tears thatt out thyne eye
From godlie fountaines sprynge;
Dethe I despise, and alle the power
Of Edward, traytour kynge. 120

"Whan through the tyrant's welcom
means
I shall resigne my lyfe,
The Godde I serve wylle soone provyde
For bothe mye sonnes and wyfe.

"Before I sawe the lyghtsome sunne, 125
Thys was appointed mee;
Shall mortall manne repyne or grudge
What Godde ordeynes to bee?

"Howe oft ynne bataille have I stode,
Whan thousands dyed arounde; 130
Whan smokyng streemes of crimson
bloode
Imbrewed the fattened ground:

"Howe dydd I knowe thatt ev'ry darte,
That cutte the airie waie,
Myghte nott fynde passage toe my harte,
And close myne eyes for aie? 136

"And shall I nowe, forr feere of dethe,
Looke wanne and bee dysmayde?
Ne! fromm my herte flie childyshe feere,
Bee alle the manne displayed. 140

"Ah! goddelyke Henrie! Godde forefende,
And garde thee and thye sonne,
Yff 'tis hys wylle; but yff 'tis nott,
Why thenne hys wylle bee donne.

"My honest friende, my faulte has beene
To serve Godde and mye prynce; 146
And thatt I no tyme-server am,
My dethe wylle soone convynce.

"Ynne Londonne citye was I borne,
Of parents of grete note; 150
My fadre dydd a nobile armes
Emblazon onne hys cote:

"I make ne doubtte butt hee ys gone
Where soone I hope to goe;
Where wee for ever shall bee blest, 155
From oute the reech of woe.

"Hee taughte mee justice and the laws
Wyth pitie to unite;
And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe
The wrong cause fromm the ryghte: 160

"Hee taughte mee wyth a prudent hande
To feede the hungrie poore,
Ne lett mye sarvants dryve awaie
The hungrie fromme my doore:

"And none can saye butt alle mye lyfe 165
I have hys wordyes kept;
And summed the actyonns of the daie
Eche nyghte before I slept.

"I have a spouse, goe aske of her
Yff I defyled her bedde? 170
I have a kynge, and none can laie
Black treason onne my hedde.

"Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,
Fromm fleshe I dydd refrayne:
Whie should I thenne appeare dismayed
To leave thys worlde of payne? 176

"Ne, hapless Henrie! I rejoyce,
I shall ne see thye dethe;
Moste willinglie ynne thye just cause
Doe I resign my brethe. 180

"Oh, fickle people! rewyned londe!
Thou wylt kenne¹ peace ne moe;²
Whyle Richard's sonnes exalt themselves,
Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.

"Saie, were ye tyred of godlie peace, 185
And godlie Henrie's reigne,
Thatt you dyd choppe³ youre easie daies
For those of bloude and peyne?

¹ know.² more.³ exchange.

"Whatte though I onne a sledde be
drawne,
And mangled by a hynde,¹ 190
I doe defye the traytor's pow'r,
Hee can ne harm my mynd;

"Whatte though, uphoisted onne a pole,
Mye lymbes shall rotte ynne ayre,
And ne ryche monument of brasse 195
Charles Bawdin's name shall bear;

"Yett ynne the holie booke above,
Whyche tyme can't eate awaie,
There wythe the servants of the Lord
Mye name shall lyve for aie. 200

"Thenne welcome dethe! for lyfe eterne
I leave thys mortall lyfe:
Farewell, vayne world, and alle that's
deare,
Mye sonnes and lovyngye wyfe!

"Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes, 205
As e'er the moneth of Maie;
Nor woulde I even wyshe to lyve,
Wyth my dere wyfe to staie."

Quod Canyngye, "'Tys a goodlie thyngye
To bee prepared to die; 210
And from thys world of peyne and grefe
To Godde ynne Heav'n to fle."

And nowe the belle began to tolle,
And claryonnes to sound;
Syr Charles hee herde the horses feete 215
A-prancing onne the grounde:

And just before the officers
His lovyngye wyfe came ynne,
Weepyngye unfeigned teeres of woe,
Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne. 220

"Sweet Florence! nowe I praie forbere,
Ynne quiet lett mee die;
Praie Godd thatt ev'ry Christian soule
Maye looke onne dethe as I.

"Sweet Florence! why these brinie teers?
Theye washe my soule awaie, 226
And almost make mee wyshe for lyfe,
Wyth thee, sweete dame, to staie.

"'Tys butt a journie I shalle goe
Untoe the lande of blysse; 230
Nowe, as a prooffe of husbände's love,
Receive thys holie kysse."

¹ slave.

Thenne Florence, fault'ring ynne her saie,
Tremblyngye these wordyes spoke,
"Ah, cruele Edward! bloudie kyng! 235
Mye herte ys welle nyghe broke:

"Ah, sweete Syr Charles! why wylt thou
goe,
Wythoute thye lovyngye wyfe?
The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thy necke,
Ytte eke shall ende mye lyfe." 240

And nowe the officers came ynne
To bryngye Syr Charles awaie,
Whoe turnedd toe hys lovyngye wyfe,
And thus to her dydd saie:

"I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe; 245
Truste thou ynne Godde above,
And teache thy sonnes to feare the Lorde,
And ynne theyre hertes hym love:

"Teache them to runne the nobile race
Thatt I theyre fader runne; 250
Florence! shou'd dethe thee take—adiou!
Yee officers, leade onne."

Thenne Florence raved as anie madde,
And dydd her tresses tere;
"Oh, staie, mye husbände, lorde, and
lyfe!" 255
Syr Charles thenne dropt a teare.

"Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravyngs loude,
Shee fellen² onne the flore;
Syr Charles exerted alle hys myghte,
And marched fromm oute the dore. 260

Uponne a sledde hee mounted thenne,
Wythe lookes full brave and swete;
Lookes thatt enshone³ ne more concern
Thanne anie ynne the strete.

Before hym went the council-menne, 265
Ynne scarlett robes and golde,
And tassils spanglyngye ynne the sunne,
Muche glorious to beholde:

The Freers of Seincte Augustyne next
Appeared to the syghte, 270
Alle cladd ynne homelie russett weedes,
Of godlie monkysh plyghte:

² fell.³ displayed.

Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie psaume
 Moste sweetlie theye dydd chaunt;
 Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrelles
 came, 275
 Who tuned the strunge¹ bataunt.

Thenne fyve-and-twentye archers came;
 Echone the bowe dydd bende,
 From rescue of Kynge Henrie's friends
 Syr Charles forr to defend. 280

Bolde as a lyon came Syr Charles,
 Drawne onne a cloth-layde sledde,
 Bye two blacke stedes ynne trappynge
 white,
 Wyth plumes uponne theyre hedde:

Behynde hym fyve-and-twentye moe 285
 Of archers stronge and stoute,
 Wyth bended bowe echone ynne hande,
 Marched ynne goodlie route;

Seincte Jameses Freers marched next,
 Echone hys parte dydd chaunt; 290
 Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrelles
 came,
 Who tuned the strunge bataunt:

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,
 Ynne clothe of scarlett deck't;
 And theyre attendynge menne echone, 295
 Lyke Easterne princes trickt:

And after them, a multitude
 Of citizenns dydd thronge;
 The wyndowes were alle fulle of heddies,
 As hee dydd passe alonge. 300

And whenne hee came to the hyghe
 crosse,
 Syr Charles dydd turne and saie,
 "O Thou, thatt savest manne fromme
 synne,
 Washe mye soule clean thys daie!"

Att the grete mynster² wyndowe sat 305
 The kynge ynne myckle³ state,
 To see Charles Bawdin goe alonge
 To hys most welcom fate.

Soone as the sledde drewe nyghe enowe,
 Thatt Edwarde hee myghte heare, 310

¹ stringed.² cathedral.³ great.

The brave Syr Charles hee dydd stande
 uppe,
 And thus hys words declare:

"Thou seest me, Edwarde! traytour vile!
 Exposed to infamie;
 Butt bee assured, disloyall manne! 315
 I'm greater nowe thanne thee.

"Bye foule proceedyngs, murdre, bloude,
 Thou wearest nowe a crowne;
 And hast appoynted mee to die,
 By power nott thyne owne. 320

"Thou thynkest I shall die to-daie;
 I have beene dede 'till nowe,
 And soone shall lyve to weare a crowne
 For aie uponne my browe:

"Whylst thou, perhapps, for som few
 yeares, 325
 Shalt rule thys fickle lande,
 To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule
 'Twixt kynge and tyrant hande:

"Thye pow'r unjust, thou traytour slave!
 Shall falle onne thye owne hedde"— 330
 Fromm out of hearyng of the kynge
 Departed thenne the sledde.

Kynge Edwarde's soule rushed to hys face,
 Hee turned hys hedde awaie,
 And to hys broder Gloucester 335
 Hee thus dydd speke and saie:

"To hym that soe much dreaded dethe
 Ne ghastlie terrors brynge,
 Beholde the manne! hee spake the truthe,
 Hee's greater thanne a kynge!" 340

"Soe let hym die!" Duke Richard sayde;
 "And maye echone oure foes
 Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe
 And feede the carryon crows."

And nowe the horses gentlie drewe 345
 Syr Charles uppe the hyghe hylle;
 The axe dydd glysterr ynne the sunne,
 His pretious bloude to spylle.

Syrr Charles dydd uppe the scaffold goe,
 As uppe a gilded carre 350
 Of victorie, bye val'rous chiefs
 Gayned ynne the bloudie warre:

And to the people hee dyd saie,
 "Beholde you see mee dye,
 For servynge loyally mye kynge, 355
 Mye kynge most rightfullie.

"As longe as Edwarde rules thys land,
 Ne quiet you wylle knowe:
 Your sonnes and husbandes shalle bee
 slayne,
 And brookes wythe bloude shall flowe.

"You leave youre goode and lawfullie
 kynge, 361
 Whenne ynne adversitey;
 Lyke mee, untoe the true cause stycke,
 And for the true cause dye."

Thenne hee, wyth preestes, uponne hys
 knees, 365
 A pray'r to Godde dyd make,
 Beseechyng hym unto hymselfe
 Hys partyng soule to take.

Thenne, kneelyng downe, hee layd hys
 hedde
 Most seemlie onne the blocke; 370
 Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once
 The able heddes-manne stroke:

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
 And rounde the scaffold twyne;
 And teares, enow to washe 't awaie, 375
 Dydd flowe fromme each mann's eyne.

The bloudie axe hys bodie fayre
 Ynnto foure parties cutte;
 And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde,
 Uponne a pole was putte. 380

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-
 hylle,
 One onne the mynster-tower,
 And one from off the castle-gate
 The crowen dydd devoure;

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode
 gate, 385
 A dreery spectacle;
 Hys hedde was placed onne the hyghe
 crosse,
 Ynne hyghe-streete most nobile.

Thus was the ende of Bawdin's fate:
 Godde prosper longe oure kynge, 390
 And grante hee maye, wyth Bawdin's
 soule,
 Ynne heav'n Godd's mercie synge!

MYNSTRELLES SONGE

From ÆLLA: A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE

O, synge untoe mie roundelaie!
 O, droppe the brynne teare wythe mee!
 Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
 Lycke a reynynge¹ ryver bee;
 Mie love ys dedde, 5
 Gon to hys death-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Blacke hys cryne² as the wyntere nyghte,
 Whyte hys rode³ as the sommer snowe,
 Rodde⁴ hys face as the morynyng lyghte,
 Cale⁵ he lyes ynne the grave belowe; 11
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys death-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote⁶ hys tyngue as the throstles note, 15
 Quicke ynn daunce as thoughte canne
 bee,
 Defte hys taboure, codgelle stote,
 O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree:
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gonne to hys death-bedde, 20
 Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynges,
 In the briered delle belowe;
 Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe synge,
 To the nyghte-mares as heie⁷ goe; 25
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gonne to hys death-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;
 Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude; 30
 Whyterre yanne⁸ the morynyng skie,
 Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude;
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys death-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree. 35

Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,
 Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,
 Nee one hallie Seyncte to save
 Al the celness⁹ of a mayde. 40
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gonne to hys death-bedde,
 Alle under the wyllowe tree.

¹ running.
⁶ sweet.

² hair.
⁷ they.

³ skin.
⁸ than.

⁴ ruddy.
⁹ coldness.

⁵ cold.

Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente¹ the brieres
 Rounde his hallie corse to gre,²
 Ouphante³ fairie, lyghte youre fyres, 45
 Heere mie boddie styлле schalle bee.

Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys death-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,
 Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie: 51
 Lyfe and all yttes goode I scorne,
 Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.

Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys death-bedde, 55
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Waterre wytyches, crownde wythe reytes,⁴
 Bere mee to yer leathalle⁵ tyde.
 I die; I comme; mie true love waytes.—
 Thos the damselle spake, and dyed. 60

WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800)

WALKING WITH GOD. Gen. v. 24

From OLNEY HYMNS

Oh! for a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame;
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew 5
 When first I saw the Lord?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus and his word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
 How sweet their memory still! 10
 But they have left an aching void
 The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest!
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn 15
 And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee. 20

¹ fasten.
⁴ reeds.

² grow.

³ elfin.
⁵ deadly.

So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

Toll for the brave!
 The brave that are no more!
 All sunk beneath the wave,
 Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave, 5
 Whose courage well was tried,
 Had made the vessel heel,
 And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
 And she was overset; 10
 Down went the *Royal George*,
 With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
 Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
 His last sea-fight is fought; 15
 His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
 No tempest gave the shock;
 She sprang no fatal leak;
 She ran upon no rock. 20

His sword was in its sheath;
 His fingers held the pen,
 When Kempenfelt went down
 With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up, 25
 Once dreaded by our foes!
 And mingle with our cup
 The tears that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
 And she may float again 30
 Full charged with England's thunder,
 And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
 His victories are o'er;
 And he and his eight hundred 35
 Shall plough the wave no more.

THE TASK

From BOOK I

There often wanders one, whom better days
 Saw better clad, in cloak of satin trimmed
 With lace, and hat with splendid riband
 bound. 536
 A serving-maid was she, and fell in love
 With one who left her, went to sea, and
 died.
 Her fancy followed him through foaming
 waves
 To distant shores, and she would sit and
 weep 540
 At what a sailor suffers; fancy too,
 Delusive most where warmest wishes are,
 Would oft anticipate his glad return,
 And dream of transports she was not to
 know.
 She heard the doleful tidings of his death,
 And never smiled again. And now she
 roams 546
 The dreary waste; there spends the live-
 long day,
 And there, unless when charity forbids,
 The livelong night. A tattered apron
 hides,
 Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides, a
 gown 550
 More tattered still; and both but ill con-
 ceal
 A bosom heaved with never-ceasing sighs.
 She begs an idle pin of all she meets,
 And hoards them in her sleeve; but need-
 ful food,
 Though pressed with hunger oft, or come-
 lier clothes, 555
 Though pinched with cold, asks never.—
 Kate is crazed.

I see a column of slow-rising smoke
 O'ertop the lofty wood that skirts the wild.
 A vagabond and useless tribe there eat
 Their miserable meal. A kettle, slung 560
 Between two poles upon a stick transverse,
 Receives the morsel; flesh obscene of dog,
 Or vermin, or, at best, of cock purloined
 From his accustomed perch. Hard-faring
 race!

They pick their fuel out of every hedge, 565
 Which, kindled with dry leaves, just saves
 unquenched

The spark of life. The sportive wind
 blows wide

Their fluttering rags, and shows a tawny
 skin,

The vellum of the pedigree they claim.
 Great skill have they in palmistry, and
 more 570

To conjure clean away the gold they touch,
 Conveying worthless dross into its place;
 Loud when they beg, dumb only when they
 steal.

Strange! that a creature rational, and cast
 In human mould, should brutalize by
 choice 575

His nature, and, though capable of arts
 By which the world might profit and him-
 self,

Self-banished from society, prefer
 Such squalid sloth to honorable toil!
 Yet even these, though, feigning sickness
 oft, 580

They swathe the forehead, drag the limp-
 ing limb,

And vex their flesh with artificial sores,
 Can change their whine into a mirthful
 note

When safe occasion offers; and with dance,
 And music of the bladder and the bag, 585
 Beguile their woes, and make the woods
 resound.

Such health and gaiety of heart enjoy
 The houseless rovers of the sylvan world;
 And breathing wholesome air, and wander-
 ing much,

Need other physic none to heal the effects
 Of loathsome diet, penury, and cold. 591

* * * * *

From BOOK II

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
 Some boundless contiguity of shade,
 Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
 Of unsuccessful or successful war,
 Might never reach me more! My ear is
 pained, 5

My soul is sick with every day's report
 Of wrong and outrage with which earth is
 filled.

There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
 It does not feel for man; the natural bond
 Of brotherhood is severed as the flax 10
 That falls asunder at the touch of fire.

He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
 Not colored like his own, and, having
 power

To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy
cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful
prey. 15
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes¹ his brother, and de-
stroys; 20
And worse than all, and most to be de-
plored,
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his
sweat
With stripes that Mercy, with a bleeding
heart,
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast. 25
Then what is man? And what man
seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not
blush
And hang his head, to think himself a
man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep, 30
And tremble when I wake, for all the
wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever
earned.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave 35
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on
him.
We have no slaves at home: then why
abroad?
And they themselves once ferried o'er the
wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their
lungs 40
Receive our air, that moment they are
free;
They touch our country, and their shackles
fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it
then,
And let it circulate through every vein 45
Of all your empire; that where Britain's
power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

¹ vows to destruction.

From BOOK V

There shame to manhood, and opprobri-
ous more
To France than all her losses and defeats
Old or of later date, by sea or land, 381
Her house of bondage worse than that of
old
Which God avenged on Pharaoh—the
Bastile!
Ye horrid towers, the abode of broken
hearts,
Ye dungeons and ye cages of despair, 385
That monarchs have supplied from age to
age
With music such as suits their sovereign
ears—
The sighs and groans of miserable men,
There's not an English heart that would
not leap
To hear that ye were fallen at last, to
know 390
That even our enemies, so oft employed
In forging chains for us, themselves were
free:
For he that values liberty, confines
His zeal for her predominance within
No narrow bounds; her cause engages
him 395
Wherever pleaded; 'tis the cause of man.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY
MOTHER'S PICTURE

Oh that those lips had language! Life
has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee
last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet
smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears
away!" 6
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalise,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic
claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the
same. 10
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidst me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,

I will obey, not willingly alone, 15
 But gladly, as the precept were her own:
 And, while that face renews my filial grief,
 Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
 Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
 A momentary dream that thou art she. 20

My mother! when I learned that thou
 wast dead,
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I
 shed?

Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
 Wretch even then, life's journey just
 begun?

Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt,
 a kiss: 25

Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
 Ah, that maternal smile! It answers—
 Yes.

I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
 And turning from my nursery window,
 drew 30

A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
 But was it such?—It was.—Where thou
 art gone

Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful
 shore,

The parting word shall pass my lips no
 more! 35

Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my
 concern,

Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
 What ardently I wished I long believed,
 And, disappointed still, was still de-
 ceived.

By expectation every day beguiled, 40
 Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.

Thus many a sad to-morrow came and
 went,

Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
 I learned at last submission to my lot;
 But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er for-
 got. 45

Where once we dwelt our name is
 heard no more,
 Children not thine have trod my nursery
 floor;

And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
 Drew me to school along the public way,
 Delighted with my bauble coach, and
 wrapped 50

In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet
 capped,

'Tis now become a history little known,
 That once we called the pastoral house
 our own.

Short-lived possession! but the record fair
 That memory keeps, of all thy kindness
 there, 55

Still outlives many a storm that has ef-
 faced

A thousand other themes less deeply
 traced.

Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
 That thou mightst know me safe and
 warmly laid;

Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
 The biscuit, or confectionary plum; 61

The fragrant waters on my cheeks be-
 stowed

By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and
 glowed;

All this, and more endearing still than
 all,

Thy constant flow of love, that knew no
 fall, 65

Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and
 brakes

That humor interposed too often makes;
 All this still legible in memory's page,

And still to be so to my latest age,
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay 70

Such honors to thee as my numbers may;
 Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,

Not scorned in heaven, though little
 noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore
 the hours,

When, playing with thy vesture's tissued
 flowers, 75

The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
 I pricked them into paper with a pin

(And thou wast happier than myself the
 while,

Would softly speak, and stroke my head
 and smile),

Could those few pleasant days again
 appear, 80

Might one wish bring them, would I wish
 them here?

I would not trust my heart—the dear de-
 light

Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—
 But no—what here we call our life is such,

So little to be loved, and thou so much,
 That I should ill requite thee to constrain
 Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's
coast 88
(The storms all weathered and the ocean
crossed)
Shoots into port at some well-havened
isle, 90
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons
smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods that
show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers
gay; 95
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached
the shore,
"Where tempests never beat nor billows
roar."
And thy loved consort on the dangerous
tide
Of life long since has anchored by thy
side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always dis-
tressed— 101
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest
tossed,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and
compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting
force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous
course. 105
Yet, oh, the thought that thou art safe,
and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may
to me.
My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned and rulers of the
earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions
rise— 110
The son of parents passed into the skies!
And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has
run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is
done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in
vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er
again; 115
To have renewed the joys that once were
mine,
Without the sin of violating thine:

And, while the wings of Fancy still are
free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe
me left. 121

SONNET TO MRS. UNWIN

Mary! I want a lyre with other strings,
Such aid from heaven as some have
feigned they drew,
An eloquence scarce given to mortals,
new,
And undebased by praise of meaner things!
That, ere through age or woe I shed my
wings, 5
I may record thy worth, with honor
due,
In verse as musical as thou art true,
Verse that immortalizes whom it sings.
But thou hast little need. There is a book,
By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly
light, 10
On which the eyes of God not rarely look;
A chronicle of actions just and bright;
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary,
shine,
And since thou ownest that praise, I spare
thee mine.

TO MARY

The twentieth year is well-nigh past,
Since first our sky was overcast;
Ah, would that this might be the last!
My Mary!
Thy spirits have a fainter flow, 5
I see thee daily weaker grow;
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!
Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore, 10
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary!
For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will, 15
My Mary!

But well thou playedst the housewife's
part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary! 20

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright, 25
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For, could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see? 30
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign,
Yet, gently pressed, press gently mine, 35
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou provest,
That now at every step thou movest
Upheld by two, yet still thou lovest,
My Mary! 40

And still to love, though pressed with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know, 45
How oft the sadness that I show
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past, 50
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

THE CASTAWAY

Obscurest night involved the sky,
The Atlantic billows roared,
When such a destined wretch as I,
Washed headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft, 5
His floating home forever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast
Than he with whom he went,
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast
With warmer wishes sent. 10
He loved them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,
Expert to swim, he lay;
Nor soon he felt his strength decline, 15
Or courage die away;
But waged with death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted: nor his friends had failed
To check the vessel's course, 20
But so the furious blast prevailed,
That, pitiless perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind.

Some succor yet they could afford; 25
And such as storms allow,
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
Delayed not to bestow.
But he (they knew) nor ship nor shore,
Whate'er they gave, should visit more. 30

Nor, cruel as it seemed, could he
Their haste himself condemn,
Aware that flight, in such a sea,
Alone could rescue them;
Yet bitter felt it still to die 35
Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives, who lives an hour
In ocean, self-upheld;
And so long he, with unspent power,
His destiny repelled; 40
And ever, as the minutes flew,
Entreated help, or cried "Adieu!"

At length, his transient respite past,
His comrades, who before
Had heard his voice in every blast, 45
Could catch the sound no more:
For then, by toil subdued, he drank
The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him; but the page
Of narrative sincere, 50
That tells his name, his worth, his age,
Is wet with Anson's tear:
And tears by bards or heroes shed
Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream, 55
 Descanting on his fate,
 To give the melancholy theme
 A more enduring date:
 But misery still delights to trace
 Its semblance in another's case. 60

No voice divine the storm allayed,
 No light propitious shone,
 When, snatched from all effectual aid,
 We perished, each alone:
 But I beneath a rougher sea, 65
 And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

From LINES TO JOHN LAPRAIK

I am nae poet, in a sense,
 But just a rhymers like by chance, 50
 An' hae to learning nae pretence;
 Yet what the matter?
 Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
 I jingle at her.

Your critic-folk may cock their nose, 55
 And say, "How can you e'er propose,
 You wha ken hardly verse frae prose,
 To mak a sang?"
 But, by your leaves, my learnèd foes, 60
 Ye're maybe wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your schools,
 Your Latin names for horns an' stools?
 If honest Nature made you fools,
 What sairs¹ your grammars?
 Ye'd better taen up spades and shoals, 65
 Or knappin-hammers.²

A set o' dull, conceited hashers³
 Confuse their brains in college classes!
 They gang in stirks⁴ and come out asses,
 Plain truth to speak; 70
 An' syne⁵ they think to climb Parnassus
 By dint o' Greek!

Gie me ae⁶ spark o' Nature's fire,
 That's a' the learning I desire;
 Then, tho' I drudge thro' dub⁷ an' mire 75
 At pleugh or cart,
 My Muse, tho' hamely in attire,
 May touch the heart.

¹ serve. ² sledge-hammers.

³ idiots.

⁴ oxen.

⁵ afterwards.

⁶ one.

⁷ puddle.

THE HOLY FAIR

Upon a simmer⁸ Sunday morn,
 When Nature's face is fair,
 I walk'd forth to view the corn
 An' snuff the caller⁹ air.
 The rising sun owre Galston muirs 5
 Wi' glorious light was glintin,
 The hares were hirplin¹⁰ down the furs,¹¹
 The lav'rocks¹² they were chantin
 Fu' sweet that day.

As lightsomely I glowered¹³ abroad 10
 To see a scene sae gay,
 Three hizzies,¹⁴ early at the road,
 Cam skelpin¹⁵ up the way.
 Twa had mantees o' dolefu' black,
 But ane wi' lyart¹⁶ lining; 15
 The third, that gaed a wee a-back,
 Was in the fashion shining
 Fu' gay that day.

The twa appeared like sisters twin
 In feature, form, an' claes;¹⁷ 20
 Their visage withered, lang an' thin,
 An' sour as onie slaes.¹⁸
 The third cam up, hap-step-an'-lowp,¹⁹
 As light as onie lambie,
 An' wi' a curchie²⁰ low did stoop, 25
 As soon as e'er she saw me,
 Fu' kind that day.

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
 I think ye seem to ken me;
 I'm sure I've seen that bonie face, 30
 But yet I canna name ye."
 Quo' she, an' laughin as she spak,
 An' taks me by the han's,
 "Ye, for my sake, hae gien the feck²¹
 Of a' the Ten Comman's 35
 A screed²² some day.

"My name is Fun—your cronie dear,
 The nearest friend ye hae;
 An' this is Superstition here,
 An' that's Hypocrisy. 40
 I'm gaun to Mauchline Holy Fair,
 To spend an hour in daffin:²³
 Gin²⁴ ye'll go there, yon runkled²⁵ pair,
 We will get famous laughin
 At them this day." 45

⁸ summer.

⁹ fresh.

¹⁰ hopping.

¹¹ furrows.

¹² larks.

¹³ stared.

¹⁴ young women.

¹⁵ hurrying.

¹⁶ grey.

¹⁷ clothes.

¹⁸ aloes.

¹⁹ hop-step-and-jump.

²⁰ courtesy.

²¹ majority.

²² rip.

²³ larking.

²⁴ if.

²⁵ wrinkled.

Quoth I, "Wi' a' my heart, I'll do't:
I'll get my Sunday's sark¹ on,
An' meet you on the holy spot;
Faith, we'se hae fine remarkin'!"
Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,² 50
An' soon I made me ready;
For roads were clad frae side to side
Wi' monie a wearie body,
In droves that day.

Here farmers gash³ in ridin graith⁴ 55
Gaed hoddin⁵ by their cotters,
There swankies⁶ young in braw⁷ braid-
claith
Are springin owre the gutters.
The lasses, skelpin⁸ barefit, thrang,⁹
In silks an' scarlets glitter, 60
Wi' sweet-milk cheese in monie a whang,¹⁰
An' farls¹¹ baked wi' butter,
Fu' crump¹² that day.

When by the plate we set our nose,
Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence, 65
A greedy glowr Black Bonnet throws,
An' we maun draw our tippence.
Then in we go to see the show:
On every side they're gath'rin,
Some carryin dails,¹³ some chairs an'
stools, 70
An' some are busy bleth'rin¹⁴
Right loud that day.

* * * * *

Here some are thinkin on their sins,
An' some upo' their claes;
Ane curses feet that fyled¹⁵ his shins,
Anither sighs an' prays: 85
On this hand sits a chosen swatch,¹⁶
Wi' screwed-up, grace-proud faces;
On that a set o' chaps at watch,
Thrang winkin on the lasses
To chairs that day. 90

O happy is that man an' blest!
(Nae wonder that it pride him!)
Whase ain dear lass that he likes best,
Comes clinkin down beside him!
Wi' arm reposed on the chair back, 95
He sweetly does compose him;

¹ shirt. ² porridge-time. ³ shrewd. ⁴ attire.
⁵ jogging. ⁶ lusty chaps. ⁷ fine. ⁸ running.
⁹ busy. ¹⁰ large slice. ¹¹ cakes. ¹² crisp.
¹³ planks. ¹⁴ gabbling. ¹⁵ soiled. ¹⁶ sample.

Which by degrees slips round her neck,
An's loof¹⁷ upon her bosom,
Unkend that day.

Now a' the congregation o'er 100
Is silent expectation;
For Moodie speels¹⁸ the holy door,
Wi' tidings o' damnation.
Should Hornie,¹⁹ as in ancient days,
'Mang sons o' God present him, 105
The vera sight o' Moodie's face
To's ain het²⁰ hame had sent him
Wi' fright that day.

Hear how he clears the points o' faith
Wi' rattlin an' wi' thumpin! 110
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath
He's stampin an' he's jumpin!
His lengthened chin, his turned-up snout,
His eldritch²¹ squeel and gestures,
Oh, how they fire the heart devout, 115
Like cantharidian plaisters,
On sic a day!

But hark! the tent has changed its voice:
There's peace and rest nae langer;
For a' the real judges rise, 120
They canna sit for anger.
Smith opens out his cauld harangues,
On practice and on morals;
An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,
To gie the jars an' barrels 125
A lift that day.

What signifies his barren shine
Of moral powers and reason?
His English style an' gesture fine
Are a' clean out o' season. 130
Like Socrates or Antonine
Or some auld pagan heathen,
The *moral man* he does define,
But ne'er a word o' *faith* in
That's right that day. 135

In guid time comes an antidote
Against sic poisoned nostrum;
For Peebles, frae the water-fit,²²
Ascends the holy rostrum:
See, up he's got the word o' God 140
An' meek an' mim²³ has viewed it,

¹⁷ hand. ¹⁸ ascends. ¹⁹ the devil. ²⁰ hot.
²¹ unearthly. ²² river's mouth. ²³ primly.

While Common Sense has ta'en the road,
An's aff, an' up the Cowgate
Fast, fast that day.

Wee Miller niest¹ the guard relieves, 145
An' orthodoxy raibles,²
Tho' in his heart he weel believes
An' thinks it auld wives' fables:
But faith! the birkie³ wants a manse,
So cannilie⁴ he hums them; 150
Altho' his carnal wit an' sense
Like haffins-wise⁵ o'ercomes him
At times that day.

Now butt an' ben⁶ the change-house⁷ fills
Wi' yill-caup⁸ commentators: 155
Here's cryin out for bakes⁹ an gills,
An' there the pint-stowp¹⁰ clatters;
While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,
Wi' logic an' wi' Scripture,
They raise a din, that in the end 160
Is like to breed a rupture
O' wrath that day.

Leeze me¹¹ on drink! it gies us mair
Than either school or college:
It kindles wit, it waukens lear,¹² 165
It pangs¹³ us fou o' knowledge.
Be't whisky-gill or penny-wheep,¹⁴
Or onie stronger potion,
It never fails, on drinkin deep,
To kittle¹⁵ up our notion 170
By night or day.

The lads an' lasses, blythely bent
To mind baith saul an' body,
Sit round the table weel content,
An' steer about the toddy. 175
On this ane's dress an' that ane's leuk
They're makin observations;
While some are cozie i' the neuk,¹⁶
An' formin assignations
To meet some day. 180

But now the Lord's ain trumpet touts,
Till a' the hills are rairin,¹⁷
An' echoes back return the shouts—
Black Russell is na spairin.
His piercin words, like Highlan' swords, 185
Divide the joints an' marrow;

His talk o' hell, whare devils dwell,
Our vera "sauls does harrow"
Wi' fright that day.

A vast, unbottomed, boundless pit, 190
Filled fou o' lowin¹⁸ brunstane,¹⁹
Whase ragin flame an' scorchin heat
Wad melt the hardest whun-stane!²⁰
The half-asleep start up wi' fear
An' think they hear it roarin, 195
When presently it does appear
'Twas but some neebor snorin,
Asleep that day.

'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell
How monie stories past, 200
An' how they crouded to the yill,²¹
When they were a' dismiss;
How drink gaed round in cogs²² and caups²³
Amang the furms²⁴ an' benches:
An' cheese and bread frae women's laps 205
Was dealt about in lunches
An' dawds²⁵ that day.

In comes a gawsie,²⁶ gash²⁷ guidwife
An' sits down by the fire,
Syne²⁸ draws her kebbuck²⁹ an' her knife;
The lasses they are shy: 211
The auld guidmen about the grace
Frae side to side they bother,
Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
And gi'es them't,³⁰ like a tether, 215
Fu' lang that day.

Waesucks!³¹ for him that gets nae lass,
Or lasses that hae naething!
Sma' need has he to say a grace,
Or melvie³² his braw claiting! 220
O wives, be mindfu' ance yoursel
How bonie lads ye wanted,
An' dinna for a kebbuck-heel³³
Let lasses be affronted
On sic a day! 225

Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlin tow,³⁴
Begins to jow³⁵ an' croon;
Some swagger hame the best they dow,³⁶
Some wait the afternoon.
At slaps³⁷ the billies³⁸ halt a blink, 230
Till lasses strip their shoon:

¹ next. ² babbles. ³ fellow. ⁴ cunningly. ⁵ partly.
⁶ all through the house. ⁷ tavern.
⁸ ale-cup. ⁹ cakes. ¹⁰ pint-mug. ¹¹ good luck to!
¹² learning. ¹³ packs. ¹⁴ small-beer. ¹⁵ tickle.
¹⁶ corner. ¹⁷ roaring.

¹⁸ flaming. ¹⁹ brimstone. ²⁰ whinstone. ²¹ ale.
²² wooden bowls. ²³ cups.
²⁴ wooden seats. ²⁵ pieces. ²⁶ jolly.
²⁷ clever. ²⁸ then. ²⁹ cheese.
³⁰ gives it to them. ³¹ alas. ³² soil.
³³ cheese-rind. ³⁴ rope. ³⁵ swing.
³⁶ can. ³⁷ gaps in the hedge. ³⁸ young fellows.

Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink,
They're a' in famous tune
For crack¹ that day.

How monie hearts this day converts 235
O' sinners and o' lasses!
Their hearts o' stane,² gin³ night, are gane
As saft as onie flesh is.
There's some are fou o' love divine,
There's some are fou o' brandy; 240
An' monie jobs that day begin,
May end in houghmagandie⁴
Some ither day.

TO A MOUSE

ON TURNING UP HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH, NOVEMBER, 1785

Wee, sleekit,⁵ cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty
Wi' bickerin⁶ brattle!⁷
I wad be laith⁸ to rin an' chase thee 5
Wi' murdering pattle!⁹

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle 10
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles,¹⁰ but thou may thieve:
What then? poor beastie, thou maun¹¹
live!
A daimen¹² icker¹³ in a thrave¹⁴ 15
'S a sma' request;
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,¹⁵
An' never miss 't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin! 20
An' naething, now, to big¹⁶ a new ane,
O' foggage¹⁷ green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin
Baith snell¹⁸ an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste, 25
An' weary winter comin fast,

¹ talk. ² stone. ³ by. ⁴ disgrace. ⁵ soft, sleek.
⁶ hurrying. ⁷ clatter. ⁸ loth.
⁹ plough-staff. ¹⁰ sometimes. ¹¹ must.
¹² occasional. ¹³ ear. ¹⁴ twenty-four sheaves.
¹⁵ rest. ¹⁶ build. ¹⁷ coarse grass. ¹⁸ bitter.

An' cozie here, beneath the blast
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell. 30

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!
Now thou's turned out for a' thy trouble,
But¹⁹ house or hald,
To thole²⁰ the winter's sleety dribble 35
An' cranreuch²¹ cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane²²
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley,²³ 40
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain
For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, och! I backward cast my ee 45
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear!

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH, IN APRIL, 1786

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun²⁴ crush amang the stoure²⁵
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my pow'r, 5
Thou bonie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet
Wi' speckled breast, 10
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth 15
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

¹⁹ without. ²⁰ endure. ²¹ hoar-frost. ²² alone.
²³ amiss. ²⁴ must. ²⁵ dust.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield
High sheltering woods an' wa's¹ maun
shield:

But thou, beneath the random bield² 20
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie³ stibble-field
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad, 25
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies! 30

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed
And guileless trust;
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid 35
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore, 40
Till billows rage and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has
striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n 45
To misery's brink;
Till, wrenched of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
He ruined sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date; 50
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT
INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN,
ESQ.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.
—GRAY.

¹ walls.² protection.³ dry.

My loved, my honored, much respected
friend!

No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish
end:

My dearest meed a friend's esteem
and praise.

To you I sing, in simple Scottish
lays, 5

The lowly train in life's sequestered
scene;

The native feelings strong, the guile-
less waken;

What Aiken in a cottage would have
been;

Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier
there, I ween!

November chill blows loud wi' angry
sugh, 10

The short'ning winter day is near a
close;

The miry beasts retreating frae the
pleugh,

The black'ning trains o' craws to their
repose;

The toil-worn cotter frae his labor
goes,—

This night his weekly moil is at an
end,— 15

Collects his spades, his mattocks, and
his hoes,

Hoping the morn in ease and rest to
spend,

And weary, o'er the moor, his course does
hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged
tree; 20

Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin,
stacher⁵ through

To meet their dad, wi' flichterin⁶
noise an' glee.

His wee bit ingle,⁷ blinkin bonilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty
wife's smile,

The lispin infant prattling on his
knee, 25

Does a' his weary kiaugh⁸ and care
beguile,

An' makes him quite forget his labor an'
his toil.

⁴ moan. ⁵ stagger. ⁶ fluttering. ⁷ fire-place. ⁸ anxiety.

Belyve,¹ the elder bairns come drapping
in,
At service out amang the farmers
roun';
Some ca² the pleugh, some herd, some
tentie³ rin 30
A cannie errand to a neebor toun:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny,
woman-grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her
ee,
Comes hame, perhaps to shew a braw⁴
new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won⁵ penny-fee, 35
To help her parents dear, if they in hard-
ship be.

With joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters
meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly
spiers.⁶
The social hours, swift-winged, un-
noticed fleet;
Each tells the uncos⁷ that he sees or
hears. 40
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful
years;
Anticipation forward points the view;
The mother, wi' her needle an' her
sheers,
Gars⁸ auld claes look amais^t as weel's
the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due. 45

Their master's an' their mistress's com-
mand
The youngers a' are warnèd to obey;
An' mind their labors wi' an eydent⁹
hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk¹⁰
or play:
"An' O! be sure to fear the Lord
always, 50
An' mind your duty, duly, morn and
night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang
astray,
Implore His counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought
the Lord aright!"

¹ soon. ² drive. ³ careful. ⁴ fine.
⁵ hard-earned. ⁶ inquires. ⁷ unusual things.
⁸ makes. ⁹ diligent. ¹⁰ dally.

But hark! a rap comes gently to the
door. 55
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the
same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the
moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her
hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious
flame
Sparkle in Jenny's ee, and flush her
cheek; 60
Wi' heart-struck, anxious care, in-
quires his name,
While Jenny haffins¹¹ is afraid to speak;
Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae
wild worthless rake.

With kindly welcome Jenny brings him
ben;¹²
A strappin' youth, he takes the
mother's eye; 65
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen;
The father cracks¹³ of horses, pleughs,
and kye.¹⁴
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows
wi' joy,
But, blate¹⁵ and laithfu',¹⁶ scarce can weel
behave;
The mother wi' a woman's wiles can
spy 70
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an'
sae grave,
Weel-pleased to think her bairn's re-
spected like the lave.¹⁷

O happy love! where love like this is
found!
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond
compare!
I've paced much this weary, mortal
round, 75
And sage experience bids me this de-
clare—
"If Heaven a draught of heavenly
pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest
pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender
tale, 80
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents
the evening gale."

¹¹ partly. ¹² within. ¹³ talks. ¹⁴ cows.
¹⁵ shy. ¹⁶ bashful. ¹⁷ rest.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,
 A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
 That can with studied, sly, ensnaring art
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?⁸⁵
 Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling, smooth!
 Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child,
 Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild?⁹⁰

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The halesome parritch,¹ chief of Scotia's food;
 The soupe² their only hawkie³ does afford,
 That yont⁴ the hallan⁵ snugly chows her cood.
 The dame brings forth, in complimentary mood,⁹⁵
 To grace the lad, her weel-hained⁶ kebbuck⁷ fell,⁸
 An' aft⁹ he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;
 The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
 How 'twas a towmond¹⁰ auld, sin' lint¹¹ was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,¹⁰⁰
 They round the ingle form a circle wide;
 The sire turns o'er with patriarchal grace
 The big ha'-Bible,¹² ance his father's pride;
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart¹³ haffets¹⁴ wearing thin and bare;¹⁰⁵
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales¹⁵ a portion with judicious care;
 And, "Let us worship God," he says with solemn air.

¹ porridge.² milk.³ cow.⁴ beyond.⁵ partition.⁶ well-saved.⁷ cheese.⁸ strong.⁹ often.¹⁰ twelve-month.¹¹ since flax.¹² hall-Bible.¹³ grey.¹⁴ locks.¹⁵ selects.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:¹¹⁰
 Perhaps *Dundee's* wild-warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name,
 Or noble *Elgin* beets¹⁶ the heavenward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays.
 Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;¹¹⁵
 The tickled ear no heart-felt raptures raise;
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,—
 How Abram was the friend of God on high;
 Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage¹²⁰
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
 Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;¹²⁵
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,—
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
 How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay His head:¹³⁰
 How His first followers and servants sped;
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land
 How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
 And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.¹³⁵

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays:

¹⁶ kindles.

Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"

That thus they all shall meet in future days:

There ever bask in uncreated rays, ¹⁴⁰
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,

In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride ¹⁴⁵

In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide

Devotion's ev'ry grace except the heart!

The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,

The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole; ¹⁵⁰

But haply in some cottage far apart

May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul,

And in His book of life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;

The youngling cottagers retire to rest; ¹⁵⁵

The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,

That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest

And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees

the best, ¹⁶⁰

For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,

That makes her loved at home, revered abroad:

Princes and lords are but the breath of kings, ¹⁶⁵

"An honest man's the noblest work of God":

And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,

The cottage leaves the palace far behind:

What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,

Disguising oft the wretch of human kind, ¹⁷⁰

Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!

For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil

Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content! ¹⁷⁵

And, oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent

From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!

Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,

A virtuous populace may rise the while,

And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle. ¹⁸⁰

O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide

That streamed thro' Wallace's undaunted heart,

Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,

Or nobly die, the second glorious part,—

(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art, ¹⁸⁵

His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)

O never, never Scotia's realm desert,

But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,

In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID, OR THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS

My Son, these maxims make a rule,

An' lump them ay thegither;

The *Rigid Righteous* is a fool,

The *Rigid Wise* anither:

The cleanest corn that e'er was dight¹
 May hae some pyles o' caff² in;
 So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
 For random fits o' daffin.³

SOLOMON.—Eccles. vii, 16.

O ye wha are sae guid yoursel,
 Sae pious and sae holy,
 Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
 Your neebor's fauts and folly!
 Whase life is like a weel-gaun⁴ mill, 5
 Supplied wi' store o' water,
 The heaped happer's⁵ ebbing still,
 An' still the clap plays clatter,—

Hear me, ye venerable core,⁶
 As counsel for poor mortals 10
 That frequent pass douce⁷ Wisdom's door
 For glaikit⁸ Folly's portals;
 I for their thoughtless, careless sakes
 Would here propone⁹ defences—
 Their donsie¹⁰ tricks, their black mistakes,
 Their failings and mischances. 16

Ye see your state wi' theirs compared,
 And shudder at the niffer;¹¹
 But cast a moment's fair regard,
 What makes the mighty differ?¹² 20
 Discount what scant occasion gave,
 That purity ye pride in,
 And (what's aft¹³ mair than a' the lave)¹⁴
 Your better art o' hidin.

Think, when your castigated pulse 25
 Gies now and then a wallop,
 What ragins must his veins convulse
 That still eternal gallop:
 Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
 Right on ye scud your sea-way; 30
 But in the teeth o' baith¹⁵ to sail,
 It makes an unco¹⁶ leeway.

See Social Life and Glee sit down,
 All joyous and unthinking,
 Till, quite transmugrified,¹⁷ they're grown
 Debauchery and Drinking: 36
 O would they stay to calculate
 Th' eternal consequences;
 Or—your more dreaded hell to state—
 Damnation of expenses! 40

¹ winnowed.

⁴ well-going.

⁷ grave.

¹⁰ reckless.

¹³ often.

¹⁶ tremendous.

² grains of chaff.

⁵ hopper.

⁸ giddy.

¹¹ comparison.

¹⁴ rest.

³ larking.

⁶ assembly.

⁹ proffer.

¹² difference.

¹⁵ both.

¹⁷ transformed.

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
 Tied up in godly laces,
 Before you gie poor Frailty names,
 Suppose a change o' cases:
 A dear loved lad, convenience snug, 45
 A treacherous inclination—
 But, let me whisper i' your lug,¹⁸
 Ye're aiblins¹⁹ nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother man,
 Still gentler sister woman; 50
 Tho' they may gang a kennin²⁰ wrang,
 To step aside is human:
 One point must still be greatly dark,
 The moving *Why* they do it;
 And just as lamely can ye mark, 55
 How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
 Decidedly can try us,
 He knows each chord, its various tone,
 Each spring, its various bias: 60
 Then at the balance, let's be mute,
 We never can adjust it;
 What's done we partly can compute,
 But know not what's resisted.

TAM O' SHANTER

A TALE

Of Brownies and of Bogills full is this buke.
 —GAWIN DOUGLAS.

When chapman billies²¹ leave the street,
 And drouthy²² neebors neebors meet,
 As market-days are wearing late,
 An' folk begin to tak the gate,²³
 While we sit bousing at the nappy,²⁴ 5
 An' gettin fou and unco²⁵ happy,
 We think na on the lang Scots miles,
 The mosses, waters, slaps,²⁶ and stiles,
 That lie between us and our hame,
 Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame, 10
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
 As he frae Ayr ae night did canter:
 (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
 For honest men and bonie lasses.) 16

¹⁸ ear.

²¹ shopmen.

²⁴ ale.

¹⁹ perhaps.

²² thirsty.

²⁶ wonderfully.

²⁰ trifle.

²³ go home.

²⁶ gaps in the road.

O Tam! had'st thou but been sae wise
 As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice!
 She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,¹
 A bletherin, blusterin, drunken blellum;² 20
 That frae November till October,
 Ae³ market-day thou was nae sober;
 That ilka⁴ melder⁵ wi' the miller,
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
 That ev'ry naig⁶ was ca'd⁷ a shoe on,⁷ 25
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
 That at the Lord's house, even on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
 She prophesied, that, late or soon,
 Thou would be found deep drowned in
 Doon; 30
 Or caught wi' warlocks⁸ in the mirk,⁹
 By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars¹⁰ me greet,¹¹
 To think how monie counsels sweet,
 How monie lengthened sage advices, 35
 The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale:—Ae market night,
 Tam had got planted unco right,
 Fast by an angle,¹² bleezing finely,
 Wi' reaming swats¹³ that drank divinely;
 And at his elbow, Souter Johnie, 41
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy cronie:
 Tam lo'ed him like a very brither;¹⁴
 They had been fou for weeks thegither.
 The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter;
 And ay the ale was growing better: 46
 The landlady and Tam grew gracious
 Wi' secret favors, sweet and precious:
 The souter¹⁵ tauld his queerest stories;
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus: 50
 The storm without might rair and rustle,
 Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
 E'en drowned himsel among the nappy:
 As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure, 55
 The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure;
 Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed; 60
 Or like the snow falls in the river,
 A moment white—then melts forever;

¹ rascal. ² prattler. ³ one. ⁴ every. ⁵ grinding.
⁶ nag. ⁷ shod. ⁸ wizards. ⁹ dark. ¹⁰ makes.
¹¹ weep. ¹² fire-side. ¹³ foaming ale. ¹⁴ brother. ¹⁵ cobbler.

Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form 65
 Evanishing amid the storm.
 Nae man can tether time or tide:
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride,—
 That hour, o' night's black arch the key-
 stane,
 That dreary hour Tam mounts his beast
 in; 70
 And sic a night he taks the road in,
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 't wad blawn its last;
 The rattling showers rose on the blast;
 The speedy gleams the darkness swal-
 lowed; 75
 Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bel-
 lowed:
 That night, a child might understand,
 The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg,—
 A better never lifted leg,— 80
 Tam skelpit¹⁶ on thro' dub¹⁷ and mire,
 Despising wind and rain and fire;
 Whiles holding fast his guid blue bon-
 net,
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots
 sonnet,
 Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
 Lest bogles¹⁸ catch him unawares. 86
 Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
 Where ghaists and houlets¹⁹ nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
 Where in the snaw the chapman smooored;²⁰
 And past the birks²¹ and meikle²² stane, or
 Where drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;²³
 And thro' the whins,²⁴ and by the cairn,²⁵
 Where hunters fand the murdered bairn;²⁶
 And near the thorn, aboon²⁷ the well, 95
 Where Mungo's mither hanged hersel.
 Before him Doon pours all his floods;
 The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole,
 Near and more near the thunders roll; 100
 When, glimmering thro' the groaning
 trees

Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze:²⁸
 Thro' ilka bore²⁹ the beams were glancing,
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

¹⁶ hurried. ¹⁷ mud. ¹⁸ bogies. ¹⁹ owls. ²⁰ smothered.
²¹ birches. ²² big. ²³ neck. ²⁴ gorse. ²⁵ rock-pile.
²⁶ child. ²⁷ above. ²⁸ blaze. ²⁹ opening.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn! 105
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
 Wi' tippenny¹ we fear nae evil;
 Wi' usquebae² we'll face the devil!
 The swats³ sae reamed⁴ in Tammie's nod-
 dle,

Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle.⁵ 110
 But Maggie stood right sair astonished,
 Till, by the heel and hand admonished,
 She ventured forward on the light;
 And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!

Warlocks and witches in a dance; 115
 Nae cotillion brent-new⁶ frae France,
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and
 reels

Put life and mettle in their heels:
 A winnock⁷ bunker⁸ in the east,
 There sat Auld Nick in shape o' beast; 120
 A towsie⁹ tyke,¹⁰ black, grim, and large,
 To gie them music was his charge;
 He screwed the pipes and gart¹¹ them
 skirl,¹²

Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.¹³—
 Coffins stood round like open presses, 125
 That shawed the dead in their last
 dresses;

And by some devilish cantraip¹⁴ sleight
 Each in its cauld hand held a light,
 By which heroic Tam was able
 To note upon the haly table 130
 A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;¹⁵
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns;
 A thief, new-cutted frae a rape¹⁶—
 Wi' his last gasp his gab¹⁷ did gape;
 Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted; 135
 Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
 A garter, which a babe had strangled;
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft—
 The grey hairs yet stack to the heft; 140
 Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
 Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowered, amazed and
 curious,
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
 The piper loud and louder blew, 145
 The dancers quick and quicker flew;

They reeled, they set, they crossed, they
 cleekit,¹⁸
 Till ilka carlin¹⁹ swat²⁰ and reekit,²¹
 And coost²² her duddies²³ to the wark²⁴
 And linket²⁵ at it in her sark!²⁶ 150

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been
 queans,²⁷
 A' plump and strapping in their teens!
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie²⁸ flannen,²⁹
 Been snaw-white seventeen hunder
 linen!—

Thir³⁰ breeks o' mine, my only pair, 155
 That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
 I wad hae gien them aff my hurdies,³¹
 For ae blink o' the bonie burdies!

* * * * *

But Tam kend what was what fu'
 brawlie;³²
 There was ae winsome wench and wawlie,³³
 That night enlisted in the core³⁴ 165

Lang after kend on Carrick shore
 (For monie a beast to dead she shot,
 An' perished monie a bonie boat,
 And shook baith meikle corn and bear,³⁵
 And kept the country-side in fear). 170
 Her cutty sark³⁶ o' Paisley harn,³⁷
 That while a lassie she had worn,
 In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
 It was her best, and she was vauntie.³⁸
 Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie, 175
 That sark she coft³⁹ for her wee Nannie,
 Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
 Wad ever graced a dance o' witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour,
 Sic flights are far beyond her power; 180
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
 (A souple jad⁴⁰ she was and strang,)
 And how Tam stood like ane bewitched,
 And thought his very een⁴¹ enriched; 184
 Even Satan glowered and fidget⁴² fu' fain,
 And hotched⁴³ and blew wi' might and
 main:

Till first ae caper, syne⁴⁴ anither,
 Tam tint⁴⁵ his reason a' thegither,
 And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
 And in an instant all was dark: 190
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied.

¹ twopenny ale.

⁴ foamed.

⁷ window.

¹⁰ dog.

¹³ shake.

¹⁶ rope.

² whiskey.

⁶ penny.

⁸ bench.

¹¹ made.

¹⁴ magical.

³ ale.

⁶ brand-new.

⁹ shaggy.

¹² scream.

¹⁵ irons.

¹⁷ mouth.

¹⁸ clutched.

²² threw.

²⁶ shirt.

²⁹ these.

³⁴ company.

³⁸ proud.

⁴² fidgeted.

¹⁹ old hag.

²⁰ clothes.

²⁷ young girls.

³² hips.

³⁶ barley.

⁴⁰ bought.

⁴⁴ squirmed.

²³ sweated.

²⁴ work.

²⁸ greasy.

³³ well.

³⁷ chemise.

⁴¹ jade.

⁴⁵ then.

²¹ steamed.

²⁵ rushed.

²⁹ flannel.

³⁵ handsome.

³⁹ linen.

⁴³ eyes.

⁴⁷ lost.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,¹
 When plundering herds assail their byke;²
 As open pussie's³ mortal foes, 195
 When, pop! she starts before their nose;
 As eager runs the market-crowd,
 When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
 So Maggie runs, the witches follow, 199
 Wi' monie an eldritch⁴ skriech and hollo.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy
 fairin!⁵
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
 Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg, 205
 And win the key-stane of the brig.⁶
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they dare na cross.
 But ere the key-stane she could make,
 The fient⁷ a tail she had to shake! 210
 For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle,⁸
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
 Ae spring brought aff her master hale, 215
 But left behind her ain grey tail:
 The carlin clautht her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 Ilk⁹ man and mother's son, take heed, 220
 Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
 Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's Mare.

SCOTS WHA HAE

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victorie!
 Now's the day, and now's the hour; 5
 See the front o' battle lour;
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave? 10
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Let him turn and flee!

¹ fury.
⁴ unearthly.
⁷ devil.

² hive.
⁵ reward.
⁸ intent.

³ the hare's.
⁶ bridge.
⁹ every.

Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand or freeman fa', 15
 Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
 By your sons in servile chains!
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free! 20
 Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every blow!
 Liberty's in every blow!—
 Let us do or die!

SONGS

MARY MORISON

O Mary, at thy window be,
 It is the wished, the trysted hour!
 Those smiles and glances let me see,
 That make the miser's treasure poor:
 How blythely wad I bide the stoure,¹⁰ 5
 A weary slave frae sun to sun,
 Could I the rich reward secure,
 The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string
 The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha', 10
 To thee my fancy took its wing,
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
 Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,¹¹
 And yon the toast of a' the town,
 I sighed, and said among them a', 15
 "Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,
 Whase only faut is loving thee? 20
 If love for love thou wilt na gie
 At least be pity to me shown:
 A thought ungentle canna be
 The thought o' Mary Morison.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES

CHORUS.—Green grow the rashes, O;
 Green grow the rashes, O;
 The sweetest hours that e'er I
 spend
 Are spent among the lasses, O.

¹⁰ endure the struggle.

¹¹ handsome.

There's nought but care on ev'ry han', 5
 In every hour that passes, O:
 What signifies the life o' man,
 An 'twere na for the lasses, O?

The war'ly¹ race may riches chase,
 An' riches still may fly them, O; 10
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

But gie me a cannie² hour at e'en,
 My arms about my dearie, O;
 An' war'ly cares, an' war'ly men, 15
 May a' gae tapsalteerie,³ O.

For you sae douce,⁴ ye sneer at this;
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw, 20
 He dearly loved the lasses, O.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O:
 Her prentice han' she tried on man,
 An' then she made the lasses, O.

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min'?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And auld lang syne?

CHO.—For auld lang syne, my dear, 5
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,⁵
 And surely I'll be mine! 10
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,⁶
 And pu'd the gowans⁷ fine;
 But we've wandered monie a weary fit⁸ 15
 Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidled⁹ i' the burn,¹⁰
 From mornin' sun till dine;¹¹
 But seas between us braid¹² hae roared
 Sin' auld lang syne. 20

¹ worldly. ² quiet. ³ topey-turvy. ⁴ sedate.
⁵ pint-cup. ⁶ hillsides. ⁷ daisies. ⁸ foot.
⁹ paddled. ¹⁰ brook. ¹¹ noon. ¹² broad.

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere,¹³
 And gie's a hand o' thine;
 And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught¹⁴
 For auld lang syne.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW

Of a' the airts¹⁵ the wind can blaw
 I dearly like the west,
 For there the bonie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best:
 There wild woods grow an' rivers row,¹⁶ 5
 An' monie a hill between;
 But day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet an' fair: 10
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air:
 There's not a bonie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw,¹⁷ or green;
 There's not a bonie bird that sings, 15
 But minds me o' my Jean.

TAM GLEN

My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie,¹⁸
 Some counsel unto me come len';
 To anger them a' is a pity,
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking, wi' sic¹⁹ a braw²⁰ fellow, 5
 In poortith²¹ I might mak a fen':²²
 What care I in riches to wallow,
 If I mauna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Dumeller,
 "Guid-day to you,"—brute! he comes 10
 ben:²³
 He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie²⁴ does constantly deave²⁵ me,
 And bids me beware o' young men;
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me; 15
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

¹³ comrade. ¹⁴ draught. ¹⁵ ways. ¹⁶ roll.
¹⁷ wood. ¹⁸ sister. ¹⁹ such. ²⁰ shift.
²¹ handsome. ²² poverty. ²³ mother. ²⁴ deafen.
²⁵ in.

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me guid hunder marks ten:
But, if it's ordained I maun take him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen? 20

Yestreen at the valentines' dealing,
My heart to my mou¹ gied a sten:²
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written, "Tam Glen"!

The last Halloween I was waukin³ 25
My droukit⁴ sark-sleeve,⁵ as ye ken:
His likeness cam up the house staukin,⁶
And the very gray breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry;
I'll gie ye my bonie black hen, 30
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the
North,
The birth-place of valor, the country of
worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart
is not here; 5
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing
the deer;
A-chasing the wild deer, and following
the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I
go.

Farewell to the mountains, high-covered
with snow;
Farewell to the straths⁷ and green valleys
below; 10
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging
woods,
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring
floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart
is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing
the deer;

¹ mouth. ² spring. ³ watching. ⁴ wetted.
⁵ shirt-sleeve. ⁶ stalking. ⁷ river valleys.

A-chasing the wild deer, and following
the roe, 15
My heart's in the Highlands wherever
I go.

GO FETCH TO ME A PINT O' WINE

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie;⁸
That I may drink, before I go,
A service to my bonie lassie:
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith, 5
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry;
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun leave my bonie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are rankèd ready, 10
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes deep and bloody;
It's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad mak me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar— 15
It's leaving thee, my bonie Mary!

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO

John Anderson my jo,⁹ John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonie brow was brent;¹⁰
But now your brow is beld,¹¹ John, 5
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,¹²
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither; 10
And monie a cantie¹³ day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot, 15
John Anderson my jo.

WILLIE BREWED A PECK O' MAUT

O, Willie brewed a peck o' maut,¹⁴
An' Rob an' Allan cam to see:
Three blyther hearts that lee-lang¹⁵ night
Ye wad na found in Christendie.

⁸ goblet. ⁹ sweetheart. ¹⁰ smooth. ¹¹ bald.
¹² head. ¹³ happy. ¹⁴ malt. ¹⁵ live-long.

CHORUS.—We are na fou, we're nae that
fou, 5
But just a drappie¹ in our ee;
The cock may crawl, the day
may daw,²
And ay we'll taste the barley
bree.³

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow, are we; 10
An' monie a night we've merry been,
And monie mae⁴ we hope to be!

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin in the lift⁵ sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle⁶ us hame, 15
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold, coward loun is he!
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three! 20

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy
green braes,⁷
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy
praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring
stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her
dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds
thro' the glen, 5
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny
den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming
forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering
fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring
hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear
winding rills; 10
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my
eye.

¹ little drop.⁴ more.⁶ entice.² dawn.³ brew.⁵ sky.⁷ hill-sides.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys
below,
Where wild in the woodlands the prim-
roses blow;
There oft, as mild Evening weeps over the
lea, 15
The sweet-scented birk⁸ shades my Mary
and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it
glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary
resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet
lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy
clear wave. 20

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy
green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my
lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring
stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her
dream.

BONIE DOON

Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care?

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird, 5
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days,
When my fause luvie was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
Thou sings beside thy mate; 10
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonie Doon
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka⁹ bird sang o' its luvie, 15
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Frae aff its thorny tree;
And my fause luvie staw¹⁰ my rose
But left the thorn wi' me. 20

⁸ birch.⁹ every.¹⁰ stole.

AE FOND KISS

Ae¹ fond kiss, and then we sever;
 Ae farewell, and then forever!
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
 Who shall say that Fortune grieves him, 5
 While the star of hope she leaves him?
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
 Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy; 10
 But to see her was to love her;
 Love but her, and love forever.
 Had we never loved sae kindly,
 Had we never loved sae blindly,
 Never met—or never parted— 15
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
 Thine be ilka² joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure! 20
 Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
 Ae farewell, alas, forever!
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

HIGHLAND MARY

Ye banks, and braes,³ and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie!⁴
 There simmer first unfald her robes, 5
 And there the langest tarry;
 For there I took the last fareweel,
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,⁵
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom, 10
 As underneath their fragrant shade
 I clasped her to my bosom!
 The golden hours on angel wings
 Flew o'er me and my dearie;
 For dear to me as light and life, 15
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and locked embrace
 Our parting was fu' tender;
 And, pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore oursels asunder; 20

¹ one. ² every. ³ hills. ⁴ muddy. ⁵ birch.

But O! fell death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower sae early!
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
 That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips, 25
 I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
 And closed for ay the sparkling glance,
 That dwalt on me sae kindly!
 And mouldering now in silent dust,
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly! 30
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

DUNCAN GRAY

Duncan Gray came here to woo,
 (Ha, ha, the wooin o't!)
 On blythe Yule night when we were fou,⁶
 (Ha, ha, the wooin o't!)
 Maggie coost⁷ her head fu high, 5
 Looked asklent⁸ and unco skeigh,⁹
 Gart¹⁰ poor Duncan stand abeigh;¹¹
 Ha, ha, the wooin o't!

Duncan fleeched,¹² and Duncan prayed;
 (Ha, ha, the wooin o't!) 10
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
 (Ha, ha, the wooin o't!)
 Duncan sighed baith out and in,
 Grat¹³ his een¹⁴ baith bleer't¹⁵ and blin',
 Spak o' lowpin¹⁶ o'er a linn;¹⁷ 15
 Ha, ha, the wooin o't!

Time and chance are but a tide,
 (Ha ha, the wooin o't!)
 Slighted love is sair to bide,¹⁸
 (Ha, ha, the wooin o't!) 20
 "Shall I, like a fool," quoth he,
 "For a haughty hizzie¹⁹ die?"
 She may gae to—France for me!"
 Ha, ha, the wooin o't!

How it comes let doctors tell, 25
 (Ha, ha, the wooin o't!)
 Meg grew sick as he grew hale,
 (Ha, ha, the wooin o't!)
 Something in her bosom wrings,
 For relief a sigh she brings; 30
 And O! her een, they spak sic things!
 Ha, ha, the wooin o't!

⁶ full. ⁷ tossed. ⁸ sidewise. ⁹ very shy.
¹⁰ made. ¹¹ aside. ¹² wheedled. ¹³ wept.
¹⁴ eyes. ¹⁵ bleared. ¹⁶ leaping. ¹⁷ waterfall.
¹⁸ endure. ¹⁹ husky.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
 (Ha, ha, the wooin o't!)
 Maggie's was a piteous case, 35
 (Ha, ha, the wooin o't!)
 Duncan could na be her death,
 Swelling pity smooored¹ his wrath;
 Now they're crouse² and cantie³ baith;
 Ha, ha, the wooin o't! 40

From THE JOLLY BEGGARS

See! the smoking bowl before us,
 Mark our jovial ragged ring;
 Round and round take up the chorus,
 And in raptures let us sing:

CHORUS

A fig for those by law protected! 5
 Liberty's a glorious feast!
 Courts for cowards were erected,
 Churches built to please the priest.
 What is title? what is treasure?
 What is reputation's care? 10
 If we lead a life of pleasure,
 Tis no matter, how or where!
 With the ready trick and fable,
 Round we wander all the day;
 And at night, in barn or stable, 15
 Hug our doxies on the hay.
 Does the train-attended carriage
 Through the country lighter rove?
 Does the sober bed of marriage
 Witness brighter scenes of love? 20
 Life is all a variorum,
 We regard not how it goes;
 Let them cant about decorum
 Who have characters to lose.
 Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets! 25
 Here's to all our wandering train!
 Here's our ragged brats and callets!⁴
 One and all cry out, Amen!

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE AND
 CANTIE WI' MAIR

Contented wi' little, and cantie⁵ wi' mair,
 Whene'er I forgather⁶ wi' Sorrow and
 Care,

¹ smothered.
⁴ trulls.

² cheerful.
³ cheerful.

³ happy.
⁶ associate.

I gie them a skelp⁷ as they're creeping
 along,
 Wi' a cog⁸ o' guid swats⁹ and an auld
 Scottish sang.

I whiles claw¹⁰ the elbow o' troublesome
 Thought;
 But man is a soger, and life is a faught; 5
 My mirth and guid humor are coin in my
 pouch,
 And my freedom's my lairdship nae
 monarch daur touch.

A towmond¹¹ o' trouble, should that be
 my fa,¹²
 A night o' guid fellowship sowthers¹³ it a';
 When at the blythe end of our journey at
 last, 11
 Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he
 has past?

Blind Chance, let her snapper¹⁴ and
 stoyte¹⁵ on her way;
 Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade
 gae:
 Come ease or come travail, come pleasure
 or pain, 15
 My warst word is: "Welcome, and wel-
 come again!"

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hings his head, an' a' that?
 The coward slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, an' a' that, 5
 Our toils obscure, an' a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
 The man's the gowd¹⁶ for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin-gray,¹⁷ an' a' that; 10
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their
 wine,
 A man's a man for a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their tinsel show, an' a' that;
 The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor, 15
 Is king o' men for a' that.

⁷ rap.

¹⁰ scratch.

¹³ makes it all up.

¹⁶ gold.

⁸ bowl.

¹¹ twelve-month.

¹⁴ stumble.

⁹ ale.

¹² lot.

¹⁵ stagger.

¹⁷ homespun grey.

Ye see yon birkie,¹ ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a cuif² for a' that: 20
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 His riband, star, an' a' that,
 The man o' independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight, 25
 A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon³ his might,
 Guid faith, he mauna fa⁴ that!
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their dignities, an' a' that, 30
 The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
 Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 (As come it will for a' that)
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 Shall bear the gree,⁵ an' a' that. 36
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that,
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brithers be for a' that. 40

O, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST

O, wert thou in the cauld blast,
 On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
 My plaidie to the angry airt,
 I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.
 Or did misfortune's bitter storms 5
 Around thee blaw, around thee
 blaw,
 Thy bield should be my bosom,
 To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
 Sae black and bare, sae black and
 bare, 10
 The desert were a paradise,
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
 Or were I monarch o' the globe,
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
 The brightest jewel in my crown 15
 Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

¹ young chap.
⁴ cannot lay claim to.

² fool.

³ above.
⁵ prize.

WILLIAM BLAKE (1757-1827)

From SONGS OF INNOCENCE

INTRODUCTION

Piping down the valleys wild,
 Piping songs of pleasant glee,
 On a cloud I saw a child,
 And he laughing said to me:

"Pipe a song about a Lamb!" 5
 So I piped with merry cheer.
 "Piper, pipe that song again;"
 So I piped: he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
 Sing thy songs of happy cheer!" 10
 So I sung the same again,
 While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write
 In a book, that all may read."
 So he vanished from my sight; 15
 And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
 And I stained the water clear,
 And I wrote my happy songs
 Every child may joy to hear. 20

THE LAMB

Little Lamb, who made thee?
 Dost thou know who made thee?
 Gave thee life, and bid thee feed
 By the stream and o'er the mead;
 Gave thee clothing of delight, 5
 Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
 Gave thee such a tender voice,
 Making all the vales rejoice?
 Little Lamb, who made thee?
 Dost thou know who made thee? 10

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
 Little Lamb, I'll tell thee:
 He is callèd by thy name,
 For He calls Himself a Lamb.
 He is meek, and He is mild; 15
 He became a little child.
 I a child, and thou a lamb,
 We are callèd by His name.
 Little Lamb, God bless thee!
 Little Lamb, God bless thee! 20

CRADLE SONG

Sweet dreams, form a shade
O'er my lovely infant's head;
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams
By happy, silent, moony beams.

Sweet Sleep, with soft down 5
Weave thy brows an infant crown.
Sweet Sleep, angel mild,
Hover o'er my happy child.

Sweet smiles, in the night
Hover over my delight; 10
Sweet smiles, mother's smiles,
All the livelong night beguiles.

Sweet moans, dovelike sighs,
Chase not slumber from thy eyes.
Sweet moans, sweeter smiles, 15
All the dovelike moans beguiles.

Sleep, sleep, happy child,
All creation slept and smiled;
Sleep, sleep, happy sleep, 20
While o'er thee thy mother weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Holy image I can trace.
Sweet babe, once like thee,
Thy Maker lay and wept for me.

Wept for me, for thee, for all, 25
When he was an infant small.
Thou his image ever see,
Heavenly face that smiles on thee,

Smiles on thee, on me, on all;
Who became an infant small. 30
Infant smiles are His own smiles;
Heaven and earth to peace beguiles.

THE LITTLE BLACK BOY

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but oh my soul is white!
White as an angel is the English child,
But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree, 5
And, sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap and kissèd me,
And, pointing to the east, began to say:

"Look on the rising sun,—there God does
live,
And gives his light, and gives his heat
away; 10
And flowers and trees and beasts and men
receive
Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

"And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of
love;
And these black bodies and this sunburnt
face 15
Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

"For when our souls have learned the heat
to bear,
The cloud will vanish, we shall hear his
voice,
Saying: 'Come out from the grove, my
love and care,
And round my golden tent like lambs
rejoice.'" 20

Thus did my mother say, and kissèd me;
And thus I say to little English boy.
When I from black, and he from white
cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs
we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat, till he can
bear 25
To lean in joy upon our Father's knee;
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver
hair,
And be like him, and he will then love
me.

From SONGS OF EXPERIENCE

THE CLOD AND THE PEBBLE

"Love seeketh not itself to please,
Nor for itself hath any care,
But for another gives its ease,
And builds a heaven in hell's despair."

So sung a little clod of clay, 5
Trodden with the cattle's feet,
But a pebble of the brook
Warbled out these metres meet:

"Love seeketh only Self to please,
To bind another to its delight, 10
Joys in another's loss of ease,
And builds a hell in heaven's despite."

THE SICK ROSE

O Rose, thou art sick!
The invisible worm,
That flies in the night,
In the howling storm,
Has found out thy bed 5
Of crimson joy,
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.

THE TIGER

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?
In what distant deeps or skies 5
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?
And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart? 10
And, when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?
What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp 15
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?
When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee? 20
Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

THE SUNFLOWER

Ah, Sunflower! weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the sun,
Seeking after that sweet golden clime,
Where the traveller's journey is done;

Where the youth pined away with desire, 5
And the pale virgin shrouded in snow,
Arise from their graves, and aspire
Where my Sunflower wishes to go.

From AUGURIES OF INNOCENCE

To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower;
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour.

From MILTON

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the countenance divine 5
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire! 10
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem 15
In England's green and pleasant land.

GEORGE CRABBE (1754-1832)

From THE VILLAGE, Book I

The village life, and every care that
reigns
O'er youthful peasants and declining
swains;
What labor yields, and what, that labor
past,
Age, in its hour of languor, finds at last;
What form the real picture of the poor, 5
Demand a song—the Muse can give no
more.
Fled are those times, when, in harmoni-
ous strains,
The rustic poet praised his native plains:

No shepherds now, in smooth alternate
verse,
Their country's beauty or their nymphs'
rehearse; 10
Yet still for these we frame the tender
strain,
Still in our lays fond Corydons complain,
And shepherds' boys their amorous pains
reveal,
The only pains, alas! they never feel.
On Mincio's banks, in Cæsar's bounte-
ous reign, 15
If Tityrus found the Golden Age again,
Must sleepy bards the flattering dream
prolong,
Mechanic echoes of the Mantuan song?
From Truth and Nature shall we widely
stray,
Where Virgil, not where Fancy, leads the
way? 20
Yes, thus the Muses sing of happy
swains,
Because the Muses never knew their
pains:
They boast their peasants' pipes; but peas-
ants now
Resign their pipes and plod behind the
plough;
And few amid the rural tribe have time 25
To number syllables, and play with
rhyme;
Save honest Duck, what son of verse
could share
The poet's rapture and the peasant's care?
Or the great labors of the field degrade,
With the new peril of a poorer trade? 30
From this chief cause these idle praises
spring;
That themes so easy few forbear to sing;
For no deep thought the trifling subjects
ask;
To sing of shepherds is an easy task;
The happy youth assumes the common
strain, 35
A nymph his mistress, and himself a swain;
With no sad scenes he clouds his tuneful
prayer,
But all, to look like her, is painted fair.
I grant indeed that fields and flocks have
charms
For him that grazes or for him that farms;
But when amid such pleasing scenes I
trace 41
The poor laborious natives of the place,

And see the mid-day sun with fervid ray .
On their bare heads and dewy temples
play;
While some, with feebler heads and fainter
hearts 45
Deplore their fortune, yet sustain their
parts—
Then shall I dare these real ills to hide,
In tinsel trappings of poetic pride?
No; cast by Fortune on a frowning
coast,
Which neither groves nor happy valleys
boast; 50
Where other cares than those the Muse
relates,
And other shepherds dwell with other
mates;
By such examples taught, I paint the cot,
As Truth will paint it, and as bards will
not:
Nor you, ye poor, of lettered scorn com-
plain, 55
To you the smoothest song is smooth in
vain;
O'ercome by labor, and bowed down by
time,
Feel you the barren flattery of a rhyme?
Can poets soothe you, when you pine for
bread,
By winding myrtles round your ruined
shed? 60
Can their light tales your weighty griefs
o'erpower,
Or glad with airy mirth the toilsome hour?
Lo! where the heath, with withering
brake grown o'er,
Lends the light turf that warms the neigh-
boring poor;
From thence a length of burning sand ap-
pears, 65
Where the thin harvest waves its withered
ears.
Rank weeds, that every art and care defy,
Reign o'er the land, and rob the blighted
rye;
There thistles stretch their prickly arms
afar,
And to the ragged infant threaten war; 70
There poppies, nodding, mock the hope of
toil,
There the blue bugloss paints the sterile
soil;
Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf,
The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf;

O'er the young shoot the charlock throws
 a shade, ⁷⁵
 And clasping tares cling round the sickly
 blade;
 With mingled tints the rocky coasts
 abound,
 And a sad splendor vainly shines around.
 So looks the nymph whom wretched arts
 adorn,
 Betrayed by man, then left for man to
 scorn; ⁸⁰
 Whose cheek in vain assumes the mimic
 rose,
 While her sad eyes the troubled breast
 disclose:
 Whose outward splendor is but folly's
 dress,
 Exposing most when most it gilds distress.
 Here joyless roam a wild amphibious
 race, ⁸⁵
 With sullen woe displayed in every face;
 Who far from civil arts and social fly,
 And scowl at strangers with suspicious
 eye.

Here too the lawless merchant of the
 main
 Draws from his plough the intoxicated
 swain; ⁹⁰
 Want only claimed the labor of the day,
 But vice now steals his nightly rest away.
 Where are the swains, who, daily labor
 done,
 With rural games played down the setting
 sun;
 Who struck with matchless force the
 bounding ball, ⁹⁵
 Or made the ponderous quoit obliquely
 fall;
 While some huge Ajax, terrible and strong,
 Engaged some artful stripling of the
 throng,
 And fell beneath him, foiled, while far
 around
 Hoarse triumph rose, and rocks returned
 the sound? ¹⁰⁰
 Where now are these?—Beneath yon cliff
 they stand,
 To show the 'freighted pinnacle where to
 land;
 To load the ready steed with guilty haste,
 To fly in terror o'er the pathless waste,
 Or, when detected, in their straggling
 course, ¹⁰⁵
 To foil their foes by cunning or by force;

Or, yielding part (which equal knaves de-
 mand),
 To gain a lawless passport through the
 land.

From THE BOROUGH

Old Peter Grimes made fishing his em-
 ploy;
 His wife he cabined with him and his boy,
 And seemed that life laborious to enjoy.
 To town came quiet Peter with his fish,
 And had of all a civil word and wish. ⁵
 He left his trade upon the Sabbath day,
 And took young Peter in his hand to pray;
 But soon the stubborn boy from care broke
 loose,
 At first refused, then added his abuse;
 His father's love he scorned, his power
 defied, ¹⁰
 But, being drunk, wept sorely when he
 died.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES (1762-1850)

TIME

O Time! who knowest a lenient hand to
 lay
 Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly
 thence,
 Lulling to sad repose the weary sense,
 The faint pang stealest, unperceived,
 away;
 On thee I rest my only hope at last, ⁵
 And think when thou hast dried the bitter
 tear
 That flows in vain o'er all my soul held
 dear,
 I may look back on every sorrow past,
 And meet life's peaceful evening with a
 smile:
 As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
 Sings in the sunbeam, of the transient
 shower ¹¹
 Forgetful, though its wings are wet the
 while:
 Yet, ah! how much must that poor heart
 endure
 Which hopes from thee, and thee alone,
 a cure.

HOPE

As one who, long by wasting sickness
worn,
Weary has watched the lingering night,
and heard,
Heartless, the carol of the matin bird
Salute his lonely porch, now first at
morn
Goes forth, leaving his melancholy bed; 5
He the green slope and level meadow
views,
Delightful bathed in slow-ascending dews;
Or marks the clouds that o'er the moun-
tain's head
In varying forms fantastic wander white;
Or turns his ear to every random song 10
Heard the green river's winding marge
along,
The while each sense is steeped in still
delight:
With such delight o'er all my heart I
feel
Sweet Hope! thy fragrance pure and
healing incense steal.

TO THE RIVER TWEED

O Tweed! a stranger, that with wandering
feet
O'er hill and dale has journeyed many a
mile
(If so his weary thoughts he might be-
guile),
Delighted turns thy beauteous scenes to
greet.
The waving branches that romantic
bend
O'er thy tall banks, a soothing charm
bestow; 6
The murmurs of thy wandering wave
below
Seem to his ear the pity of a friend.
Delightful stream! though now along thy
shore,
When spring returns in all her wonted
pride, 10
The shepherd's distant pipe is heard no
more,
Yet here with pensive peace I could abide,
Far from the stormy world's tumultuous
roar,
To muse upon thy banks at eventide.

BAMBOROUGH CASTLE

Ye holy towers that shade the wave-worn
steep,
Long may ye rear your aged brows sub-
lime,
Though, hurrying silent by, relentless time
Assail you, and the winds of winter sweep
Round your dark battlements; for far
from halls 5
Of Pride, here Charity hath fixed her seat;
Oft listening tearful when the wild winds
beat
With hollow bodings round your ancient
walls;
And Pity, at the dark and stormy hour
Of midnight, when the moon is hid on
high, 10
Keeps her lone watch upon the topmost
tower,
And turns her ear to each expiring cry,
Blest if her aid some fainting wretch
may save,
And snatch him cold and speechless
from the wave.

WRITTEN AT TYNEMOUTH AFTER
A TEMPESTUOUS VOYAGE

As slow I climbed the cliff's ascending
side,
Much musing on the track of terror past,
When o'er the dark wave rode the howling
blast,
Pleased I look back, and view the tranquil
tide
That laves the pebbled shore: and now the
beam 5
Of evening smiles on the gray battlement,
And yon forsaken tower that Time has
rent:—
The lifted oar far off with silver gleam
Is touched, and hushed is all the billowy
deep!
Soothed by the scene, thus on tired Na-
ture's breast 10
A stillness slowly steals, and kindred rest;
While sea-sounds lull her, as she sinks
to sleep,
Like melodies which mourn upon the
lyre,
Waked by the breeze, and, as they
mourn, expire!

BIOGRAPHICAL APPENDIX

CHAUCEER (1340?-1400)

Geoffrey Chaucer was born probably in 1340, the son of a London vintner. By April, 1357, he had taken service at the court, perhaps as a page. In 1359 he was a member of the army that was fighting the French in the Hundred Years' War, and was already of sufficient importance to be ransomed from his captors by the king. In 1370 he made the first of several diplomatic journeys to the continent, and in 1372 first went to Italy. In 1374 he was appointed controller of customs for the port of London, and in 1386 sat in Parliament for Kent. In 1389 Richard II appointed him clerk of the king's works, and in 1394 granted him a pension. In 1399 Henry IV succeeded Richard, and at the poet's petition largely increased his pension, and enabled him to spend the last year of his life in comparative affluence. He died in 1400, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Since the court in which Chaucer grew up was in many respects French, it was inevitable that when the young poet began to write his work should show strong traces of foreign literary influence. He early translated part or all of the *Romance of the Rose*, a famous French allegory, and in the *Book of the Duchess* (1369), composed at the death of Blanche, wife of John of Gaunt, wrote a poem which is saturated with French influence. When in 1372 he first visited Italy, he came under the spell of the Italian Renaissance, and in the works of Dante (d. 1321), Petrarch (d. 1374), and Boccaccio (d. 1375), found much that was new and inspiring. The effect of Renaissance art and literature on Chaucer's imagination is evident in the work of his second, the so-called Italian period. Here came the *House of Fame* (?1379), and *Troilus and Cressida* (?1383), the latter one of his most important works, a character-novel in verse, concerned with the love of Troilus and Diomedes for the Trojan girl Cressida. The poem is founded directly on Boccaccio, as is the *Legend of Good Women* (ca. 1385). Following these came Chaucer's greatest work, the unfinished *Canterbury Tales* (1385 and after). Here, although French and Italian influences still persist, the inspiration is predominantly English. Chaucer's busy life had brought him in contact with men and women of all sorts, and in the *Canterbury Tales* he gives us the most brilliant picture ever painted of fourteenth century English life. As the poem is Chaucer's largest work, so until the days of Spenser and Shakespeare it remained the chief glory of English literature.

The best editions of Chaucer for general reading are the Globe (Macmillan), and the Student's (Clarendon Press), although the serious student will have to consult Skeat's monumental Oxford

Edition (Clarendon Press). No adequate life of Chaucer has been written. There is much of value in Lounsbury's *Studies in Chaucer* (Harper), Root's *The Poetry of Chaucer* (Houghton Mifflin), and Kittredge's *Chaucer and His Poetry* (Harvard Univ. Press). Miss Hammond's *Chaucer: A Bibliographical Manual* (Macmillan) is invaluable to the serious student. Lowell's essay in *My Study Windows* (Houghton Mifflin) is suggestive and sympathetic, although slightly inaccurate as to details.

THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH POPULAR BALLADS

The great edition of the ballads is that of Francis James Child, in five volumes (Houghton Mifflin). This gives every text of every ballad that Child and his many assistants were able to discover, and is the starting point for all serious study of English balladry. A condensation of this edition in one volume (Cambridge edition, Houghton Mifflin), contains representative texts of practically all the ballads in the larger work, and is prefaced by Kittredge's valuable essay. Gummere's *Old English Ballads* (Ginn and Co.) is an inexpensive collection with valuable notes. The same author's *The Popular Ballad* (Houghton Mifflin) discusses the problems of ballad origins and related questions.

SPENSER (1552-1599)

Up to the age of Elizabeth England had produced but one great poet—Chaucer. Edmund Spenser was the second. He was born in London and received his early education in the famous school of the Merchant Tailors, to whose guild his father probably belonged. The family purse must have been lean, for the boy obtained help from a charitable foundation. At Cambridge University, too, he was entered in 1569 as a sizar, or needy student, who rendered certain services in return for food and tuition. At Cambridge Spenser formed the chief of his friendships, with Gabriel Harvey, who had some influence upon Spenser's poetical theory, and figures as one of the characters of *The Shepherd's Calendar*. After taking his master's degree in 1576 Spenser lived for a time with relatives in Lancashire, and later held two secretarial positions. By 1579 he had entered the service of the great Earl of Leicester, and in that year published *The Shepherd's Calendar*, a series of pastoral eclogues, one for each of the twelve months. In 1580 he became secretary to Lord Grey of Wilton, Lord Deputy of Ireland, and spent the remainder of his life, apart from two visits to London, in Ireland. For some years he held office in Dublin, as a clerk of the Court of

Chancery, but resigned in 1588 to become clerk of the Council of Munster; he had previously bought the estate of Kilcolman, in the county of Munster, where he took up his residence. Sir Walter Raleigh was then living some thirty miles away. While on a visit to Kilcolman in 1589 he saw the manuscript of the first three books of *The Faerie Queene*. Enthusiastic about their merits, he took the poet with him to London, where the three books were published in 1590. The work confirmed the reputation earned by *The Shepherd's Calendar*, and won for Spenser the patronage of the Queen and many people of high rank. Its favorable reception encouraged Spenser to hope for political preferment in England, but the only tangible reward was a pension of fifty pounds. Disappointed in his political ambitions, he returned to Ireland early in 1591. In 1594 he married an Irish lady, Elizabeth Boyle; a poetical record of his courtship may be found in the *Amoretti* and the *Epithalamion*, published together in 1595. The following year saw him again in London, superintending the printing of the second three books of *The Faerie Queene*, and once more seeking advancement—in vain. In 1598 a rebellion broke out in Munster. Kilcolman Castle was sacked and burned, and Spenser, with his wife and four children, fled to Cork. From there he was sent with despatches to London, where he died Jan. 16, 1599. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, near Chaucer.

The record of Spenser's life is one of unsatisfied ambition. Although he enjoyed the friendship of Sidney and Raleigh and the favor of the Queen, he was, like Swift, compelled to live most of his life in a country he detested, balked of the honors he hoped for. As a poet, however, he won immediate recognition, and on the appearance of *The Faerie Queene* was at once acclaimed as heir to the mantle of Chaucer. Spenser is the most truly representative of Elizabethan poets, because his work, especially *The Faerie Queene*, shows to perfection the blending of the spirit of the Renaissance with that of the Reformation. It is of the Renaissance in its sensuous beauty, its intimate connection with the literatures of Greece, Rome, and Italy, and the depth and sweep of its imagination; its profound moral earnestness it owes to the Reformation.

Much the best single volume edition of Spenser is that by R. E. N. Dodge in the *Cambridge Poets* (Houghton Mifflin). There are fine critical essays by Lowell (in *Among My Books*) and by Edward Dowden (in *Transcripts and Studies*).

ELIZABETHAN SONNETS

The sonnet, like several other artificial forms of the lyric, owes its existence to Provençal poets, whose work furnished models for the Italian lyrists of the thirteenth century. It was Petrarch (1304-1374), however, who perfected its form, established its amorous tone, and gave vogue to the "conceited" style distinctive of its early history. From Italy the spreading of the Renaissance influence brought the sonnet to France and later to England. Wyatt, who introduced it

into English poetry, and Surrey, who gave it its characteristic Elizabethan form of three alternating quatrains followed by a couplet, were both avowed Petrarchists.

In the last decade of the sixteenth century the sonnet was cultivated by English poets with an assiduity which for a time amounted almost to mania. Sir Sidney Lee estimates that the number of sonnets printed in the years 1591-1597 "far exceeds two thousand." Both subject-matter and style were largely dependent upon French and Italian models. There are, for instance, a large number of sonnets addressed to friends or patrons, and as many on philosophy and religion. But love is the favorite theme, and the poet protests his devotion and bewails his mistress's coldness in a hundred pretty hyperboles passed from pen to pen. Such sonnets were usually published in the form of a sequence, including from twenty to a hundred or more sonnets, and frequently entitled by the name assigned by the poet to the real or imaginary mistress of his affections. Thus we have Daniel's *Delia* (1592), Constable's *Diana* (1592), Lodge's *Phyllis* (1593). In these only occasional sonnets rise to the first rank of excellence.

From such sonnet sequences three stand out preeminent by reason of their superior beauty of phrasing and apparently greater sincerity of emotion. Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* (written early in the eighties, printed 1591) purports to reflect the love of Sidney (Astrophel) for Penelope Devereux (Stella), who married Lord Rich. While Sidney employs all the familiar tricks of the Petrarchists, his sonnets are marked by a fervor thoroughly in accord with his ardent and chivalrous temper. Spenser's *Amoretti* (1595) are addressed to Elizabeth Boyle, who became his wife. In general they are distinguished by a greater sense of fact and a deeper seriousness than Sidney's. Into the maze of conjecture raised by Shakespeare's *Sonnets* (printed 1609, though written considerably earlier) it would be profitless to plunge. Suffice it to say that they are divided into two series, one addressed to a youthful male friend, the other to a "dark lady," who has played the poet false. The question of whether or not the sonnets are biographically true is not essential to an appreciation of their quality. The fact remains that "the best, for depth and fulness of thought, for mastery of poetical phrase, at times for the white heat of passion and perfection of literary finish, rise above the erotic poetry of their own age as they serve yet for the goal and ultimate exemplar of their kind" (Schelling).

Sidney Lee's *Elizabethan Sonnets* (2 vols., Constable and Co.) contains most of the important sonnet sequences and a valuable introduction. Lee's chapter on the sonnet in vol. iii of the *Cambridge History of English Literature* puts the whole matter in brief compass, and is equipped with a useful bibliography.

ELIZABETHAN LYRICS

Samuel Johnson's description of Pembroke College, Oxford, as "a nest of singing birds," may aptly be applied to all England in the fifty years

centering at 1600. Not only did this half-century produce the greatest drama the world has ever seen, but it also gave voice to an amazing outburst of lyric verse. In contrast with that of the Romantic period, whose history is that of a few great names, Elizabethan verse is the product of a very large number of men. Even writers of the veriest jog-trot doggerel now and then caught a spark of the divine fire and rescued their names from oblivion through an exquisitely turned song or two. The Renaissance came to full flower in the reign of Elizabeth, and the immense enjoyment of life, the youthful buoyancy, the delight in sensuous beauty, and the sheer pleasure of artistic workmanship characteristic of the Renaissance spirit, all find perfect expression in these lyrics. Here is found too the influence of the classical learning and of Italian and French models, but the material has been assimilated and made thoroughly and unmistakably English. The fondness for the use of "conceit," elaborately wrought metaphor or simile, frequently characterized by ingenuity rather than appropriateness, and sometimes degenerating into mere delight in cleverness for its own sake, is apparent in such a lyric as Southwell's *The Burning Babe*, though here, as in many another poem, the intensity of the imagination and personal emotion raises to the plane of high poetry what would otherwise be a rhetorical curiosity.

The history of the Elizabethan lyric starts with the publication in 1557 of *Tottel's Miscellany*. Wyatt and Surrey are the most important of the poets represented, and these courtiers of Henry VIII are the "birds of dawning" whose song

"Preluded those melodious bursts which fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth."

Miscellanies such as *Tottel's* were very popular, the best of them being *The Paradise of Dainty Devices* (1576), *The Phoenix' Nest* (1593), *England's Helicon* (1600), and *Davison's Poetical Rhapsody* (1602). After 1600 the characteristic form in which lyrics were collected was the song-book, where songs were accompanied by their musical settings. John Dowland's *First Book of Songs or Aires* (1597, followed by others in 1600 and 1603) and Campion's *Book of Aires* (1601, others 1613, 1617) are good examples. Nor must the lyrics scattered through the drama be forgotten: "Back and side, go bare, go bare" is an early example. Lyly emphasized the fashion of enlivening plays with musical moments, and Shakespeare, Jonson, and Fletcher merely did supremely well what practically all their contemporaries were doing.

Two men may be singled out for special mention. Thomas Campion (1567?-1620), a Cambridge graduate, was a lawyer by training, a doctor by profession, and a poet by instinct. One of the few men who have composed both words and music, he is also unrivalled, save by Ben Jonson, for skillful use of classical suggestions. His work is notable for its good taste, its limpid diction and freedom from affectation, and for an exquisitely light gracefulness of touch.

John Donne (b. 1573), after a youth checkered by adventure, changes of occupation, and dire

poverty, at last took holy orders in 1615, and rose rapidly in the church. He soon became the most famous preacher in London, with an extraordinary reputation for piety and fervor, was made Dean of St. Paul's in 1621, and only his death in 1631 kept him out of a bishopric. It has been customary to class Donne with the Jacobean, or even with Caroline poets. This is surely uncritical, since practically all his love poetry was written by 1600. Donne is one of the most strikingly original and independent poets in the language. In contrast with other lyrists of the time he follows no fashions, uses no models, borrows no material. The "strangely intellectual" fire of Donne's verse, its combination of pulsating passion and keen intellectual power, also sets it apart. Donne's extravagance of conceit, wherein he outdoes the Petrarchists, led Dr. Johnson to entitle him (however wrongly) the founder of the "metaphysical school" of poetry. Finally, his verse, always masculine in vigor, and sometimes rough to the point of uncouthness, is capable of the most subtle harmony, and at its best, as in "Sweetest love, I do not go," is as melodious as that of the smoothest of the Cavalier poets.

A fine anthology is Arthur Symonds's *A Pageant of Elizabethan Poetry* (Blackie); A. H. Bullen's *Lyrics from the Song-Books of the Elizabethan Age* and *Lyrics from the Dramatists of the Elizabethan Age* are delightful collections. F. E. Schelling's *A Book of Elizabethan Lyrics* (Ginn) has a valuable introduction, a good brief selection, and useful notes. A helpful book of general criticism is Schelling's *The English Lyric* (Houghton Mifflin).

LYLY (1534?-1606)

The first of a group of clever young college men who, in the decade 1580-90, did much to put English drama on its feet and to pave the way for Shakespeare, John Lyly took a bachelor's degree at Oxford in 1573, a master's in 1575. He first sought public favor in 1579 with a didactic romance, *Euphues: the Anatomy of Wit*, the success of which led to a sequel, *Euphues and his England*, in 1581. The same year saw the production of Lyly's first comedy, *Alexander and Campaspe*. During the next ten or twelve years Lyly produced several other comedies, influenced by classical models, of a light and fantastic nature, well adapted for court presentation. He held a minor position at court, but his efforts to obtain the important post of Master of the Revels were in vain. He was a member of four Parliaments between 1589 and 1601.

Lyly gave vogue to the prose style called from the title of his first book, *Euphuism*. It is a thoroughly artificial style, employing a balanced sentence structure, wherein antithesis is emphasized by alliteration, and a free use of ornament, largely in the way of classical allusion and of illustration drawn from pseudo-scientific sources. *Euphuism* for a time furnished the model for polite conversation, and though its affectations were soon abandoned it did a useful service to English prose by aiding the development of a firmer and neater sentence structure.

SIDNEY (1554-1586)

The story is well known of how Sir Philip Sidney, as he lay dying on the battlefield of Zutphen, refused the water that was put to his lips, and had it given to a wounded soldier, saying, "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine." The deed was thoroughly typical of the chivalrous nobility of Sidney's life. Born of one of the best families of England, educated at Shrewsbury and Oxford, he rounded off his formal education by travel on the continent, and returned to England in 1575 an accomplished courtier, to become one of the brightest ornaments of the brilliant circle about the Queen. Not only a man of affairs—courtier, soldier, member of Parliament, diplomat—but also a man of letters—scholar, critic, novelist, poet—Sidney because of his astonishing versatility was a living embodiment of Renaissance culture. "The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's eye, tongue, sword" were all his. When to the list of his achievements we add the nobility of his nature—high-spirited, generous, and loyal—it is no wonder that he made a profound impression on his time, and that his name is coupled with that of Bayard, the knight "*sans peur et sans reproche*."

Though Sidney was greater as a man than as a writer, his personality ennobs his work. *The Defense of Poesy*, written about 1583, printed 1595, was a reply to Stephen Gosson's *School of Abuse*, a Puritan attack upon poetry and the stage. It is a representative piece of sixteenth century criticism, deriving its theories from the classics and previous critical treatises, but animated by a true love of poetry, and written in a fresh and vivid style. Its most interesting section is that in which Sidney criticises the verse and drama of his own day. The *Arcadia*, written about 1580, printed 1590, is a pastoral romance, excessively loose and rambling in structure, told in a florid and affected manner which never says a thing simply if it can say it elaborately. In ornateness of style, in the care lavished upon the idealized beauty of the setting, and in the shadowy portrayal of the characters, it is not unlike the *Faerie Queene*. Like Lyly's *Euphues*, it became extremely popular and inspired many imitations. Sidney's best poetic work was done in his sonnets (see section on the Sonnets).

The standard life of Sidney is that by J. A. Symonds (E. M. L.). There is a guarded short estimate of the man and his work in Sidney Lee's *Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century* (Scribners).

SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616)

William Shakespeare was born in Stratford-on-Avon in April, 1563, his christening being recorded in the register of Holy Trinity Church on April 26. His father, John Shakespeare, was a prosperous business man of some prominence in the town, for, after holding various minor offices, he became in 1568 bailiff or mayor. Shakespeare's mother, Mary Arden, came of an old Warwickshire family, and brought John Shakespeare some little property when she married him in 1557. The boy William

in all probability attended the free grammar school of Stratford, where he obtained the "small Latin" and perhaps the "less Greek" which Ben Jonson ascribed to him. But after the date of his christening the first certain information that we have of him comes in 1582, when he married Anne Hathaway, of the neighboring village of Shottery. A daughter Susanna was born the following year, and twins, Hamnet and Judith, in 1585. Family responsibilities, coupled with the fact that John Shakespeare had fallen into financial straits, apparently led Shakespeare to abandon Stratford for London, with its greater possibilities of employment; 1586 is usually given as the year in which he made the change, and tradition has it that a deer-stealing escapade hastened the departure.

It is probable that Shakespeare soon became connected with one of the two theaters then in existence in London. At any rate we first hear of him as a playwright in 1592, when his rival Robert Greene left a sneering death-bed reference. Shakespeare's name first appeared on the title-page of a book when *Venus and Adonis*, an erotic poem in the highly ornate manner then fashionable, was printed in 1593; *Lucrece*, a work of the same sort, followed in the next year. That he had in these early years of his career become established as an actor we learn from a partial list of members of the Lord Chamberlain's Company made in 1594, and we have records of his membership in this company as late as 1604. The income from his acting and his authorship was so considerable that in 1597 Shakespeare was able to buy New Place one of the best pieces of property in Stratford; this was but the first of a series of real estate investments in Stratford and London, so that by the time of his death he owned a large amount of property. He had furthermore by 1599 become a shareholder in the Globe, the most important of the London playhouses, and in 1610 in the Blackfriars Theater as well. When, therefore, he was ready to give over active work he was tolerably well-to-do, as wealth ran in those days; this worldly prosperity is as good proof as is needed of Shakespeare's success in his twin professions of actor and playwright. It seems to have been about 1611 that he retired to Stratford to pass the remainder of his life as a country gentleman. There he died April 23 (O. S.), 1616. His only son Hamnet had died at the age of eleven. His two daughters had both married, and survived their father, but Shakespeare's line died out in the third generation with the death of his only granddaughter in 1670.

On the basis of the different kinds of work that Shakespeare did at various times in his career as playwright, it is customary to make a classification of his plays by periods, as follows. (Dates are, of course, approximate.)

I. Apprenticeship. 1590-1595.

Here the young playwright was learning his profession, either collaborating with older and more experienced men, as in *Henry VI*, or writing plays modelled on the work of the best masters of the time. The method of chronicle history he learned from Marlowe, whose influence is plainly seen in *Richard III* and *Richard II*. *Titus An-*

dronicus is a crude attempt at the tragedy of blood, popularized by Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*. *Love's Labors Lost* is an obvious imitation of the type of comedy written in the eighties by John Lyly, while *The Comedy of Errors* is dependent upon two plays of Plautus.

II. Best Chronicle History and High Comedy. 1596-1601.

Here Shakespeare brings the writing of chronicle history to its highest perfection in the two parts of *Henry IV* and in *Henry V*. In addition to the merry farce comedies *The Taming of the Shrew* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, he writes the three great comedies *As You Like It*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, and *Twelfth Night*.

III. Tragedy and Ironic Comedy. 1602-1609.

For whatever reason, a change seems to have come over the spirit of Shakespeare's work about 1601, and in the years following we get the series of great tragedies dealing with profoundly serious problems: *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Antony and Cleopatra*; in these a surpassingly beautiful style accompanies complex action and subtle characterization. Tragic in all but a technical sense are the three plays well called ironic comedies: *Troilus and Cressida*, *All's Well That Ends Well*, and *Measure for Measure*, where the sordid subject-matter and sardonic spirit baffle interpretation. In this period too (1609), though written earlier, were printed the *Sonnets*, whose story of friendship disappointed and love disillusioned has been thought by some students to furnish the clew to the motive animating the work of these years.

IV. Tragicomedy, or Romance. 1610-1612.

In this period Shakespeare enables happiness to triumph over tragic circumstance after a series of improbable and surprising events. He seems to be trying experiments in technique, as in *The Winter's Tale*, with its break between acts three and four, or in characterization, as in *The Tempest*, with brutish Caliban and ethereal Ariel.

The best single volume edition of Shakespeare is the *Cambridge*, edited by W. A. Neilson (Houghton Mifflin). No serious student can afford to ignore the *Variorum*, edited by H. H. Furness and H. H. Furness, Jr. A good library edition, a play to a volume, is the *Tudor* (Macmillan). The standard biography is that by Sidney Lee (revised edition 1909, Macmillan). The best general handbook, containing information on biography, chronology of the plays, history of the text, and accounts of the London and the theaters of Shakespeare's time, is *The Facts about Shakespeare* by Neilson and Thorndike (Macmillan).

RALEIGH (1552-1618)

Raleigh's name is always coupled with Sidney's when the brilliance and versatility of Elizabeth's courtiers are mentioned. Born in Devon, home of sea-dogs, he came naturally by his adventurous disposition, and, his Oxford course over, he engaged in many a daring exploit on land and sea, including the fight with the Armada and the Cadiz voyage of 1596. His attempts in the eighties to colonize the region named by him Virginia were

failures. The royal favor shown him by Elizabeth gave him no standing with James, who threw him into the Tower on a charge of treason, and kept him there thirteen years. Released in 1616 to command an expedition to Guiana in search of El Dorado, he returned in failure and disgrace to be rearrested and beheaded.

Raleigh's earlier prose belongs to the literature of exploration and adventure: here fall the stirring *Last Fight of the Revenge*, and a highly interesting account of his first trip to the Orinoco, *The Discovery of Guiana* (1596). The unfinished *History of the World* was the work of the years in prison; it displays enormous learning and philosophical insight, but is chiefly notable for its bits of terse and vivid characterization and occasional comments on the history of Raleigh's own time. The verse which can with certainty be assigned to Raleigh is small in body, seems intimately connected with his personal history, and reflects his proud and passionate temper.

A good short estimate of Raleigh is that in Sidney Lee's *Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century*.

SIR THOMAS NORTH (1535?-1601?)

Of North's life little is known, and that is of no importance for his work. This consists of translation, for North was one of that band of Englishmen of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries who took upon themselves the useful mission of making the classics of Greece and Rome, of Italy and France and Spain, accessible to their countrymen in their own language. Their success may be judged by the fact that many of the so-called Tudor translations have become established as English classics. Thus North turned a French translation of the *Libro Aureo* by the Spaniard Antonio Guevara into English as *The Dial of Princes* in 1557, a book which had some influence on Lyly and Euphuism. Then he took from the Italian a collection of fables, calling it *The Moral Philosophy of Doni* (1570). But the work which has kept North's name alive is his translation of Plutarch's *Lives*, printed in 1579. Not that North knew Plutarch in the original; he only translated the French version of Jacques Amyot. *The Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans* can lay no claim to being a scholarly rendering of Plutarch's grave and lucid Greek. But it is a fine specimen of early Elizabethan prose, full of vigor and color, and free from the affectation which mars the prose of the generation immediately following it. Despite the looseness of its sentence structure it is the best prose written up to its time. Shakespeare made it the basis of *Julius Caesar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Coriolanus*, and had recourse to it in *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Timon of Athens*; the closeness with which Shakespeare frequently follows his source is the best proof of its quality.

BACON (1561-1626)

Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam and Viscount St. Albans, was born 22 January, 1561, in London. He was the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper

of the Great Seal, and nephew of Lord Burleigh, Elizabeth's great Prime Minister. The opportunity was thus open for him to follow a public career; and though under Elizabeth his progress was slow, under James I he rose through one legal office after another until in 1617 he became Lord Keeper, and in 1619 Lord High Chancellor. In 1621, when accused of taking bribes, and impeached, he pleaded guilty and threw himself upon the mercy of the House of Lords, although maintaining to the last that he never "had bribe or reward in his eye or thought when he pronounced any sentence or order." The heavy sentence pronounced by the Lords was in large part remitted by the King, but Bacon never again sat in Parliament. He died in 1626, having spent the last five years of his life studying and writing.

With characteristic Elizabethan versatility Bacon combined in one person the statesman, philosophical scientist, and man of letters. As a philosopher he did much to establish and popularize inductive reasoning, the basis of all modern scientific progress. As a man of letters he is significant for both Latin and English work. Believing Latin to be the permanent language of scholarship, he wrote comparatively little in English. The *Advancement of Learning* (1605) was intended to be a summary of existing knowledge and an introduction to his projected but unfinished *Instauratio Magna*. But it is chiefly as the author of the *Essays* that Bacon is remembered by students of English literature. Published first in 1597, again in larger number in 1612, and finally, fifty-eight in all, in 1625, the *Essays* show Bacon to be the master of terse, concise English, and a thinker whose ideas are always stimulating.

Editions of the *Essays* are numerous and accessible. Good brief biographies are Church's (E. M. L.), and Abbott's *Francis Bacon, an Account of his Life and Works* (Macmillan). Lee's essay in his *Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century* (Scribners') is noteworthy.

CAROLINE SONG WRITERS

Between the lyrics of the Jacobean and Caroline poets and those of the Elizabethans there are certain general differences in spirit and manner. Where the temper of the earlier age was adventurous and enthusiastic that of the later was intellectual and critical. In the drama Ben Jonson led a revolt against romanticism in favor of a new realism based upon classical dicta and involving more of an insistence on form. So in the lyric his influence was exerted along the same line, and we notice an undoubted gain in art. To offset this gain, however, there took place a divorce between art and morals, where in the Elizabethan age the two had been happily wedded. The court had degenerated steadily in character. Elizabeth's court was not only brilliant, it was morally sound, and enjoyed the confidence of the people. James I, as a Scotchman, did not evoke the national loyalty as had Elizabeth, nor was his personality such as to endear him to his subjects. The gap between court and people widened stead-

ily; and while the people remained sound at heart, the court under the Stuarts became more shameless, until the steadily growing antagonism took shape in the definite division between the Cavalier and Puritan parties.

The lyrics composed by the group of men called the Cavalier Poets accurately reflect court conditions. Suckling, Lovelace, and Carew were courtiers, and the cynicism, the nonchalance, and the sophistication of their verses contrast with the artlessness and sincerity of the Elizabethan poetry. Occasionally, of course, even these elegant triflers have their serious moments, and then they give us such perfect things as *To Lucasta, On Going to the Wars*. But the mood of *Why so Pale and Wan, Fond Lover?* is much more typical. In the elegance, the attention to form, and the greater metrical regularity and simplicity of these Cavalier lyrics, is felt the influence of Jonson, whom all these men followed as their master.

The best of the Cavalier poets, however, was no courtier, but a country clergyman, Robert Herrick (1591-1634). He was born before the death of Marlowe and died in the same year as Milton, but his poetical work belongs to the reign of Charles I. After graduating from Cambridge he entered the church, and was given the parish of Dean Prior in South Devonshire; dispossessed by the Puritans in 1647, he returned in 1662, and there died. His single volume, *Hesperides and Noble Numbers*, was printed in 1648. Though Herrick protested that his life in Devon, far from the gay world of London, was that of an exile, his delight in his country surroundings is unfeigned and altogether delightful, and *The Argument of his Book* gives a very fair indication of the book's contents. Clergyman though he was, there was nothing of the ascetic in Herrick. His devotional poetry in *Noble Numbers*, while probably sincere enough, is certainly not notable for fervor. He is really a hedonist, an Epicurean, enjoying the good things of life while they last, and the true gods of his devotion are pagan deities—Pan and Bacchus and Venus. It is next to impossible to overpraise Herrick as a lyric artist. The simplicity and purity of diction, the freedom from affectation, the dainty perfection of form, and the exquisite lightness and sureness of touch of these poems make Herrick's book one of the most charming collections of lyric verse in the whole range of English poetry.

A spiritual reaction against the license of the times is seen in the group of devotional poets represented by Herbert, Vaughan, and Crashaw. They were Church of England men, not Puritans (Crashaw was a Catholic), living retired and pious lives, and singing their hymns of praise and prayer with a sweet fervor, uncorrupted by the world. The chief literary influence upon their verse is that of Donne, and the elaborate ingenuity characteristic of their work caused Dr. Johnson to dub them "the metaphysical poets," although the fondness for "conceit" which prompted the appellation was common enough in English poetry before Donne ever set pen to paper.

General references on the Caroline lyric are the same as for the Elizabethan. A good an-

thology, with an excellent introduction, is Schelling's *Seventeenth Century Lyrics* (Ginn). There is a delightful essay on Herrick in E. Gosse's *Seventeenth Century Studies* (Dodd, Mead, and Co.)

SIR THOMAS BROWNE (1605-1682)

Browne was born in London, and after going through Winchester and Oxford, studied at the most famous medical schools of Europe,—Montpelier, Padua, and Leyden,—obtaining an M. D. at the last. He returned to England, settled in Norwich, and there passed the rest of his life as a practicing physician, apparently quite undisturbed by the turmoil of the Civil War. He was knighted in 1671.

Browne's prose is the leisure product of a man who is both a scientist and a mystic. *Religio Medici* (1643, written some years earlier), a confession of his personal beliefs, shows the duality of his nature in its separation of science and religion, and its acceptance of revealed religion as a mystery to be taken on faith. Herein occurs Browne's perfect self-characterization: "Methinks there be not impossibilities enough in religion for an active faith. . . . I love to lose myself in a mystery; to pursue my reason to an *O Altitudo!*" *The Vulgar Errors* (1646), an examination of popular superstitions, confutes many by an application of scientific principles, and accepts as possible others equally preposterous simply by failure to apply the same principles. *Urn-Burial* (1658) is Browne's best known and most splendid work. It may not be quite fair to say of Browne that the style makes the man, for a most agreeable personality appears in his pages. But certainly it is their unique style rather than their intellectual qualities which has kept Browne's books alive. His sentences are involved, and his vocabulary staggers under its load of polysyllabic latinisms. But these same ponderous vocables confer a sonorous majesty and a subtle harmony of rhythm which make this prose as impressive in its way as Milton's verse. Shot through and through with imaginative beauty by a mind that loved to linger over the inscrutability and brevity of human life, these long periods sweep on with the subdued pomp and somber glory of a funeral cortege.

FULLER (1608-1661)

After eight years of study at Cambridge Fuller entered the church, and finally became preacher at the Savoy Chapel in London, being famous for his witty and sensible sermons. In the Civil War he was in active service as chaplain to one of the Royalist regiments. During the Commonwealth he supported himself by his writing, and by the aid of patrons who secured him preaching appointments and private chaplaincies. After the Restoration he returned to the Savoy, and was made chaplain-in-extraordinary to Charles II, but died shortly after of typhoid fever.

Fuller's chief works are the *History of the Holy War* (1639), an account of the Crusades; *The Holy State and the Profane State* (1642), a series of

"characters," each illustrated by a brief biography of an appropriate person in history; *A Church History of Britain* (1655), from the birth of Christ to 1648; and *The History of the Worthies of England* (1662), in which Fuller takes up the counties of England one by one, lists for each its most notable products and curiosities, and gives short accounts of its notable men. Fuller's writing lacks the eloquence of Browne's or Taylor's, but it is clear, straightforward, sensible, and witty. He is fond of antithesis, pun, quip, anecdote, and even his most serious work is enlivened by unexpected sallies.

WALTON (1593-1683)

Izaak Walton was born at Stafford, in 1593. In 1614 he was engaged in trade in London. Thirty years later he left the city, and spent the remaining forty years of life in quiet retirement, visiting his many clerical friends, writing biographies of Herbert, Hooker, and others, and always practicing his art of angling and gathering information for the book by which he is best known.

Walton's memory lives because of *The Complete Angler*. This he published first in 1653; the fifth edition, which appeared in 1676, contained much new material that Walton had accumulated during twenty-odd years of leisure. The book became at once the *locus classicus* of information concerning angling; it remains to this day the most delightful treatise on the pleasures of a sport concerning which much has been written.

TAYLOR (1613-1667)

Jeremy Taylor was born under the shadow of Cambridge University, and spent his youth in a little round of home, school, and college, taking his first degree at seventeen, a fellowship and holy orders at twenty, and the master's degree at twenty-one. Though Milton and other famous literary lights were at Cambridge in his time, Taylor seems to have had no contact with them. In 1634 he went to London to preach as a substitute at St. Paul's, and made so striking a success in the pulpit lately vacated by that great preacher John Donne, that he attracted the attention of Archbishop Laud, who made him a fellow of All-Souls, Oxford; later he was given a living at Uppingham, near Cambridge. The placid course of his life was interrupted by the Civil War, in which he followed the Royalist cause and was made one of the King's chaplains. He somehow drifted to South Wales, taught in a private school, and became chaplain to the Earl of Carbery, at whose residence, Golden Grove, he did his best literary work—*Holy Living* (1650), *Holy Dying* (1651), and some fine sermons. Between 1654 and 1658 he was three times imprisoned by the Puritans, then obtained a small position in Ireland, and after the Restoration was made Bishop of one of the Irish sees, and Vice-Chancellor of Dublin University. His last years were harassed and embittered by controversy, and were productive of no first-rate literary work.

Taylor enjoyed a great reputation as a pulpit

orator, and his sermons are notable for fervor and brilliant rhetoric. It is, however, upon *Holy Living*, practical directions for the conduct of life, and the more beautiful *Holy Dying*, that his fame chiefly rests. In comparison with that of his great contemporaries Browne and Milton, Taylor's prose has a decidedly modern effect, being simpler in vocabulary and sentence structure. It has not the sustained grandeur of Browne's, but is distinguished by its wealth of illustration—figure, anecdote, and quotation—happily employed, and lending a rich poetic quality.

Holy Living and *Holy Dying* are reprinted in Bohn's Library. The best short life is by E. Gosse (E. M. L.).

MILTON (1608-1674)

John Milton, the voice of Puritan England, was born in a London home which, Puritan though it was, yet did not have to banish the refining graces of culture to make room for piety. From its atmosphere of learning and music he had not far to go to reach St. Paul's School; school days over, he went up to Christ's College, Cambridge, where his fair beauty of complexion and hair and fineness of spirit gained for him the name—surely implying no effeminacy of temper—of "the Lady of Christ's." After seven years of residence he took his master's degree in 1632, and retired to his father's new home in Horton, a quiet village on the Thames, where he spent six years in study and deliberate cultivation of his literary faculty. In 1638 he started on the grand tour, but the news of troublous times in England cut short his travels; "I thought it shame," he says, "to be travelling for amusement abroad while my fellow citizens were fighting for liberty at home." So home he came to play a man's part in the civil strife of the next twenty years. With his pen he fought on the Puritan side, and on the establishment of the Commonwealth in 1649 was appointed Latin Secretary to conduct the foreign correspondence of Cromwell's government. Zealous performance of his duties brought him the reward of total blindness, but with the aid of an amanuensis he labored on, until the Restoration in 1660 drove him into retirement. In poverty, obscurity, and loneliness he spent the remaining fourteen years of life, doubtless reflecting in bitterness of spirit on the license of those Restoration days, but sustained by the writing of his greatest poetry.

Milton's work falls naturally into three divisions: 1, the minor poems; 2, political prose; 3, the major poems.

1. While still at Cambridge Milton had given earnest of his powers by the beautiful *Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, the fine sonnet *On Being Arrived at the Age of Twenty-three*, and the lines on Shakespeare prefixed to the 1632 folio of Shakespeare's plays. The six years at Horton brought forth the companion pieces *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, fresh with the beauty of country scenery, and yet filled with the enthusiasm of the scholar for his books; the masque *Comus*, composed for an inaugural festivity of 1634, wherein this

favorite form of courtly diversion is made to serve as handmaid to the expression of a serious theme, the praise of virtue; and *Lycidas*, flower of English elegiac poetry. The first two of these so-called "minor" poems are done in the full spirit of the Renaissance; *Comus*, with its moral earnestness, and *Lycidas*, notably in the passage on the corruption of the church, show the Puritan in Milton.

2. The prose writings consist mainly of controversial pamphlets on political and religious matters. They include pamphlets against episcopacy, four on divorce, the wise and liberal *Tractate on Education*, and many arguments in defense of the Puritan party, the best of them being *Eikonoklastes* (The Image Smasher, in reply to *Eikon Basilike*, The Royal Image, an idealization of Charles I) and the Latin *Defense of the English People*. The greatest of Milton's prose works, however, is the *Areopagitica* (1644), a plea for freedom of the press, eloquent and impassioned. Milton said of prose that he had in it but the use of his left hand. But although his is in some points of style inferior to Bacon's, it has a grandeur and loftiness that were far beyond Bacon; the tremendous conviction of a righteous cause surges through it, and lifts it at times to magnificent heights of eloquence.

3. The works of the last period are three: *Paradise Lost* (1667), *Paradise Regained* (1671), and *Samson Agonistes* (1671). The last is the story of Samson, cast in the mould of Greek tragedy; its austere beauty gains in impressiveness from the likeness between the situation of Milton, old and blind and forlorn in a hostile age, and that of the Israelite champion, a blind captive among the Philistines. *Paradise Regained* shows the redemption of mankind through Christ's temptation in the wilderness; in interest and beauty it is inferior to its predecessor. *Paradise Lost*, "the life history of the universe," written to

"assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men,"

is the great epic of the modern world, equalled only by Dante's *Divine Comedy* in loftiness of conception and grandeur of execution. It would be idle to deny that the execution is unequal; there are dreary wastes of theological dialectic which all readers shun. But these are spots on the face of the sun. Milton calls to the service of his celestial muse all the resources of his vast learning and all the splendors of an imagination of unbounded sweep and daring, and the greater part of the epic is not only morally sublime, it is superbly beautiful poetry. In particular, it is written in blank verse unsurpassed for harmony and majesty, the perfect example of what Arnold calls "the grand style."

The *Life of Milton* by D. Masson (6 vols., Macmillan) is the standard source of information; good shorter biographies are by M. Pattison (E. M. L.) and Walter Raleigh (Putnams). Single volume editions are by A. W. Verity (Cambridge Univ. Press), Masson (Macmillan), W. V. Moody (Houghton Mifflin). The prose is published in Bohn's Library.

PEPYS (1633-1703)

Samuel Pepys, who quite unconsciously made himself one of the most interesting if not most significant figures of English literature, was born in 1633. From St. Paul's School, London, he went up in 1651 to Magdalene College, Cambridge, where he remained three or four years. On leaving the University he married, and soon attached himself to his cousin Sir Edward Montagu, later the Earl of Sandwich, to whom he owed much of his subsequent advancement. In 1660 he went with the expedition that brought Charles II back to England, acting as secretary to Montagu, the commander-in-chief. The same year he was appointed "Clerk of the Acts" in the Navy Office, and began the keeping of his diary. Until 1688 he was actively engaged in governmental affairs, part of the time as member of Parliament, but chiefly in the Admiralty, where his record was brilliant. Because of his intimate friendship with the Duke of York he was at times attacked by political enemies; charges of peculation were brought against him, but none were proved. With the exile of James II in 1688 Pepys's official career ended. He was dismissed from the Admiralty in March, 1689; the remaining years of his life he spent in retirement, and died in 1703.

The manuscript of the *Diary*, by which Pepys is known to the world, was among the books he willed to Magdalene College. It was written in short-hand, for no eye but his own, and was at once an honest record of fact, and a complete revelation of Pepys's character. Attention was first drawn to it by an article of Sir Walter Scott's (1826), reviewing a fragmentary edition of the year preceding. Since that time many editions have appeared, the last and best being that edited by Henry Wheatley, and published by George Bell and Sons in eight volumes.

DRYDEN (1631-1700)

John Dryden was born in 1631, in Northamptonshire. Educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge, he published in 1658 his *Stanzas* to the memory of Oliver Cromwell. At the time of the Restoration he wrote the most distinguished of the many welcomes to Charles II, *Astræa Redux*. In 1663 he began writing for the stage, and by 1670 had attained such eminence that he was appointed Poet Laureate and Historiographer Royal, with a stipend of two hundred pounds. A pension of one hundred pounds was later added to this, and in 1683 he became Collector of the Port of London. The revolution of 1688 deprived him of all his public honors, and forced him to spend the last twelve years of his life writing for a living. He died in 1700, generally acknowledged England's leading man of letters.

Of Dryden may be said what Dr. Johnson said of Goldsmith: "There is almost no form of writing which he did not attempt, and no form that he attempted did he fail to adorn." His dramas were many and popular; his religious poems, *Religio*

Laici (1682) and *The Hind and the Panther* (1687), the first a poem in support of the Church of England, and the second Dryden's poetical confession of faith in Roman Catholicism, illustrate his command of the heroic couplet and his ability to reason in verse, at the same time that they exhibit the least pleasing phase of Dryden's character, his willingness to abandon an unprofitable for a profitable cause. For caustic wit his greatest satires, *Absalom and Achitophel* (1681) and *MacFlecknoe* (1682) have never been surpassed in English. At least two lyrics, the *Song for St. Cecilia's Day* and *Alexander's Feast*, witness his ability to move easily in forms other than the heroic couplet which he virtually established. As a translator of Virgil, Homer, and other classical poets, he did much to familiarize English readers with the literatures of Greece and Rome. In prose works such as the *Essay on Dramatic Poesy* (1668) and the Preface to the *Fables* (1699) he showed keen critical ability and the power to write clear and readable prose. During the last ten years of his life Dryden was a frequenter of Will's Coffee House, where in his easy chair he presided over the English literary world much as Dr. Johnson was to do seventy-five years later in The Club. Although generally neglected to-day, Dryden was a man of great power, and both by example and precept did much to establish the literary fashions that were to prevail in England until the time of Wordsworth.

The best one volume edition of Dryden is the Cambridge (Houghton Mifflin), although this does not contain the plays. The Scott-Sainsbury (Paterson, Edinburgh) is complete, although too cumbersome for general use. The best brief biography is Sainsbury's (E. M. L.). Lowell's essay in *Among My Books*, and William Hazlitt's in *Lectures on the English Poets*, are suggestive and valuable.

DEFOE (1660?-1731)

Over Daniel Defoe's life and character there hangs a veil of mystery which baffles accurate biography. He was the son of a London butcher, a Dissenter, and went for a few years to a Dissenters' school. Then he dropped out of sight, to reappear in 1684 as a London merchant getting married. By 1688 he was sufficiently interested in politics to join actively in supporting William of Orange. Whatever his business, his affairs were in so bad a state in 1691 that he went bankrupt to the tune of £17,000; a managership of a tile factory set him on his feet again. His literary activity dates apparently from about 1697, though he had done some writing before that; but it was in 1701, with *The True-born Englishman*, that Defoe made his first great hit, for it brought not only popular but royal favor, and perhaps secret employment by the King. Defoe was now launched upon a career of pamphlet writing which lasted throughout the rest of his life, and produced an almost unbelievable number of articles on all sorts of subjects. The best known of these, *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters* (1702), led to the author's imprisonment and exhibition in the pillory. After

his release from Newgate he started *The Review*, a tri-weekly political periodical, which ran 1704-13, of first-rate importance in the history of the newspaper. For many years Defoe added to his pamphleteering and journalistic activities the business of a government agent, ostensibly on behalf of the Tory ministry, but certainly with bad breaches of faith to his employers. As Trent says: "For more than twenty years he practised every sort of subterfuge to preserve his anonymity, and he soon grew sufficiently callous to write, presumably for pay, on all sides of any given subject. Within the arena of journalism he was a treacherous mercenary who fought all comers with any weapon and stratagem he could command." In 1719 Defoe displayed in the large the combination of journalistic and narrative skill he had shown on a small scale as far back as 1706 in *The Apparition of Mrs. Veal* by getting an account of the solitary life of Alexander Selkirk on the island of Juan Fernandez and expanding it into *Robinson Crusoe*. The immediate popularity of the book Defoe turned to account by publishing in the next few years the series of prose fictions which constitute his real title to fame: *Memoirs of a Cavalier* (1720), *Captain Singleton* (1720), *Moll Flanders* (1722), *Journal of the Plague Year* (1722), *Colonel Jack* (1722), *Roxana* (1724). The last six years of his life were employed in writing books of no moment and pamphlets on a great variety of matters.

Defoe's importance in the history of English literature comes (1) through *The Review*, which initiated certain ideas, such as the editorial and the special article, still employed in journalism, and but for which *The Teller* and *The Spectator* might never have been conceived; (2) through his fictions, which are perhaps not novels in the modern sense of the word, since plot and characterization are only rudimentary, but which by their verisimilitude, effectiveness of single situations, and general popularity, paved the way for the work of Richardson and Fielding. At all events Defoe's "genius for lying like the truth" has rarely been equalled in English fiction.

Defoe's chief works are reprinted in the Bohn Library; there is a good edition of the novels, with introduction by G. A. Aitken (Dent & Co.). The most up-to-date biography is the brief chapter in the *Cambridge History of English Literature* (vol. ix) by W. P. Trent.

SWIFT (1667-1745)

Jonathan Swift's involuntary and reluctant connection with Ireland, which he always resented as a trick of adverse fate, began with his birth there, though his parents were English. His father died before he was born, leaving his mother poor, and it was only through the assistance of relatives that Swift was able to go to Trinity College, Dublin. There he made no brilliant record, obtaining his degree only by special favor. In 1689 place was made for him in the household of Sir William Temple, a well known figure in English politics and letters; though his secretarial duties were light, and though Temple seems to have treated the young man with

consideration, Swift's proud temper made him intolerant of patronage, and to secure independence he entered the church. During the years of residence with Temple at Moor Park, Swift wrote his first satires, *The Battle of the Books*, a *jeu d'esprit* on a squabble over the comparative merits of ancient and modern literature, and *The Tale of a Tub*, a powerful attack on the Catholics and Dissenters in particular, and, in general, on the folly of creed insistence on non-essentials. At Moor Park, too, Swift met and came to love Esther Johnson, a ward of Temple's, some years younger than Swift, but his greatest friend through life.

On Temple's death in 1699 Swift was given a living at Laracor, near Dublin. The publication of the two-early satires in 1704 made his reputation, and he continued to use his pen in political and religious controversy. At first a Whig, he joined the Tories in 1710, and for several years was a dominant figure in public life. Of the writings of these years *The Conduct of the Allies* (1711), a pamphlet written in opposition to Whig support of the war with France, is the best example. Swift hoped for an English bishopric, but *The Tale of a Tub* had ruined his chances and he was forced to be content with being made Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin. On the downfall of the Tory ministry in 1714 Swift returned to Dublin, and there spent the rest of his life, exiled from the society where he had cut so brilliant a figure, and nursing a grudge against all the world. Of Swift's London days *The Journal to Stella*, a sort of diary which Swift kept for the entertainment of Esther Johnson, gives an accurate and pleasing account. For Stella Swift cherished a devoted affection, and though the rumor that the two were secretly married has never been proved true, it was Stella who made life tolerable for the lonely Dean until her death in 1728. Despite his dislike for Ireland Swift's heart burned at the wretchedness and oppression of the Irish people, and he endeared himself to them by such writings as the *Drapier's Letters* (1724), defeating an English scheme to debase the Irish coinage, and the mordant *Modest Proposal* (1729). In 1726 was published *Gulliver's Travels*, most delightful of fictions and most terrible of satires. Swift's last years were embittered by loneliness and physical agony and clouded by madness.

By virtue of his sheer intellectual power and his passionate feeling Swift is preeminent among English satirists, particularly in the use of irony. Under the childish squabbles of the brothers in *The Tale of a Tub* concerning their coats, under the marvels of Gulliver's adventures, under the coldly logical brutality of the *Modest Proposal*, seethes passionate scorn for the pettiness, the hypocrisy, and the inhumanity of the human race. Swift, unlike Dryden and Pope, does not satirize the individual; rather he expresses his savage contempt for man himself, and in the depiction of the Yahoos he has presented the most terrible indictment of human frailty that the mind of man has ever conceived. The contrast between the utter misanthropy of his writings and the facts of his private life—his love for Stella, his service of the Irish people, and his secret benefactions among the

poor of Dublin—but serves to emphasize the sadness of a life which, under happier circumstances, might have grandly benefited the world.

Swift's works are all published in the Bohn Library. There is a good two-volume edition of selections by H. Craik (Clarendon Press). Leslie Stephen writes the *Life* in the E. M. L. The essays by Johnson and by Thackeray (*English Humorists*) are famous.

ADDISON (1672-1719)

Joseph Addison was born in May, 1672, the son of a Wiltshire clergyman. After leaving the Charterhouse School, where he met Richard Steele, he went up to Oxford and won a considerable reputation by his scholarship and literary ability, finally being elected fellow of Magdalen. During the troubled years between the revolution of 1688 and the accession of George I in 1714, the man who could write was sure to be sought out by one of the two contending parties. Addison was no exception. His Latin poem on the Peace of Ryswick, *Pax Gulielmi* (1697), marked him as one of the most promising Whig men of letters, and secured him a pension of three hundred pounds. Later, when the Duke of Marlborough won his great victory at Blenheim, Addison's *The Campaign* (1704) brought him new honors and started him on a political career which culminated in his appointment in 1717 to one of the two Secretaryships of State. He died in 1719, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

As a man of letters Addison is remembered chiefly for his mastery of the familiar essay, a type which, though introduced into English literature by other persons, has never been handled with greater ease or more certain effectiveness than by Addison. A friend of Sir Richard Steele, he contributed some forty papers to *The Tatler* (1709), a tri-weekly periodical devoted to politics, literature, and miscellaneous topics. *The Tatler* was succeeded in 1711 by *The Spectator*, which appeared six times a week, and for which Addison and Steele furnished most of the papers. *The Spectator* was non-political; in it Addison had a free hand to write the comments on the gentle art of living which form the basis of his literary fame. Here too Addison developed the character of Sir Roger de Coverley, whose portrait is one of the most finished in all the gallery of English fiction. The clearness, ease, and urbanity of Addison's prose, and the genial serenity of his outlook on life, have long caused him to be singled out for praise and emulation. Johnson's famous sentence, reflecting the judgment both of Addison's contemporaries and of subsequent generations, remains the best of all comments: "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."

The Everyman edition of *The Spectator* (E. P. Dutton) is an excellent reprint of the entire publication; Addison's other works may be found in the Bohn Library. Courthope's *Life* in the E. M. L. is the best brief biography; Dr. Johnson's, in

his *Lives of the Poets* (Standard English Classics, Oxford Univ. Press), is invaluable as giving the verdict of the eighteenth century on Addison. Macaulay's essay is easily accessible; Thackeray's in the *English Humorists* is sympathetic and enlightening.

STEELE (1672-1729)

Richard Steele was born in March, 1672, in Dublin, and never outgrew a certain extravagance and prodigality, which, with his winning good nature, may be attributed in part to his Irish ancestry: He attended the Charterhouse School, and afterwards at Oxford continued the friendship with Addison begun at the Charterhouse. Unlike Addison, however, he left Oxford without a degree to enter the army, where his career was somewhat eccentric, though his talents and friendliness won him a captaincy. Before making a name for himself as an essayist, Steele had written plays, and in *The Conscious Lovers* (1722) wrote one of the best sentimental comedies. In 1707 he began his career as a journalist by editing *The Gazette*, and in 1709 established *The Tatler*. With *The Tatler* began his literary association with Addison; in *The Spectator* (1711-12) Steele wrote about half of the papers, and drew the first sketch for Sir Roger de Coverley, whose character Addison elaborated. In 1713 *The Spectator* was followed by *The Guardian*, the work of the two friends; subsequently Steele alone produced various periodicals, no one of which became fairly established. With the accession of George I in 1714 Steele's long devotion to the Whig cause was rewarded. Knighted in 1715, he was appointed to various lucrative offices, but was unable to practice economy, and in 1724 he retired to Wales in financial embarrassment. Here, in 1729, he died.

Steele's fame as a man of letters is closely bound up with that of his greater if somewhat less winning friend, Addison. Steele was the first to acknowledge his debt to Addison, and as the result of his generous disclaimer, posterity has done scant justice to Steele himself. Lacking Addison's poise, he had an enthusiasm and initiative which contributed much to the success of the literary partnership, and in his dramas showed a vivacity of humor entirely foreign to the author of *Cato*. Moreover, it was Steele, not Addison, who first realized the possibilities of the periodical essay, established *The Tatler*, and literally prepared the way for *The Spectator*.

Austin Dobson's *Life* in the E. M. L., is an excellent brief biography. As in the case of Addison, Thackeray's comment in the *English Humorists* is sympathetic and suggestive. Steele's plays may be found in the Mermaid edition (Scribner's); *The Tatler*, *The Spectator*, and other periodicals have been reprinted in various editions.

POPE (1688-1744)

Alexander Pope was born in London of Catholic parents, and by reason of his religion and of a bodily weakness which left him deformed and

supersensitive, he was barred from that active participation in public affairs in which so many eighteenth century men of letters engaged. His education he obtained at home, largely through wide if random reading. The first public exhibition of his skill in numbers was given in the *Pastorals*, printed in 1709, but written, he said, when he was sixteen. The *Essay on Criticism* (1711) was praised by Addison in *The Spectator*, and won for the young poet a reputation which became fame on the appearance of *The Rape of the Lock* (1712, 1714.) His literary position secure, Pope undertook a verse translation of Homer: the *Iliad* was finished in 1720, the *Odyssey* in 1725, and the income made Pope independent. He bought a villa at Twickenham, and took an almost childish pleasure in developing the grounds according to the sham classic taste of the day. An edition of Shakespeare which Pope issued in 1725 was speedily shown to be full of errors. The adverse criticism added to an already long list of literary enemies whom Pope had made; he took revenge on his critics and heaped scorn on a large number of insignificant writers in the famous satire *The Dunciad*. The history of the composition of this poem, and of the changes made in it during successive editions from 1728 to 1743, is one of the most curious in the whole range of literature. The later years of his life were divided between lampooning his enemies in polished attacks, often harsh and false, such as the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot* (1735), and writing pseudo-philosophical poems like the *Essay on Man* (1732-35), which sets forth the deistic theories of Pope's friend Bolingbroke.

There is little in Pope's character to admire except a firm devotion to literature and an iron resolution which compelled success despite the physical weakness. He was treacherous, malicious, his word was unreliable, his vanity and resentment of criticism were excessive. His poetry, once lauded as all that verse should be, is now generally relegated to the second class, though admittedly at the head of that class. It is the complete epitome of the failings and excellences of the classical school. It has no moral elevation, no loftiness of thought, no feeling for humanity or nature, no passion except the passion of personal animosity. But it is marvellously finished, clear as crystal, neat and pointed as no other English poetry has been. Pope is the absolute and ultimate master of the heroic couplet; for metrical perfection and epigrammatic brilliance his couplets are without rival.

"True wit is nature to advantage dressed,

What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed":

this couplet is at once a definition and an illustration of Pope's theory and practice. As a satirist Pope ranks with the greatest. He does not compete with Dryden in the field of political satire; he does not attack mankind in general like Swift. Against the foibles of society he directs the wonderfully clever *Rape of the Lock*; but he is at his best—and is most merciless—in personal satire,

when he launches a polished dart, keen and poisoned, against some real or fancied enemy.

The standard edition is that by Elwin and Courthope (10 vols., John Murray). The best single volume edition is the *Globe* (Macmillan). The best biography is Leslie Stephen's (E. M. L.).

GOLDSMITH (1728-1774)

Oliver Goldsmith was born in Ireland, in 1728, the son of a poor parson. In the University of Dublin he failed to distinguish himself, and when after graduation he undertook to enter one of the professions, he was for some time unsuccessful. A brief experience in Edinburgh, where he was studying medicine, was followed by three years of wandering about on the continent. Just what he did during these years it is hard to tell; when he returned to England in 1756 he claimed to have graduated in medicine at the University of Leyden; probably part of George Primrose's story, in the *Vicar*, is a retelling of Goldsmith's own experiences. Unsuccessful as a physician, Goldsmith soon was doing literary hack work for any bookseller who would employ him. The first thing to bring him any real reputation was his series of essays *The Citizen of the World* (1762). In 1763 he became one of the original nine members of The Club, and was thus a personal friend of Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds. In 1764 appeared *The Traveller*, a poem reminiscent in part of his own experiences, and hailed as the best work since Pope. Two years later came *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and in 1768 the first of his two plays, *The Good-Natured Man*. In 1770 *The Deserted Village* enhanced his reputation as a poet; in 1773 *She Stoops to Conquer* had a deserved success on the stage. The next year Goldsmith died. His warm good nature, his prodigality, his petty vanities and his large unselfishness, his fine independence and his helplessness, are all brought out in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. He was a man whom everybody loved; when he died Johnson said: "Let not his frailties be remembered; he was a very great man."

As a man of letters Goldsmith was great in part at least because of his versatility, for he was essayist, poet, novelist, and dramatist. But his versatility was not that of the mediocre hack. Between Addison and Lamb it is hard to find better essays than Goldsmith's. His verse, especially *The Deserted Village*, though written in Popeian couplets, has a freshness and sweetness that are still delightful. His dramas were clean and pure, and "fulfilled the great end of comedy, making an audience laugh." And *The Vicar*, despite the poor plot, is a novel which many generations have loved for its superb characterization of the central figure, and its genial portrayal of domestic manners.

The best contemporary source of information about Goldsmith is Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. Black's life, in the E. M. L., and Dobson's in the *Great Writers* series, are good brief biographies. The plays, poems, and the *Vicar*, have been many times reprinted; a good reprint of the *Essays* is that edited by Aikin and Tuckerman

(Crowell). Macaulay's Essay is reprinted in this volume.

JOHNSON (1709-1784)

Samuel Johnson was born in Lichfield, the son of a poor bookseller. As a child he was sickly; the scrofula, for which he was "touched" by Queen Anne, left permanent traces upon his body and his habits. With some financial assistance Johnson managed to get to Pembroke College, Oxford, but poverty compelled him to leave in 1731 before he had obtained a degree. Oxford later honored herself by making him a Master of Arts and finally a Doctor of Laws. After struggling along for some time at teaching and hack writing Johnson married, and with the money brought him by his wife tried to start a private school. The venture failed. Johnson then abandoned Lichfield, and in 1737 tramped up to London with a companion as impoverished as himself, young David Garrick, destined to become the greatest actor of his time. Arrived in London, Johnson was speedily submerged in the wretched life of a hack writer. He attracted a little attention with a satirical poem *London* (1738), more with the more deserving *Vanity of Human Wishes* (1749). He tried twice to launch a periodical of the *Spectator* type; *The Rambler* (1750-52) and *The Idler* (1758-60) were too heavy to be more than moderately successful. The greatest work of these treadmill years was the famous *Dictionary*, published in 1755, which made Johnson's reputation and won for him his title of "the Great Lexicographer." It is the least impersonal of all such books, and bristles with definitions illustrating Johnson's eccentricities and prejudices. In 1759 Johnson was still so poor that when his mother died he defrayed the expenses of her funeral by writing in the evenings of a single week his moral prose romance *Rasselas*; 1762 brought relief, however, when Johnson was granted a pension of three hundred pounds, and thenceforth he was never again in want. The Club, one of the most famous of all literary fellowships, was organized in 1764; it had as members the most brilliant men of their day—Reynolds, Garrick, Goldsmith, Burke, Gibbon, and others—but Johnson outshone them all, and over the Club, as over the world of letters, ruled as dictator. The chief work of Johnson's later years was done in his edition of Shakespeare (1765), still valuable for the sound common sense of its notes, and the *Lives of the English Poets* (1779-81), a series of short biographies prepared to accompany a standard edition of the poets from Cowley to Gray. In 1773 he made a trip with Boswell through Scotland and the Hebrides, an odd expedition for an inactive man of sixty-four, who loved London and despised Scotland with almost equal fervor; *A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland* records his impressions. He died in his house in Fleet Street in 1784, and was buried in the Abbey.

Johnson was the last great representative of the classical school, and by his influence doubtless held off for some time the impending literary

revolution. As a writer he is seen at his best in *The Lives of the Poets*. The taste of his time and his personal limitations kept him from a due appreciation of the work of certain men, notably Milton and Gray, but in general his judgments are fair and his comparisons enlightening; his estimates of Dryden, Addison, and Pope are classics. As a talker Johnson was supreme: his conversation, so faithfully set down by Boswell, was simpler and more brilliant than his writing, not so laden with the ponderous Latinisms which we think of as characteristically "Johnsonesque," though it should be added that his later writings are not so pompous in style as the earlier. The man Johnson was greater than his works. No famous man had more or odder peculiarities, but these were mere externals. His massive common sense, his real tenderness of heart, his generosity, his sincere piety, his transparent honesty, endear his memory. Macaulay, writing in 1856, concludes thus: "The old philosopher is still among us in the brown coat with the metal buttons, and the shirt which ought to be at wash, blinking, puffing, rolling his head, drumming with his fingers, tearing his meat like a tiger, and swallowing his tea in oceans. No human being who has been more than seventy years in the grave is so well known to us. And it is but just to say that our intimate acquaintance with what he would himself have called the anfractuosities of his intellect and his temper, serves only to strengthen our conviction that he was both a great and a good man."

There is a good volume of selections from Johnson's writings in the *Little Masterpieces*, edited by Bliss Perry (Doubleday Page and Co.). The best edition of the *Lives of the Poets* is that by Birkbeck Hill (Clarendon Press). The essays by Macaulay and Carlyle, inspired by Croker's edition of Boswell's *Life*, should be known to all students of Johnson.

BOSWELL (1740-1795)

James Boswell made himself famous by spreading Johnson's fame. He was the son of a Scotch lawyer of high standing, and went to the University of Edinburgh, afterward studying law, and practicing in Edinburgh and London. The year 1763 made Boswell's fortune, for then he visited London and made the acquaintance of Johnson. For twenty years he enjoyed the intimate friendship of the great man, who secured his admission to The Club. Though he was vain to excess, a snob imperturbably impudent on occasion, Boswell was not the fool he has sometimes been made out to be. He had wit enough to recognize a great man when he saw one, and sense enough to make the most of his opportunities. The accuracy of observation, the liveliness, the veracity, the thorough humanness of his *Life of Johnson*, published in 1791, make it the best biography ever written.

The definitive edition of Boswell's *Life* is by Birkbeck Hill (6 vols., Clarendon Press). The Everyman Library contains a complete edition in two volumes.

BURKE (1729-1797)

Edmund Burke was born in 1729, at Dublin. He graduated from Trinity College, Dublin, in 1748, and soon took up the study of law in the Middle Temple, London. His interest in literature developed early in life; in 1756 the *Inquiry* concerning the Sublime and the Beautiful marked his appearance on the stage of letters. Five years later he was appointed secretary to the Lord Deputy of Ireland; from this time until his death he was actively engaged in governmental work. His political career was of the noblest; although never holding a high office, he was recognized as the unofficial leader of the Whig party, and virtually shaped the policies of the nation during the latter part of his life. From 1790 to 1797 he was concerned with France; his first great interests, however, had been America and India. He had entered Parliament in 1766, and had at once taken up the question of England's attitude towards her American colonies. Burke understood America better than anyone else in Parliament; he was passionately devoted to the cause of human justice; and he pleaded for conciliation with America not only because he foresaw that it alone would save the empire, but because it was the only righteous course to pursue. Burke failed; England went her way under George III and Lord North, and the colonies were lost. He then turned his attention to India, studying it as carefully as he had America, visualizing with the imagination of a poet the results of English oppression, and finally denouncing the English system in a series of attacks that culminated in the impeachment (1787-95) of Warren Hastings, the first Governor General. The publication in 1790 of the *Reflections on the Revolution in France* marks the beginning of his hostility towards French republicanism. The *Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs* (1791), and the *Letters on a Regicide Peace* (1796-97), continued in the same vein, and established Burke as the great champion of conservatism, the upholder of the established order of things against the forces that were making for destruction.

Matthew Arnold speaks of Burke as a man who "saturated politics with thought." It is well known that as an orator he was ineffective, and that the qualities which make his essays so powerful detracted from his success on the floor of the House. But he could afford to give up the success of the moment for the more lasting triumphs he has won. His was the noblest prose of the century in England; massive, pregnant with ideas, yet always clear; logically concise, yet vibrant with an emotion that colors his paragraphs as a kindred emotion colors the great utterances of Lincoln.

Lord Morley's *Life*, in the E. M. L., is a good biography of Burke. Various editions of his speeches are readily accessible; the *Select Works*, edited by E. J. Payne (Clarendon Press, 3 vols.), is excellent.

THE PRECURSORS OF ROMANTICISM

The poets thus roughly and somewhat inaccurately classed together are more important to the student of English literary history as a group than as individuals. They wrote during the years when the ideals established by Dryden and Pope and maintained by Johnson were dominant in England, and they mark the gradual turning of the tide towards Romanticism. At no time before Wordsworth was the dominance of the Pseudo-Classicists seriously challenged; but that a new spirit was abroad even during the hey-day of the old order, the work of these men, and of Gray and Cowper, is ample testimony. In freedom from literary rule and precept, in choice of forms and material which if not actually new were at least comparatively new to the eighteenth century, in their unusual attitude towards nature and man, and in their instinct for self-expression, these men unmistakably foreshadowed the age of Wordsworth and Byron.

Allan Ramsay (1686-1758), a Scotchman, did much to continue the old tradition of Scottish song and ballad, and furnished Burns with models for some of his best work. James Thomson (1700-48), was also born in Scotland, but went up to London in 1725. Here he attained renown as the author of *The Seasons* (1730), a descriptive poem portraying country life during the changing year. Both the material and the form—blank verse—were new to the eighteenth century; still more unusual was *The Castle of Indolence* (1748), which remains to this day one of the best imitations of both the form and mood of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. Robert Blair (1699-1746), is remembered as the author of one poem, *The Grave* (1743), in blank verse, a gloomy if at times effective monologue that attained a considerable vogue at the time and had some influence on later poets. Edward Young (1681-1765), although the author of much besides the *Night Thoughts* (1742), owes his fame to this one poem. In blank verse which at times rises to a genuine eloquence, Young discourses on "Life, Death, and Immortality," in much the mood of Blair's *Grave*. James Macpherson (1736-96) was the author of the so-called poems of Ossian. It is probable that Macpherson built up his forgeries around some genuine fragments of old Celtic verse; but for the mood of the poems, the "delight in sorrow," and the striking portrayal of mountain scenery, he alone was responsible. During his lifetime the cheat was suspected; Dr. Johnson, for instance, refused to be taken in; but despite this uncertainty these "mountain monotonies" attained a tremendous popularity in England and on the continent. William Collins (1721-59) brought to the mid-eighteenth century a lyric instinct and a finished technique that mark him as one of the most distinguished poets of the period. During a life that was short and clouded by insanity Collins wrote a series of odes and a few lyrics which, however little they may have appealed to the mass of his contemporaries, have found admirers in every succeeding generation. Thomas Chatterton (1752-70) is like Macpherson famous for his literary

forgeries. At the age of fifteen he planned and in large part executed a cycle of romantic tales, cast in an imitation middle-English dialect, and represented as the work of a fifteenth century poet named Rowley. Disappointed in his hope to make a living as a man of letters, Chatterton poisoned himself in his London garret, and the world has not ceased to wonder at the largeness and splendor of the boy's poetic accomplishment and promise. William Blake (1757-1827), poet, artist, engraver, and mystic, was one of the most eccentric of English men of letters, and as such has had little influence on the main current of English verse. But the simple perfection and daring imagery of Blake's lyrics, especially the *Songs of Innocence* (1789), and *Songs of Experience* (1794), are untouched by the obscurity of his longer works, and mark him as one of the masters of English song. George Crabbe (1754-1832), though he did most of his work after the *Lyrical Ballads* had been published, clung to the eighteenth century couplet that connects him with Pope. But his determination to picture with unvarnished truthfulness the life of a small English town makes *The Village* (1783) and *The Borough* (1810) unlike the conventional description of the eighteenth century, and Crabbe is on the whole a herald of the new age.

GRAY (1716-1771)

Thomas Gray's life was uneventful. He was born in London, December, 1716. At Eton he met Horace Walpole, whose name is connected with the publication of some of Gray's most famous poems. He went to Pembroke College, Cambridge, but left in 1738 without a degree. In 1739 Gray and Walpole together made the "grand tour," the records of which are preserved in some of Gray's most memorable letters. From 1742 until his death in 1771 he lived as an academic recluse at Cambridge. In 1757 he declined the laureateship; though appointed Professor of Modern History in 1768 he delivered no lectures. One of the most scholarly of English poets, he shrank instinctively from the notoriety attendant upon publication; he printed but few verses, and the most famous, the *Elegy*, he published only because of the fear that a mangled and pirated copy was to appear in a magazine. But despite his sensitive and shrinking nature, the range of Gray's intellectual life was very wide; his letters and miscellaneous writings witness the fact that he was interested both in the worlds of art and letters and in the political and social development of his time.

His verse would be important in whatever age it had been written; but coming as it did during the years of transition from Pseudo-Classicism to Romanticism, it is unusually significant. Gray himself illustrates the change that was gradually to take place in all English literature. Beginning as a classicist, he wrote the *Ode to Spring* (1742), and the *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College* (1742), in conventional eighteenth century "poetic diction," and indulged in a good deal of conventional moralizing. The *Elegy*, published 1751, although begun many years before,

was written in an approved classical form, but is distinctly different in mood from the earlier work, and is the most finished example of the "grave-yard school" which, including Blair's *Grave* and Young's *Night Thoughts*, looks back to *Il Penseroso* for much of its inspiration. *The Progress of Poesy* and *The Bard*, printed by Walpole in 1757, are still farther from eighteenth century ideals. But it was not till 1761, when Gray wrote *The Fatal Sisters* and *The Descent of Odin*, that his work became thoroughly romantic.

Dr. Johnson's criticism, in his *Life of Gray*, is unsympathetic, but valuable as showing the attitude of the eighteenth century towards a poet of the new order. Gosse's *Life*, in the E. M. L., is a good biography. Phelps's *Selections*, in the *Athenæum Press Series* (Ginn), is an inexpensive edition of Gray's best work, both prose and poetry, and contains much valuable editorial matter. Gosse's edition of the complete works (4 vols., Macmillan) is the standard. Arnold's essay on Gray (*Essays in Criticism*, Macmillan) is appreciative, and in most respects accurate.

COWPER (1731-1800)

William Cowper, one of the pathetic figures in English literature, lived a life that was clouded by periodic attacks of religious melancholia and insanity, and was otherwise uneventful. Born in 1731, in Hertfordshire, he spent seven years at the Westminster School. In 1754 he was called to the bar; the dread of a public examination before assuming a clerkship in the House of Lords precipitated his first attack of insanity in 1763. From this he did not recover for eighteen months; never again was he free from the spectre. The rest of his life is memorable for his friendship with Morley Unwin and his wife Mary Unwin. Mr. Unwin, a clergyman, died in 1765; in 1767 Cowper and Mrs. Unwin began their life together at Olney. It is probable that Cowper would have married Mrs. Unwin had he not suffered a second attack of insanity in 1773. After recovering, Cowper, in need of some regular employment, began to write verses, and amused himself by carpentry, gardening, and caring for tame hares and other household pets. His first great work, *The Task*, appeared in 1785. In this long poem Cowper allowed his fancy to play over things in general; as a result *The Task* is a composite of verse descriptive of the English landscape that he knew and loved, of satire and comment on conditions in Europe, and of accounts of Cowper's life. It is written in blank verse; the fact that it became generally popular is indicative that the tyranny of the couplet was already being broken. *John Gilpin*, Cowper's most famous piece of humorous verse, also appeared in 1785; in 1791 he completed his translation of Homer. The remaining years were darkened by sorrow and melancholia. In 1794 he was again insane; in 1796 Mrs. Unwin died. *The Castaway* and *To Mary* picture with poignant force the pathetic blackness of this period.

Aside from the interest attaching to Cowper's

poetry because of its inherent worth, there is a significance in his work which students of literary history have not failed to mark. In a real sense Cowper was the spiritual predecessor of the great Romanticists. He had a sympathy for outcast humanity as sincere as Shelley's, if less passionate; his love of nature was as deep-seated as Wordsworth's, though his musings on nature never led him to the heights which Wordsworth attained through his "impassioned contemplation."

The best one volume edition of Cowper is the Globe (Macmillan); the volume of selections in the Athenæum Press series (Ginn) is representative and inexpensive. Southey's *Life*, though written long ago, is still valuable; more recent is Goldwin Smith's in the E. M. L. Leslie Stephen's essay, in his *Hours in a Library*, and Bagehot's, in his *Literary Studies*, are suggestive.

BURNS (1759-1796)

Robert Burns lived a life of hard work, interrupted by periods of reckless and enthusiastic relaxation; a life which from some points of view was a tragic failure, involving many besides Burns himself in the wreck. Yet it is noteworthy that such stern moralists as Wordsworth and Whittier should have been willing to forgive Burns's many weaknesses, and to point only to the largeness of his accomplishment.

He was born in Ayrshire, near the west coast of Scotland, in 1759. His father, William Burnes, was a hard-working man of the peasant class, but mentally superior to the average small farmer, and the equal of any one in ambition for his children. By the time Burns was fifteen he was doing much of the work of his father's farm; in 1784, when his father died, he and his brother Gilbert undertook farming for themselves, but with poor financial results. It was about this time that he met Jean Armour, later his wife. During 1785 and 1786 he wrote much of the verse on which his fame depends; had he never pub-

lished anything but the 1786 volume of *Poems, Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*, he would have been sure of ultimate recognition. Here, in the little volume printed at Kilmarnock, the proceeds of which were to defray the cost of Burns's intended emigration to America, were *The Two Dogs, The Holy Fair, The Cotter's Saturday Night, To a Mouse, To a Daisy*, and the *Epistle to Davie*. The success of this venture prompted Burns to change his plans, and in the same year he went up to Edinburgh, where he became the lion of the season. A second volume, published in Edinburgh in 1787, brought him more renown and a considerable sum of money. In 1788 he married Jean Armour, and took up farming at Ellisland. But his venture proved unsuccessful, and in 1789 he was glad to fall back on an appointment to the excise service that brought him fifty pounds per year. In 1791 he moved to Dumfries, and there, after five years of hard labor as exciseman, he died.

Burns's poetry has at times been overpraised, especially by Scottish critics; but after all allowances have been made for national or personal prejudices, much remains of permanent value. His best songs, written in most part during the last six years of his life, his simple pictures of Scottish domesticity, his satires on cant and make-believe in Church and State, and his two unique contributions to English poetry, *Tam O' Shanter* and *The Jolly Beggars*,—these have passed out of the narrow circle of Scottish and local verse, and have become part of the world's literature.

The best edition of Burns's poetry is the Centenary (four volumes, T. C. and E. C. Jack). The one volume Cambridge edition (Houghton Mifflin) contains the Centenary text and some of the notes. Shairp's *Life*, in the E. M. L., is the best brief biography. Carlyle's well known essay, Stevenson's, in his *Familiar Studies of Men and Books*, and Henley's, in the Centenary and Cambridge editions, are all valuable.

APPENDIX

THE NEW TESTAMENT

The four selections here given, from four of the great English Bibles, represent the state of the language at the times indicated.

John i. 1-14

IN LATE ANGLO-SAXON (Circa 1050)

1. On frymðe was Word, and þæt Word wæs mid Gode, and God wæs þæt Word.
2. Þæt wæs on fruman mid Gode.
3. Ealle þing wæron geworhte ðurh hyne; and nan þing næs geworht butan him.
4. Þæt wæs lif þe on him geworht wæs; and þæt lif wæs manna leoht.
5. And þæt leoht lyht on ðystrum; and þystro þæt ne genamon.
6. Mann wæs from Gode asend, þæs nama wæs Iohannes.
7. Ðes com to gewitnesse, þæt he gewitnesse cyððe be ðam leohte, þæt ealle menn þurh hyne gelyfdon.
8. Næs he leoht, ac þæt he gewitnesse forð bære be þam leohte.
9. Soð leoht wæs þæt onlyht ælcne cumendne man on þisne middaneard.
10. He wæs on middanearde, and middaneard wæs geworht þurh hine, and middaneard hine ne gecneow.
11. To his agenum he com, and hig hyne ne underfengon.
12. Soðlice swa hwylice swa hyne underfengon, he sealde him anweald þæt hi wæron Godes bearn, þam ðe gelyfaþ on his naman:
13. þa ne synt acennede of blodum, ne of flæsces willan, ne of weres willan, ac hig synt of Gode acennede.
14. And þæt Word wæs flæsc geworden, and eardode on us, and we gesawon hys wuldor, swylce acennedes wuldor of Fæder, þæt wæs ful mid gyfe and soðfastnysse.

IN WYCLIF'S BIBLE (Circa 1385)

1. In the bygynnyng was the worde, *that is, Goddis sone*, and the worde was at God, and God was the worde.
2. This was in the bigynnyng at God.
3. Alle thingis ben made by hym, and withouten hym is made nouȝt, that thing that is made.
4. In hym was lijf, and the lijf was the liȝte of men.
5. And the liȝte schyneth in dirkenessis, and dirkenessis comprehenden, *or taken*, not it.
6. A man was sente fro God, to whom the name was Ioon.
7. This man came into witnessyng, that he schulde bere witnessyng of the liȝt, that alle men schulde bileue by hym.
8. He was not the liȝt, but that he schulde bere witnessyng of the liȝt.
9. It was verrey liȝte the whiche liȝteneth eche man comyng into this worlde.
10. He was in the worlde, and the worlde was made by hym, and the worlde knew hym not.
11. He came into his owne thingis, and his receyueden hym not.
12. Forsothe how many euer receyueden hym, he ȝaue to hem power for to be made the sones of God, to hem that bileueden in his name;
13. The whiche not of bloodis, nether of wille of fleysche, nether of wille of man, but ben borne of God.
14. And the worde, *that is Goddis sone*, is made fleysche, *or man*, and hath dwellide in vs, and we haue seen the glorie of hym, the glorie as of the one bigoten of the fadir, *the sone* ful of grace and treuthe.

IN TYNDALE'S BIBLE (1534)

1. In the begynnyng was the worde, and the worde was with God: and the worde was God.
2. The same was in the begynnyng with God.
3. All thinges were made by it, and without it was made nothing that was made.
4. In it was lyfe, and the lyfe was the lyght of men,
5. And the lyght shyneth in the darcknes, but the darcknes comprehended it not.
6. There was a man sent from God, whose name was Iohn.
7. The same cam as a witness of the lyght, that all men through him myght beleve.

IN THE AUTHORIZED VERSION (1611)

1. In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.
2. The same was in the beginning with God.
3. All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made.
4. In him was life; and the life was the light of men.
5. And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not.
6. There was a man sent from God, whose name was John.
7. The same came for a witness, to bear witness of the Light, that all men through him might believe.

8. He was not that lyght: but to beare witnes of the lyght.

9. That was a true lyght, which lyghteth all men that come into the worlde.

10. He was in the worlde, and the worlde was made by him: and yet the worlde knewe him not.

11. He cam amonge his (awne) and his awne receaved him not.

12. But as meny as receaved him, to them he gave power to be the sonnes of God in that they beleved on his name:

13. which were borne, not of bloude nor of the will of the flesshe, nor yet of the will of man: but of God.

14. And the worde was made flesshe and dwelt amonge us, and we sawe the glory of it, as the glory of the only begotten sonne of the fater, which worde was full of grace and verite.

8. He was not that Light, but was sent to bear witness of that Light.

9. That was the true Light, which lighteth every man, that cometh into the world.

10. He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not.

11. He came unto his own, and his own received him not.

12. But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name:

13. Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.

14. And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth.

NOTES

Figures in bold face refer to the page, others to the line.

CHAUCER

THE PROLOGUE

1. 1. **Whan that Aprille**, etc. When April with its sweet showers hath pierced the drought of March to the root, and bathed every vein in the moisture by means of which power the flower is grown.
8. **The Ram**. The expression means: "When the sun had completed the half-course in the zodiacal sign of the Ram." During the first half of April the sun is in Aries, the Ram; during the second, in Taurus, the Bull. The time is therefore about the middle of April.
- 53-65. **Pruce—Palatye**. The proper names are those of various countries and cities in the regions involved in the wars between the Christian nations of western Europe and their Moslem enemies. *Pruce*, *Lettow*, *Ruce*—Prussia, Lithuania, Russia. *Gernade*, *Algezir*—Granada, Algeciras, in Spain. *Belmarie*, *Tramisene*—Moorish kingdoms in Africa. *Lyey*, *Satalye*, *Palatye*—in Asia Minor.
2. 125. **The scole of Stratford atte Bowe**. A Benedictine convent at Stratford-le-Bow, near London. There is no slur here on the Prioress's French; Chaucer merely tells us that her pronunciation was not Parisian.
3. 159. **Gauded**. Furnished with "gaudies," the five large beads in a rosary.
173. **Seint Maure**. St. Maur and St. Benedict. The latter founded the Benedictine order of monks; St. Maur was one of his disciples.
187. **Austin**. St. Augustine.
210. **Ordres four**. The Dominicans, Franciscans, Carmelites, and Augustinians.
4. 258. **Love-dayes**. Certain days which were appointed for settling disputes out of court, through the mediation of an umpire, often a friar.
310. **Parvys**. "The church-porch, or portico of St. Paul's, where the lawyers were wont to meet for consultation." (Skeat).
319. **Al was fee simple**. No matter how encumbered property might be, the Sergeant could handle it as if it were held in fee simple. His conveyancing could not be attacked.
5. 340. **Seynt Iulian**. Saint Julian was famed for his generous providing.
364. **Fraternitee**. They all belonged to one guild.

5. 377. **Vigilyës**. Ceremonies on the eve of a church or guild festival.
6. 417-420. **Well coude he fortunen**, etc. The doctor was an astrologer; in addition, he was familiar with the humors of the body, and knew the causes of all diseases.
In every person, according to the Galenic physiology, there were four humors, viz.: blood, phlegm, bile or choler, and black bile or melancholy. A person's health depended upon maintaining a proper proportion between the four. Thus if blood predominated, the person became too sanguine; if phlegm, he became too phlegmatic.
429. **Esculapius**, etc. These were the chief physicians and medical writers of the ancient and mediæval worlds.
460. **Housbondes at chirche-door**. It was customary for the wedding ceremony to be performed at the door of the church.
486. **Full looth were him**. He did not excommunicate persons in order to force them to pay their tithes.
7. 507. **He sette nat his benefice**. He did not sub-let his parish, that he might be appointed to a chantry in St. Paul's.
525. **He wayted after**. He did not look for, or expect, pomp and ceremony.
563. **He hadde a thombe of gold**. He was a prosperous fellow.
8. 624. **Fyr-reed cherubinnes face**. Cherubim, in mediæval art, were painted with red faces.
646. **Questio quid iuris?** What is the law?
652. **A finch eek coude he pulle**. In the idiom of Wall Street, he knew how to shear a lamb. (Skeat).
9. 662. **War him of a significavit**. The writ of excommunication, which usually began with the word *Significavit*.
667. **For an ale-stake**. Ale-houses were usually marked by a pole, *ale-stake*, on which was hung a garland.
685. **A vernicle**. A copy of the picture of Christ supposed to have been miraculously imprinted on the handkerchief of St. Veronica.
11. 826. **The watering of seint Thomas**. The watering place was at a brook a short distance out from Southwark.

THE NUN'S PRIEST'S TALE

24. **She fond no lak**. She found no fault.
35. **By nature knew he ech ascensioun**.

This is one of the many passages in which Chaucer uses the language of astronomy for telling time. The meaning is that the cock crew each hour, when the sun had risen fifteen degrees higher.

12. 59. My lief is faren in londe. My loved one has gone away.
103. *Swevenes engendren*, etc. See note on *Prol.*, l. 417.
13. 120. *Lo Catoun*. Dionysius Cato, to whom was ascribed a collection of maxims, *De Moribus*, used in Chaucer's time as a text-book for beginners in Latin.
143. *Lauriol, centaure*, etc. For an explanation of these botanical names see the *Oxford Chaucer*, v. 252.
15. 303. *Macrobeus*. Latin writer of the fifth century, annotator of Cicero's *Somnium Scipionis*.
16. 367. *The month in which the world began*. There was an old notion that the creation took place on the eighteenth of March.
369. *Y-passed were also*, etc. When March was gone, and thirty-two days more; i. e., when it was the third of May.
374. *The signe of Taurus*. The sun was in the zodiacal sign, or constellation, of Taurus, and had passed the twenty-first degree.
407. *Genilon*. The traitor who caused the death of Roland, in the *Chanson de Roland*. Sinon persuaded the Trojans to admit the wooden horse.
421. *Augustyn . . . Boece . . . Bradwardyn*. Famous ecclesiastical writers, St. Augustine, Boethius, and Thomas Bradwardine, Archbishop of Canterbury in 1349.
17. 451. *Phisilogus*. A work on natural history, in Latin, well known to the Middle Ages.
473. *Boece*. Boethius (see l. 421) was also author of a treatise on music.
492. *Daun Burnel the Asse*. A satirical poem of the twelfth century, by Nigel Wireker.
18. 527. *O Gaufred*. Geoffrey de Vinsauf, who wrote verses lamenting the death of Richard I.
536. *Ilioun*. The citadel of Troy.
574. *Iakke Straw*. One of the leaders in the Peasants' Rebellion of 1381.

THE PARDONER'S TALE

20. 211. *Turnen substaunce into accident*. The cooks knew how to prepare food so that its real nature, or *substance*, should be concealed, and only its *accidental*, or secondary characteristics, revealed. See the *Oxford Chaucer*, v. 279.
256. *Lamuel*. "King Lemuel, mentioned in *Prov.* xxxi: 1." (Skeat).
21. 324. *That it is in Hayles*. The Abbey of Hailes, in Gloucestershire, was supposed to possess a few drops of the blood of Christ.

22. 406. *Change my cheste*. "The old man is ready . . . to exchange his chest, containing all his worldly gear, for a single hair-cloth, to be used as his shroud." (Skeat).

24. 561. *Avicen*. Avicenna, an Arabian physician, wrote as his chief work a medical treatise known as the *Canon*. The subdivisions are in Arabic called *fen*.

BALADE DE BON CONSEYL

25. 2. *Suffyce unto thy good*. Let thy wealth be sufficient unto thee.
9. *In trust of hir*. Fortune.
22. *Thou Vache*. Sir Philip la Vache, to whom the poem is addressed. See an article by Miss Edith Rickert in *Modern Philology*, xi. 209 f.

THE COMPLAINT OF CHAUCER

26. 22. *Conquerour of Brutes Albion*. King Henry IV, who came to the throne in 1399 through the deposition of Richard II. *Brutes Albion*—the Albion, or England, of Brutus, a legendary descendant of Aeneas, who first reigned in the island.

PIERS THE PLOWMAN

26. Of this poem, which until lately has been accepted as the work of William Langland, there are several versions, the work of different men, and produced at different times during the last forty years of the fourteenth century. The earliest, or so-called A-text, was written about 1365, and was the basis of subsequent revisions. The question of authorship has been argued at great length by Professor John M. Manly, and others, in *Modern Philology*; and though uncertainties still exist, it is hardly to be questioned that several people had a share in the work, and that the traditional ascription to Langland is erroneous.
27. 39. *Qui loquitur*, etc. He who speaks evil.
55. *Al the foure ordres*. The mendicant friars were the Carmelites, or white friars; the Augustinians; the Dominicans, or black friars; and the Minorites, or grey friars.

NOAH'S FLOOD

The play is taken from the Chester miracle cycle. The text here followed is that of Harleian MS. 2124, edited by Dr. Hermann Deimling for the Early English Text Society (Extra Series, lxii). The text has been modernized, except that rhyme-words and the original word order have been preserved. Stage directions have been translated from the original Latin.

Waterloaders and Drawers of Dee. Members of the gild of water-carriers, who presented the play. The River Dee flows through Chester.

27. 5-7. Not . . . but. Only; my spirit shall remain . . . only till, etc.
28. 42. Art in such will. Hast such a purpose toward me.
100. Frankish fare. Foolish behavior; exact meaning of *frankish* is not known.
29. 114. In the ship, etc. Hasten to get into the ship.
149. Note the naively simple method of indicating the passage of time.
151. The sense requires the addition of some phrase like "To see" at the beginning of the line.
155. That. Would that.
172. Cowle. Forage.
30. 198. With evil hail. Bad luck to you.
236. For his love, etc. For the love of him who redeemed you. The anachronistic reference to Christ is quite characteristic of the miracle plays.
31. 269. Between 269 and 270 a line is missing.
301. Comes. Probably an imperative, addressed to the members of Noah's family. In all wise. By all means.

THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH POPULAR BALLADS

32. With one exception the texts here reprinted are from Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*. "Bonnie George Campbell" is given in Motherwell's version.

SIR PATRICK SPENS

34. On the question of the historical basis for the ballad, see *Child*, ii, 17-20.

THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT

39. The ballad is an inaccurate account of the battle of Otterburn, which took place in August, 1388. For a detailed account, see *Child*, iii, 289-293.

MALORY

LE MORTE DARTHUR: PREFACE

44. William Caxton. Caxton (c. 1422-1491), the first English printer. The first book to be printed in English was issued at Bruges in 1474; two years later Caxton set up his press in Westminster. The *Morte Darthur* was published in 1485.
37. Stalled. Installed.
72. Aretted. Considered to be.
76. Polichronicon. A history of the world, and encyclopædia of universal knowledge, by Ranulph Higden (d. 1364).
82. Bochas. Boccaccio. De Casu, etc: *Concerning the Fall of Great Men*.
84. Galfridus. Geoffrey of Monmouth, author of the *Historia Regum Britanniae*, (c. 1136), the most famous of all Anglo-Latin chronicles.

45. 110. Camelot. The Arthurian capital city.
134. Enprised to imprint. Undertaken to print.

CHAPTER IV

- King Arthur has been on the continent; during his absence Mordred, his nephew, has treasonously seized the throne, and attempted to marry Guinevere. A first battle at Dover has been won by Arthur, returning to his kingdom; the two armies are now drawn up for the decisive conflict.
1. Condescended. Agreed.
9. And. If.
46. 44. Put him in devoir. Did his utmost.
94. Ran until him. Ran unto him,
97. Foin. Thrust.
101. The bur. The guard near the butt of the spear.
118. Do me to wit. Tell me.
123. Pillers. Pillagers.

CHAPTER VI

48. 17. Besants. Gold coins of Constantinople.

CHAPTER VII

10. Hic jacet, etc. Here lies Arthur, formerly king, and to be king in the future.

SPENSER

THE FAERIE QUEENE: LETTER TO RALEIGH

49. This letter was prefixed to the first edition, which appeared in 1590 and contained the first three books of the poem.
47. These first twelve books. Of the twelve books projected Spenser completed six, and three cantos of a seventh.
60. Accounted by their showes. Judged by their appearances.

BOOK I, CANTO I

- In reading Spenser's verse, a final *-ed* should always be given syllabic value. Book I narrates the adventures of the Knight of Holiness.
51. 20. Gloriana. Standing in the allegory for Queen Elizabeth.
28. Lovely ladie. Una, the personification of Truth.
52. 79. Warlike beech. Lances were frequently of beech wood.
53. 127-234. The passage omitted gives an account of the Knight's combat with the foul monster Error, and of his ultimate triumph.
54. 253. Aged sire. Archimago, the enchanter, represents hypocrisy or false religion.
55. 314. Saintes and popes. In accordance with the purpose of the allegory, Archimago is made a Catholic.

55. 318. **Morpheus.** God of sleep.
 328. **Blacke Plutoes griesly dame.** Proserpine, wife of Pluto, king of the lower regions.
 332. **Gorgon.** Demogorgon, one of the greatest of the infernal powers, whose name it was dangerous to utter.
 333. **Cocytus, Styx.** Rivers of Hades.
 348. **Tethys.** The ocean.
 349. **Cynthia.** The moon.
 352. **Double gates.** According to classical legend, true dreams, sent to men from the house of Sleep, issued forth through a door of horn; false dreams, through a door of ivory. Cf. l. 393. Spenser substitutes silver for horn.
 361ff. Note in this stanza the skilful suggestion of sense by sound.

56. 376. **Dryer braine.** Brain too dry or feverish. It was supposed that lack of moisture in the brain was the cause of fitful, dream-broken sleep.

Stanza XLVff. Archimago fashions one of his sprites into the likeness of Una, and by the aid of the false dream deceives the Red Cross Knight into believing Una false to him. In Canto II the Knight deserts Una and flees from Archimago's cabin. Meeting on his way a Saracen knight Sansfoy, with a beautiful lady, he kills the knight and takes the lady Duessa (Falsehood, though she is at present going under the name of Fidessa—Faith), as his companion. Una meanwhile has set forth in search of her knight, and has lost her way in a wood.

CANTO XI

57. In the interval between the third and eleventh cantos Una and the Red Cross Knight, who had been parted from each other by Archimago, and forced to undergo many hardships, are reunited by Arthur, who rescues the Knight from the castle of the giant Orgoglio. After this deliverance Una leads the Knight to the house of Holiness, where he is purged of his sin, learns his lineage, and his name, George:

"Thou. . . .

Shalt be a saint, and thine own nation's frend

And patrone: thou Saint George shalt called be,

Saint George of mery England, the signe of victoree." (l. x. 66).

Then follows the struggle between George and the dragon (the devil), occupying the entire eleventh canto, which is here reprinted without omission.

58. 43. **Faire ympe of Phœbus,** etc. Clio, muse of History, daughter of Phœbus and Mnemosyne (Memory).
 56. **Till I of warres,** etc. "Spenser was apparently planning for his later books or for his second part, some celebration of the war with Philip II. 'Bryton fieldes

with Sarazin blood bedyde' suggests imitation of the war of the Saracens in France, as narrated in the *Orlando Furioso*." (Dodge.)

62. **Thy second tenor.** "Melody of lower pitch." (Dodge.)

63. **Man of God his . . . armes.** Man-of-God's arms.

59. 74. **So couched neare.** Placed so close together.

60. 167. **Hagard hauke.** A wild hawk.

168. **Above his hable might.** Beyond the limit of his strength.

172. **He so disseized,** etc. He, the dragon, being thus relieved of his great burden.

61. 186. **His neighbour element.** The earth.

187. **The blustering brethren.** Sometimes explained as the winds; possibly refers to both winds and sea, combining against the land.

189. **Each other to avenge.** Take vengeance on each other.

230. **Him.** The Knight.

62. 235. **That great champion.** Hercules, the occasion of whose death was the shirt poisoned by blood of the centaur Nessus.

267. **Silo.** The pool of Siloam.

269. **Cephise** (Cephisus) . . . **Hebrus.** Greek rivers.

278. **Above his wonted pitch.** Higher than usual.

63. 300. **As eagle, fresh out of the ocean wave.** "Every ten years the eagle mounts to the circle of fire and thence plunges into the ocean, from which it emerges with fresh plumage." (Dodge.)

303. **Eyas hauke.** Newly fledged hawk.

337. **Ne living wight,** etc. Nor would any living person have promised him life.

64. 356. **Engorged.** This is the reading in editions of Spenser, but it makes no good sense; *engorged* means *glutted with*. May Spenser have intended *engored*—wounded, hence, aroused, infuriated (?) as in *Faerie Queene*, II. viii. 42:

"As salvage bull, whom two fierce mastives bayt,

When rancour doth with rage him once engore."

381. **The warlike pledge.** The shield.

65. 414. **The crime of our first father's fell.** The occasion of the crime, etc.

459. **Her.** Object of *salutes*.

465. **He.** The dragon. **Himself.** The knight.

PROTHALAMION

66. The poem was written in honor of the approaching double marriage of the Ladies Elizabeth and Katherine Somerset, daughters of the Earl of Worcester, in 1596. It commemorates a visit made by the ladies, in barges on the river, to Essex House, residence of the Earl of Essex.

6-9. **Discontent . . . empty shaddowes.** A reference to Spenser's vain effort for

political preferment after the publication of the second three books of the *Faerie Queene*.

67. 67. Somers-heat. Pun on Somerset.
 68. 132. Bricky towres. The group of buildings by the Thames called The Temple, formerly headquarters of the Knights Templar, now given over to lawyers.
 137. A stately place. Essex House, formerly residence of the Earl of Leicester, an early patron of Spenser's, who had died in 1588.
 147. Dreadfull . . . thunder. Alluding to the sack of Cadiz in 1596 by the Earl of Essex.
 148. Hercules two pillars. Rocky eminences on either side of the Strait of Gibraltar.
 152-3. Thine owne name . . . same. Pun on the family name of the Earl of Essex—Devereux (Fr. *heureux*).
 69. 173. Twins of Jove. Castor and Pollux, the constellation Gemini.
 174. Bauldricke. The Zodiac.

ELIZABETHAN SONNETEERS

WYATT: THE LOVER COMPARETH HIS STATE

69. This is a translation of one of Petrarch's sonnets.

SHAKESPEARE: XCVIII

74. 4. Heavy Saturn. In astrology the planet Saturn is supposed to exert a melancholy influence, since the god Saturn was morose.

ELIZABETHAN SONG WRITERS

LYLY: SPRING'S WELCOME

77. 2. Ravished nightingale. A reference to the story of Philomela; see note on Arnold's *Philomela*, p. 687.
 5. Prick-song. "Harmony written or pricked down in opposition to plain-song." (Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*).
 7. At heaven's gates she claps her wings. Cf. Shakespeare's "Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings," p. 82.

GREENE: SWEET ARE THE THOUGHTS

78. 9. The mean. The middle part in three-part music. The philosophic ideal of "the golden mean," moderation, is also suggested.

RALEIGH: HIS PILGRIMAGE

79. Supposed to have been written while Raleigh was confined in the Tower on a charge of treason. "It would be difficult to find a poem more truly representative of the age of Elizabeth, with its poetical fervor, its beauty and vividness of expression, its juggling with words, and its

daring mixture of things celestial with things mundane." (Schelling.)

79. 9. Palmer. Originally a pilgrim who had been to Jerusalem and had brought back a palm-branch as a token; later applied to professional pilgrims, who spent their whole time travelling from one shrine to another.
 80. 42. Angels. A pun on the use of the word as the name of a coin.

THE CONCLUSION

Found in Raleigh's Bible after his death; said to have been written the night before his execution.

SOUTHWELL: THE BURNING BABE

Drummond of Hawthornden in his notes records that Ben Jonson said that "so he had written that piece of his (Southwell's), *The Burning Babe*, he would have been content to destroy many of his."

SHAKESPEARE: HARK, HARK! THE LARK

82. Compare the second of Lyly's songs, p. 77.

FEAR NO MORE

Dirge sung over the body of the supposedly dead Imogen, disguised as a boy, Fidele.

CAMPION: WHEN THOU MUST HOME

83. Bullen (*Lyrics from Elizabethan Song Books*) remarks that for romantic beauty this can hardly be matched outside the sonnets of Shakespeare.

CHERRY-RIPE

84. "Cherry-ripe" was the cry of street venders of cherries.

DRAYTON: AGINCOURT

85. The full title runs *To the Cambro-Britons and their Harp His Ballad of Agincourt. Cambro-Britons*—Welsh, who fought valiantly in the battle. Henry V, invading France to make good his claim to the French throne, in 1415 won the battle of Agincourt from a French army four times as numerous as his own.
 41. Poitiers, Cressy. Like Agincourt, battles of the Hundred Years' War, fought in 1356 and 1346 respectively, and like Agincourt, English victories against great odds.
 45. Grandsire. John of Gaunt, son of Edward III.
 86. 82. Bilbowa. Swords; the name comes from Bilboa, a Spanish town famous for the swords it made.
 113. St. Crispin's day. October 25.

BEN JONSON: TO THE MEMORY OF MY BE-
LOVED MASTER, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

87. Prefaced to the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's works, 1623.

20. Chaucer, Spenser, Beaumont. All buried in Westminster Abbey. Beaumont, —Sir Francis Beaumont, the dramatist, who died a few weeks before Shakespeare.

29, 30. Lyly, Kyd, Marlowe. Immediate predecessors of Shakespeare in the English drama.

32. Seek for names. Search critically for the names of dramatists with whom to compare Shakespeare; only the greatest names will do.

33, 34. Aeschylus, Euripides, Sophocles. Greek writers of tragedy, of the fifth century B. C.

35. Pacuvius, Accius. Latin writers of tragedy of the second century, B. C.

Him of Cordova. Seneca, the Stoic philosopher and, supposedly, tragic writer.

36. Buskin. The *colthurnus*, or thick-soled boot, worn by actors in classical tragedy to secure the dignity lent by greater stature; hence, the word stands for tragedy itself.

37. Socks. Likewise representative of comedy, since the thin-soled *soccus* was worn in comedy.

88. 51. Tart Aristophanes. Most famous of Greek satirical dramatists; he wrote in the fifth century B. C.

52. Terence, Plautus. The best writers of Latin comedy, of the second century B. C.

71. Swan of Avon. Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon.

77, 78. Rage or influence. A reference to the astrological belief that each planet exerted either a good or an evil power over the lives of men.

EPITAPH ON SALATHIEL PAVY

It was the custom of the choir boys of the Chapel Royal, of whom this small boy was one, frequently to entertain the Queen and court by acting before them; such children's companies were serious competitors of the adult companies; cf. *Hamlet*, II. ii.

DONNE: SWEETEST LOVE, I DO NOT GO

89. This, one of the sweetest and most musical of Donne's poems, was probably addressed to his wife on the occasion of his leaving her for a trip to France.

BEAUMONT: ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

90. 5. The relative is omitted.

9. Acre. I. e., God's acre; grave yard.
13. Of birth. Noble birth.

FLETCHER: SWEETEST MELANCHOLY

Milton is supposed to have obtained from this lyric suggestions for *Il Penseroso*.

CARE-CHARMING SLEEP

91. Cf. Daniel's sonnet, p. 72.

5. Sweet. So read the early editions; it should perhaps be *light*.

SONG TO BACCHUS

- i. *Lyæus*. A name for Bacchus.

WEBSTER: A DIRGE

"I never saw anything like this funeral dirge except the ditty which reminds Ferdinand of his drowned father in *The Tempest* [cf. p. 83]. As that is of the water, watery; so this is of the earth, earthy. Both have that intenseness of feeling, which seems to resolve itself into the element which it contemplates." (Charles Lamb.)

HARK, NOW EVERYTHING IS STILL

From *The Duchess of Malfi*, where it is sung, with great dramatic effect, just before the heroine of the play is strangled.

17. Full tide. There may be a reference here to the popular belief that sick people usually died at the turning of the tide. So Falstaff "parted . . . even at the turning of the tide," *Henry V*, II. iii.

BROWNE: ON THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE

3. Sidney's sister. It was to this lady, Mary Sidney, later Countess of Pembroke, that Sir Philip Sidney dedicated his *Arcadia*. Pembroke's mother. The third Earl of Pembroke, a minor poet, to whom, with his brother, the first folio of Shakespeare was dedicated, was the Countess's son.

This epitaph, delicate and chastely beautiful, has been erroneously ascribed to Ben Jonson. There is a second and inferior stanza, which may not be by the same hand.

NORTH

THE DEATH OF CÆSAR

92. 69. The first Brutus. Lucius Junius Brutus, who led the revolt expelling the Tarquins from Rome.

72. Marcus Cato. Cato Uticensis, the staunch republican who committed suicide at Utica on hearing of Pompey's defeat by Cæsar at Pharsalia.

93. 132. Element. Sky.

166. Preventing. Anticipating.

95. 436. Forms. Benches.

96. 499. Journey. Day.

LYLY

QUEEN ELIZABETH

97. The text is based on Bond's edition, vol. II., pp. 206 ff.; spelling and punctuation have been modernized.

97. 1. **This queen.** Mary, elder sister of Elizabeth.
 13. **Praxiteles.** A fondness for citing classical illustrations is one of Lyly's distinguishing characteristics.
 67. **As she hath lived forty years.** "Actually, 47. . . . The following words allude to the projected Anjou match, which in the autumn of 1579 she was known to favor; and reflect the general anxiety for an heir to the crown." (*Bond*, II. 534.)
 78. **Tickle.** Uncertain.
 79. **Twist.** Small thread or piece of silk.
 88. **Like the bird Ibis.** Reference to the so-called "unnatural natural history," most of which goes back to Pliny, is characteristic of Lyly and his Euphuistic imitators.
 98. 117. **Escapes.** Mistakes.
 133. **Twice directed her progress unto the Universities.** "She spent four days at Cambridge in Aug. 1564, and five or six at Oxford in Aug. 1566. . . . At both she attended the disputations in the schools and made speeches in Greek and Latin." (*Bond*, II. 534.)
 157. **Admiration.** Wonder.
 99. 202. **The curses of the Pope.** "Pius V.'s bull of excommunication and deposition, issued Feb. 25, 1570, was found nailed on the Bishop of London's door, May 15." (*Bond*, II. 535.)
 251. **Bound the crocodile to the palm tree.** "A way of saying 'made Egypt a field for his victories.'" (*Bond*, II. 535.)

SIDNEY

THE DEFENCE OF POESY

100. 9. **Mirror of Magistrates.** A collection of tales published first in 1559, and with Sackville's famous *Induction*, in 1563.
 34. **Gorboduc.** A play by Sackville and Norton, acted 1561, the first English blank verse tragedy. It was modelled on the Latin tragedies of Seneca.
 101. 109. **Pacolet's horse.** An enchanted steed in the romance of *Valentine and Orson*.
 115. **Ab ovo.** From the egg; i. e., from the beginning.
 119. **Polydorus.** In Euripides' tragedy *Hecuba*.
 208. **Pounded.** Impounded, put in a pound, like a stray animal.
 103. 337. **Libertino patre natus.** Son of an ex-slave.
 338. **Herculea proles.** Descendant of Hercules.
 339. **Si quid,** etc. If my verse can do aught.
 343. **Dull-making,** etc. People living near the cataracts of the Nile were said by Cicero to be deafened by the sound.
 344. **Planet-like music.** The "music of the spheres."
 349. **Mome.** Blockhead.

RALEIGH

THE LAST FIGHT OF THE REVENGE

- The text is based on Arber's Reprint; spelling and punctuation are modernized.
 103. 3. **This late encounter.** The battle between the *Revenge* and the Spanish fleet began 10 September, 1591. The pamphlet describing it appeared the same year.
 29. **The year 1588.** The year when the great Armada was destroyed.
 41. **The last of August.** Old style; 10 September, new style.
 57. **Recover.** Obtain.
 58. **All pestered and rummaging.** The ships were encumbered with badly stowed gear.
 104. 88. **Weigh their anchors.** Hoist their anchors on board. **Slip the cables** means to cut loose from the mooring.
 94. **Recovered the wind.** Got to windward of the Spanish fleet; an advantageous position for either fighting or running away.
 97. **Cut his mainsail and cast about.** Spread his mainsail and "come about"; i. e., turn in an opposite direction.
 100. **On his weather bow.** Ahead of him, and to windward.
 110. **Sprang their luff,** etc. Allowed the *Revenge* to get to windward of them. This action on the part of some Spanish vessels put the *Revenge* in the middle of the hostile fleet.
 113. **Answered.** Justified.
 122. **High carged.** Towering.
 125. **Laid the *Revenge* aboard.** Took position alongside the *Revenge*, the two ships touching each other.
 127. **Luffing up.** Turning towards the wind.
 134. **Out of her chase.** The guns in the bows of a ship would be the first used in a pursuit; the noun *chase* here means the bows.
 105. 177. **Admiral of the Hulks.** Flagship of the transports.
 185. **Ship of Lime.** So the original text; possibly a misprint for "Ship of the line," a warship of the first class.
 191. **A-dressing.** Having his wounds dressed.
 211. **Composition.** Terms of agreement.
 245. **But.** Nothing but.
 106. 356. **Approved.** Experienced.
 372. **Fly-boats.** Small, swiftly sailing ships.
 107. 384. **Road.** Roadstead; harbor.

BACON

OF TRUTH

107. 1. See *John*, xviii: 38.
 3. **There be that.** There are those who.
 17. **One of the later school,** etc. Probably a reference to the "New Academy."

107. 42. *Vinum dæmonum*. Devils' wine.
57. *Creature*. Creation.
108. 65. *The poet*, etc. Lucretius and the Epicureans.

OF ADVERSITY

29. *To speak in a mean*. To speak prosaically, without using figurative language; contrasted with the *transcendences* of poetry, above.
109. 53. *Incensed*. Diffused as incense, by burning.

OF MARRIAGE AND SINGLE LIFE

44. *Hortatives*. Exhortations.
58. *Vetulam suam*, etc. He preferred his aged wife to immortality.
68. *Have a quarrel*. Have a reason, ground.

OF GREAT PLACE

15. *A melancholy thing*. This sentence is an apt commentary on Bacon's own fall from great place. *Cum non sis*, etc. Since you are not what you were, there is no reason why you should desire to live.
110. 39. *Illi mors gravis*, etc. Death lies heavy on the man who dies known to almost all, but unknown to himself.
53. *Conscience of the same*. Consciousness of the same.
56. *Et conversus Deus*, etc. When God had looked, to see the works which his own hands had made, he saw that all were good beyond measure.
86. *De facto*. As a matter of fact.
111. 131. *Omnium consensu*, etc. In the opinion of all, fit to rule,—if only he had not ruled.
134. *Solus imperantium*, etc. Of all rulers Vespasian alone changed for the better.

OF WISDOM FOR A MAN'S SELF

2. *Shrewd*. Mischievous.
9. *Right earth*. Simply earth.
37. *Set a bias upon their bowl*. It is possible to roll a bowling ball so that it will curve while travelling.
64. *Sui amantes*, etc. Lovers of themselves without any rival.

OF YOUTH AND AGE

112. 16. *Juventutem egit*, etc. His youth was full of errors, even of madness.
85. *Idem manebat*, etc. He remained the same, but did not appear the same, i. e., was not so pleasing.
90. *Ultima primis cedebant*. His last years were inferior to his first.

OF GARDENS

113. 22. *If they be stoved*. If they be artificially warmed.
23. *Warm set*. Set out where it will keep warm.

113. 68. *Ver perpetuum*. Perpetual spring.
76. *Fast flowers of their smells*. Yielding little perfume.

OF STUDIES

114. 41. *Conference*. Conversation.
51. *Abeunt studia in mores*. Studies turn into habits.
52. *No stond or impediment*. No defect.
65. *Cymini sectores*. Hair splitters; (lit., splitters of a cummin seed.)

CAROLINE SONG-WRITERS

WITHER: SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR

115. 14. *Pelican*. Taken as a type of devoted self-sacrifice, because of the fable that the pelican fed her young with her own blood.

CAREW: ASK ME NO MORE

11. *Dividing*. The meaning is but little stronger than *musical*. "Division" was a musical term practically equivalent to a variation on a theme; "to run division" was to perform such variations.

LOVELACE: TO LUCASTA

116. The poet fought on the Cavalier side in the Civil War.

TO ALTHEA

As a consequence of his devotion to the Royalist cause Lovelace was twice imprisoned.

10. *With no allaying Thames*. Undiluted with water.

HERRICK: ARGUMENT OF HIS BOOK

117. The poem serves as a sort of foreword to *The Hesperides*, as Herrick called his book, telling the sorts of things about which Herrick wrote.
3. *Hock-carts*. The hock-cart was the last cart in from the field at harvest time.
Wassails. Drinking-bouts. *Wakes*. Village festivities.

CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING

2. *God unshorn*. The sun adorned in his rays.
4. *Fresh-quilted*. "Referable to the bright and variegated colors of sunrise." (Schelling, *Seventeenth Century Lyrics*.)
14. *May*. The term was loosely applied to all sorts of May blossoms, particularly those of the hawthorn.
118. 30 ff. For a good account of the May-day customs see Brand's *Popular Antiquities*.
51. *Green-gown*. Tumble on the grass.

AN ODE FOR BEN JONSON

119. 5, 6. *Sun, Dog, Triple Tun*. Famous London taverns of Jonson's day.

HERBERT: VIRTUE

120. 15. Coal. I. e., on the Day of Judgment.

THE COLLAR

6. In suit. Suing for the favor of a superior.
 8. Me. For me; an example of the so-called ethical dative.
 22. The attempt to weave a rope of sand was a typical example of folly.

CRASHAW: IN THE HOLY NATIVITY OF OUR LORD GOD

122. 91 ff. She sings Thy tears asleep, etc. The stanza offers a typical example of a "conceit." It is thus explained by Schelling (*Seventeenth Century Lyrics*): "The Virgin sings to her babe until, falling asleep, his tears cease to flow; 'And dips her kisses in Thy weeping eye,' she kisses lightly his eyes, suffused with tears. Here the lightness of the kiss and the over-brimming fullness of the eyes suggest the hyperbole and the implied metaphor, which likens the kiss to something lightly dipped into a stream. 'She spreads the red leaves of thy lips,' i. e., kisses the child's lips, which lie lightly apart in infantile sleep, and which are like *rosebuds* in their color and in their childish undevelopment. 'Mother-diamonds' are the eyes of the Virgin, bright as diamonds and resembling those of the child. 'Points' are the rays or beams of the eye, which, according to the old physics, passed, in vision, from one eye to another. Lastly, the eyes of the child are likened to those of a young eagle, and the Virgin tests them against her own as the mother eagle is supposed to test her nestling's eyes against the sun."

VAUGHAN: THE RETREAT

123. The idea of this poem suggests Wordsworth's *Intimations of Immortality*, and it is probable that Wordsworth was influenced by Vaughan.

MARVELL: HORATIAN ODE

124. Written in 1650 after Cromwell had returned from putting down a rising in Ireland.
 125. 15. His own side. In 1647 the Puritan party was split between Independents and Presbyterians, the latter advocating the immediate disbanding of the army which was largely made up of Independents; Cromwell led the army to London, and forced the Presbyterians to yield.
 17-20. An ambitious man makes no distinction between enemies (of an opposing party) and rivals (in his own party), and in the case of such a man ("with such") it is more difficult to restrain him than to oppose him.

125. 23. Caesar's. Charles the First's.
 24. Through his laurels. In spite of his royal crown.
 29. His private gardens. Until the outbreak of the Civil War Cromwell had lived in retirement.
 41. Nature, that hateth emptiness. A variant of the well known phrase "Nature abhors a vacuum."
 42. Allows of penetration less. Two bodies cannot occupy the same space.
 47. Hampton. It was long believed that Cromwell connived at the flight of Charles from Hampton Court to Carisbrooke Castle in 1647.
 57. He. The King. This fine passage has done much to keep the poem alive.
 66. Assured the forced power. Made the Commonwealth secure.
 69. A bleeding head. Pliny tells, in his *Natural History* (xxviii. 4), an anecdote of the finding of a head while workmen were digging on the Tarpeian hill for the foundation of a temple to Jupiter; the omen was interpreted as indicating a prosperous future for Rome.
 82. In the republic's hand. Submissive to the Commonwealth's wishes.
 86. A Kingdom. Ireland.
 92. Heavy. I. e., with her prey.
 101, 2. Cromwell shall be to France what Caesar was, to Italy what Hannibal was.
 104. Climacteric. The force that brings about the result at a critical time.
 106. Parti-colored. Variegated, i. e., fickle. There is a play on the word *Pict*, derived from "pictus," painted, applied to the ancient Celts who were accustomed to paint their bodies.
 111. Lay . . . in. To send dogs into cover.

DORSET: TO ALL YOU LADIES NOW AT LAND

127. "Written in 1665, when the author, at the age of twenty-eight, had volunteered under the Duke of York in the first Dutch war. It was composed at sea the night before the critical engagement in which the Dutch admiral Opdam was blown up, and thirty ships destroyed or taken. It may be considered as inaugurating the epoch of *vers-de-société*." (E. Gosse, in *Ward's English Poets*.)
 128. 27. Whitehall stairs. The royal palace of Whitehall was situated on the bank of the Thames.
 44. A merry main. To throw a main was to cast dice in a game of chance.

BROWNE

HYDRIOGRAPHIA

The *Urn-Burial* sets out to be an historical account of the methods of dealing with the dead, but turns into a meditation upon the brevity and vanity of the life

- of man. It was suggested by the digging up of some Roman burial urns in Norfolk.
128. 10. **Sic ego**, etc. Thus I should wish to be laid at rest when I am become bones.
20. **Considerable**. Worthy of consideration.
24. **To retain a stronger propension unto them**. I. e., such souls clung more strongly to the bodies.
129. 36. **Archimedes**. The famous Syracusan mathematician and physicist of the third century B. C.
37. **The life of Moses his man**. The life of man as described by Moses, in the so-called Prayer of Moses, the ninetieth Psalm.
42. **One little finger**. "According to the ancient arithmetic of the hand, wherein the little finger of the right hand contracted, signified an hundred." (Browne's note.)
54. **Alcmena's nights**. Jupiter, in love with Alcmena, mother of Hercules, made one night as long as three.
65. **What name Achilles assumed**. Thetis, mother of Achilles, to prevent him from going on the expedition against Troy, had him disguised as a girl; Ulysses penetrated the stratagem.
69. **Ossuaries**. Receptacles for bones.
77. **Provincial guardians, or tutelary observers**. Guardian spirits of the locality.
83. **Pyramidally extant**. Known by a tombstone.
93. **Atropos**. The one of the three Fates who cuts the thread of life.
99. **Meridian**. The noon, or middle point, of the world's existence.
106. **Prophecy of Elias**. "That the world may last but six thousand years." (Browne's note.)
107. **Charles the Fifth . . . Hector**. "Hector's fame lasting above two lives of Methusaleh, before that famous prince (i. e., Charles) was extant." (Browne's note.)
115. **One face of Janus . . . the other**. The past and the future.
126. **Setting**. Declining.
130. 136. **The mortal right-lined circle**. Θ , the character of death.
147. **Gruter**. Jan Gruter (1560-1627), a continental scholar; author of *Inscriptiones Antiquae* (1603).
157. **Cardan**. Italian philosopher of the sixteenth century.
160. **Hippocrates**. Greek physician (460-377 B. C.).
164. **Entelechia**. A word coined by Aristotle to denote the actual *being* of a thing in distinction to its *capacity for being*.
167. **Canaanitish woman**. See *Genesis*, xlv: 10.
178. **Adrian**. Hadrian, Emperor of Rome.
182. **Thersites**. A foul-mouthed coward in the *Iliad*, where Agamemnon is leader of the Greek host.
130. 205. **Lucina**. Goddess of childbirth; here equivalent to midwife.
211. **Our light in ashes**. "According to the custom of the Jews, who place a lighted wax-candle in a pot of ashes by the corpse." (Browne's note.)
212. **Brother of death**. Sleep.
224. **To weep into stones**. A reference to the fable of Niobe.
131. 257. **Mummy is become merchandise**. A medicinal preparation made, or supposed to be made, from mummies, was highly regarded in the old medicine.
258. **Mizraim**. The Biblical name for Egypt; Browne seems to use it as symbolic of Egypt's great men.
268. **Nimrod**. The Hebrew equivalent of the Greek Orion.
269. **The dog-star**. Sirius.
274. **Perspectives**. Telescopes.
298. **Scape**. Oversight.
309. **Sardanapalus**. Last king of Assyria, who, when his besieged city of Nineveh was about to be captured, gathered together his household and treasure and burned all, with himself, in his palace.
316. **Gordianus**. An emperor of Rome in the third century. **Man of God**. Moses, buried by the hand of God; cf. *Deuteronomy*, xxxiv: 6.
321. **Enoch**. "And Enoch was not, for God took him." *Genesis*, v: 24. **Elias**. Elijah was taken up to heaven in a chariot of fire; 2 *Kings*, ii: 1-12.
327. **Decretory**. Established by decree.
346. **Alaricus**. King of the Visigoths, who captured and sacked Rome in 410; he was buried, with vast treasure, in the bed of a river.
348. **Sylla**. Roman general and dictator (138-78 B. C.).
132. 357. **That poetical taunt of Isaiah**. See *Isaiah*, xiv: 16-17.
367. **St. Innocent's churchyard**. In Paris.
371. **Moles of Adrianus**. Hadrian's Mole, or tomb, now known as the Castle of St. Angelo.

FULLER

THE GOOD SCHOOLMASTER

133. 111. **Cockering**. Coddling.
113. **Peculiar**. A parish exempted from the jurisdiction of the bishop within whose diocese it lies; here applied to a condition of exemption from the usual regulations.
132. **De insolenti carnificina**. Of the excessive torture. **Conscindebatur . . . singulos**. He was lashed with whips seven or eight times a day.
136. **Tusser**. Thomas Tusser, an English poetaster of the sixteenth century.
143. **Udall**. Nicholas Udall, headmaster of Eton 1534-1541; best known as author of the first regular English comedy, *Ralph Roister Doister*.

145. **Orbilius.** The schoolmaster of Horace, who called him *plagiosus*, the flogger.
 155. *In forma pauperis.* On the ground of poverty.
 134. 196. **Ascham.** An English scholar and writer of the sixteenth century; tutor to Elizabeth, and author of *Toxophilus*, a treatise on archery, and *The Schoolmaster*, one on education.
 199. **Dr. Whitaker.** William Whitaker (1548-1595), master of St. John's College, Cambridge; famous as a scholar.
 200. **Mulcaster.** Headmaster of the Merchant Tailors' School, and later of St. Paul's School.

THE LIFE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

32. **Compurgator.** A person who swore to his belief in the innocence of one on trial.
 69. **A fit of the mother.** A pun on the old meaning of mother—hysteria.
 135. 121. **Ascham.** See note on *The Good Schoolmaster*, above.
 138. **Et si . . . pudor.** And if that womanly bashfulness of mine.
 136. 188. **Latter Lammas.** This rendering of *Græcas Calendas* is explained by the fact that neither a Greek calends nor a later Lammas (a church festival on August first) exists; the latter term was used ironically for "never."
 211. **Semper eadem.** Always the same.
 231. **This anagrammatist.** Edmund Campion, an English Jesuit, executed for treason in 1581.
 271. **Cordial.** Invigorating.

WALTON

THE COMPLETE ANGLER

137. 1. **Piscator.** *The Complete Angler* is written in the form of dialogue; the chief characters are Piscator, the Fisherman, and Venator, the Hunter, who is the pupil.
 9. **Gesner.** Conrad Gesner (1516-1565), a Swiss naturalist.
 36. **Mercator.** Gerard Mercator (1512-1594), famous for his contributions to geographical science.
 138. 125. **Albertus.** Albertus Magnus (1206?-1280), a scholastic philosopher.
 160. **History of Life and Death.** The Latin *Historia Vita et Mortis*, 1623.
 139. 221. **The Royal Society.** The Royal Society of London for Improving Natural Knowledge was incorporated 15 July, 1662. See Huxley's essay "On the Necessity of Improving Natural Knowledge," p. 720.
 275. **Make a catch.** Sing a "round."
 140. 337. **Kit Marlowe.** Christopher Marlowe. Marlowe's song and Raleigh's answer were both printed in *England's Helicon* (1600).
 359. **A syllabub of new verjuice.** A sort of custard made of cream and fruit juice.

141. 433. **Sir Thomas Overbury.** Overbury (1581-1613) is famous in literary history for his *Characters*, one of which, "The Fair and Happy Milkmaid," concludes with the sentence here quoted.

TAYLOR

HOLY DYING

142. The selection is section 2 of Chapter i, with the omission of one paragraph.
 143. 89. **Escorial.** The royal palace in Madrid.
 94. **Where . . . interred.** Westminster Abbey.
 141. **Thyades.** Women who celebrated the Bacchic orgies.
 144. 165. **Chrisom-child.** Newly baptized child.
 171. **Squinancy.** Quinsy.
 185. **Calends.** The first day of the month.

MILTON

L'ALLEGRO

145. 2. **Cerberus.** A three-headed dog, guardian of the gateway of Hades.
 10. **Cimmerian.** Cimmeria was a land in which, according to Homer, the sun never shone.
 12. **Euphrosyne.** Mirth.
 29. **Hebe.** The goddess of youth.
 146. 45. **Then to come in spite of sorrow.** The passage has been much disputed about. The interpretation which seems most satisfactory is that L'Allegro finds pleasure in hearing the song of the lark in the early morning, and then in coming to the window to look out through sweet briar and eglantine, to bid good morrow to the new day.
 67. **Tells his tale.** Counts his sheep.
 83. **Corydon, Thyrsis, etc.** Conventional names in pastoral verse.
 103. **She . . . he.** Persons who are telling the stories.
 125. **Hymen.** The god of marriage.
 132. **Jonson's learned sock.** Actors in classical comedy wore a low-heeled *soccus*, or slipper. Jonson's plays were famous for the scholarly learning they embodied.
 147. 145. **Orpheus.** According to the Greek myths, Orpheus was the most wonderful of all human musicians. Pluto consented to let Eurydice return with her husband to the earth, but Orpheus, by looking back to be sure she was following, broke the terms of his agreement with Pluto, and Eurydice remained in Hades. Hence the phrase, "half-regained."

IL PENSEROSO

10. **Morpheus.** The god of sleep.
 18. **Prince Memnon's sister.** Memnon was a handsome king of the Ethiopians, according to Homer. Milton here assumes

that his sister must have been equally beautiful.

19. **Starred Ethiop queen.** Cassiopeia, transformed into the constellation.
23. **Vesta.** Goddess of the hearth.
53. **Fiery-wheelèd throne.** Cf. *Ezekiel*, x.
55. **Hist.** Probably an imperative, "bring silently"; by another interpretation it is a past participle, "hushed", agreeing with *Silence*.
59. **Cynthia.** Goddess of the moon.
148. **87. The Bear.** The constellation *Ursa Major*, which, in northern latitudes, never sets.
88. **Thrice-great Hermes.** Hermes Trismegistus, a learned Egyptian.
99. **Thebes . . . Pelops' line . . . Troy.** All subjects of Greek tragic poetry.
101. The reference here may be to Shakespeare's tragedies.
102. **Buskined.** The buskin was the high-heeled boot worn by actors in classical tragedy; opposed to the *sock* of *L'Allegro*, l. 132.
104. **Museus.** A mythical Greek poet, sometimes called the son of Orpheus.
109. **Him that left half-told.** The reference is to Chaucer, who left his *Squire's Tale* unfinished.
120. **Where more is meant than meets the ear.** Where there is an allegorical meaning. Milton probably had Spenser's *Faerie Queene* in mind.
122. **Civil-suited.** Soberly dressed, like a citizen.
124. **Attic boy.** Cephalus, whom Aurora loved.
134. **Sylvan.** Sylvanus, one of the woodland deities.
148. **His wings.** Sleep's wings.
158. **Massy proof.** Able to support the weight resting on them.
159. **Storied.** With Biblical stories in stained glass.

LYCIDAS

Lycidas. A pastoral name, taken from classical poetry. **A learned friend.** Edward King, a fellow student with Milton at Christ's College, Cambridge.

1. **Yet once more.** Milton is taking up the writing of poetry after a lapse of a few years since the time *Comus* was written.
149. 15. **Sisters of the sacred well.** The Muses; the Pierian spring, on Mount Helicon.
23. **Nursed upon the self-same hill.** Attended the same university. Milton adopts the poetical convention of representing his characters as shepherds.
36. **Damocetas.** The reference is possibly to Milton's college tutor.
54. **Mona.** The island of Anglesey.
55. **Deva.** The river Dee.
58. **The Muse.** Calliope.
62. **His gory visage.** Orpheus was slain

by Thracian women, and his head cast into the river Hebrus.

149. 65. **Shepherd's trade.** The art of poetry.
68. **Amarylhis . . . Neæra.** Conventional pastoral names for women.
75. **Blind Fury.** Atropos, not one of the Furies, but the Fate who cuts the thread of life.
150. 77. **Phœbus.** The god of poetry.
79. **Glistening foil.** Glittering tinsel; gold leaf.
85. **Arethuse.** Arethusa, a Sicilian spring, symbolic of Greek pastoral poetry.
86. **Mincius.** A stream in Italy, near which Virgil was born. **Vocal.** Used for shepherds' pipes.
88. **Oat.** Oaten pipe; symbolic of pastoral verse.
89. **The herald of the sea.** Triton, son of Neptune, comes "in Neptune's plea"; that is, to defend his father.
96. **Hippotades.** Æolus, god of the winds.
99. **Panope.** One of the Nereids, or sea-nymphs.
103. **Camus.** The genius of the river Cam, beside which stands Cambridge University.
104. **Sedge.** Coarse grass and reeds along the river bank.
106. **That sanguine flower.** The hyacinth, whose petals the Greeks fancied to be marked with the word meaning *alas*.
109. **The pilot.** St. Peter.
115. **The fold.** The church.
119. **Blind mouths.** For an excellent exposition of the phrase cf. Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies*.
126. **Wind and rank mist.** False teachings of the unprincipled clergy.
128. **The grim wolf.** The Roman Catholic Church, which was actively proselyting at the time.
130. **Two-handed engine.** Milton has in mind some instrument of retribution which will punish the corrupt clergy.
132. **Alpheus.** A river god, here symbolical of pastoral poetry. Milton here ends his digression on the state of the church.
151. 149. **Amaranthus.** The amaranth, symbolic of immortality.
151. **Laureate.** Crowned with laurel.
158. **The monstrous world.** The ocean, abode of monsters.
160. **Bellerus.** The Latin name for Land's End had been Bellerium, and Milton coins Bellerus as the name of an imaginary hero after whom the promontory was called.
161. **The guarded mount.** St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall, where the Archangel Michael was said to have appeared.
162. **Namancos and Bayona.** On the coast of Spain.
184. **In thy large recompense.** As a reward.
189. **His Doric lay.** His pastoral song.

ON SHAKESPEARE

152. This (so-called) sonnet was written for the second (1632) folio edition of Shakespeare's works.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL

- 7, 8. **Darwen stream, Dunbar field.** Scenes of two of Cromwell's victories over the Scots.
9. **Worcester's laureate wreath.** Cromwell won the decisive victory over Charles II and his Scottish allies at Worcester, 3 September, 1651.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT

The Vaudois, or Waldenses, a Protestant people living in the northwestern part of Italy, were subjected in 1655 to a bloody persecution because they refused to accept Catholicism.

153. 12. **The triple tyrant.** The Pope, who wears a triple crown.
14. **The Babylonian woe.** The Puritans frequently applied the name Babylon to Rome, alluding to the scriptural account in *Revelation*, xvii-xviii.

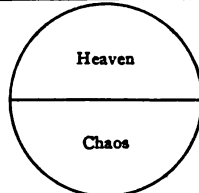
ON HIS DECEASED WIFE

This was Milton's second wife, Catherine Woodcock, who died in childbirth in 1658.
2. **Like Alcestis.** Alcestis, the heroine of Sophocles's drama, offered her life for her husband, but was rescued by Hercules.

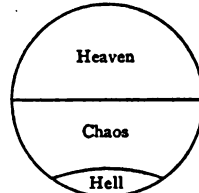
PARADISE LOST: BOOK I

154. 6. **Heavenly Muse.** Milton is inventing a Muse of Hebrew poetry, and appealing to her for aid in accordance with the classical epic formula.
15. **The Aonian mount.** Mount Helicon, here symbolizing Greek poetry.
155. 74. **As from the center thrice to the utmost pole.** The distance between Heaven and Hell was three times the radius of the world. The diagram opposite represents approximately Milton's conception of the universe.
156. 129. **Seraphim.** Plural form; the seraphim were supposed to be the highest in rank of all the angels.
167. **If I fail not.** Unless I am mistaken.
197-201. **The fables, etc.** According to Greek mythology the Titans warred on Saturn, and the giants rebelled against Jove. Briareos, according to one legend, was a giant; Typhon, son of Tartarus and Gaea, was a Titan. **Leviathan**, the sea monster of the Bible, was identified with the whale.
157. 232. **Pelorus.** A Sicilian promontory near Mt. Aetna.
266. **The oblivious pool.** A transferred epithet; the pool which makes one oblivious.

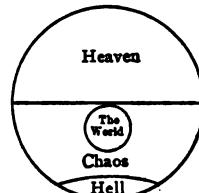
158. 288. **The Tuscan artist.** Galileo, whom Milton met while travelling in Italy.
289. **Fiesole.** Fiesole, a hill near Florence.
290. **Valdarno.** The valley of the Arno.
303. **Vallombrosa.** Near Florence, in Tuscany, the ancient Etruria.
305. **Orion.** The constellation Orion, or the Huntsman, supposed to bring foul weather.
307. **Busiris.** Here meaning the Pharaoh of the exodus. **Memphian.** Memphis was the ancient capital of Egypt.
309. **Goshen.** The portion of Egypt in which the Jews resided before the exodus.
159. 341. **Warping.** Usually explained as flying with a bending motion, twisting from side to side. Perhaps, however, it describes a progress by short stages, instead of continuous flight, as a ship is warped into harbor: the locusts advance a short distance, then settle down, and after devouring everything green, fly on to the next vegetation, and so on.
351. **A multitude like which the populous north.** Referring to the various invasions of the Roman Empire by the "barbarians" from the north.
392. **Moloch.** Human sacrifice, particularly of children, played an important part in the worship of Moloch.
397-9. **Rabba.** The capital of Ammon. **Argob, Basan, Arnon.** The first two, districts east of Palestine; the third, a river emptying into the Dead Sea from the east.



Before the fall of the Angels



After the fall of the Angels



After the creation of the World

159. 403. **Opprobrious hill.** The Mount of Olives, where Solomon built a temple to Moloch.
 404. 5. **Hinnom.** A valley south of the Mount of Olives. **Tophet, Gehenna.** Synonyms for hell. *Gehenna* means, literally, "Valley of Hinnom."
 406. **Chemos.** A god of the Moabites.
 160. 411. **The Asphaltic pool.** The Dead Sea.
 420. **The brook that parts.** The river Besor.
 422. **Baalim and Ashtaroeth.** Phœnician gods, here used in the plural form for deities of the sun and moon.
 438. **Ashtoreth.** Goddess of love, corresponding to the Aphrodite of the Greeks.
 444. **That uxorious king.** Solomon.
 446. **Thammuz.** Corresponding to the Greek Adonis, slain by a wild boar.
 450. **Adonis.** A river in Phœnicia whose water is reddened by the soil through which it flows.
 455. **Ezekiel.** See *Ezekiel*, viii: 14.
 462. **Dagon.** A Philistine deity; see *1 Samuel*, v.
 464-6. **Azotus . . . Gaza.** Philistine cities.
 471. **A leper, etc.** See *2 Kings*, v.
 478. **Osiris, Isis, Orus.** Egyptian gods.
 161. 484. **The calf in Oreb.** See *Exodus*, xii: 35-6, and xxxii: 4. **The rebel King.** Jeroboam; see *1 Kings*, xii: 28-9.
 488. **Equalled with one stroke.** See *Exodus*, xii: 29.
 490. **Belial.** Milton's personification of wickedness.
 495. **As did Eli's sons.** See *1 Samuel*, ii: 12-17.
 502. 3. **Sodom, Gibeah.** See *Genesis*, xix; *Judges*, xix.
 508. **Ionian.** Greek. Of Javan's issue. By the descendants of Javan (Noah's grandson). The account of the supplanting of Titan by Saturn, who was in turn deposed by Jove, is the accepted classical myth.
 519. **Doric.** Greek.
 520. **Adria.** The Adriatic Sea. **Hesperian.** Western; i. e., of Italy.
 550. **Dorian mood.** Martial music like that of the Spartans.
 162. 573. **Since created man.** Since man was created.
 575. 6. **That small infantry Warred on by cranes.** The battle between the pygmies and the cranes, to which Homer refers at the beginning of the third book of the *Iliad*.
 577. **Phlegra.** On the west coast of Italy, where gods and giants fought a great battle.
 580. **Uther's son.** King Arthur, hero of many romances.
 583-7. **Aspramont . . . Pontarabbia.** The names are those of places mentioned in mediæval romances describing conflicts between Christians and Saracens.

- Charlemain and all his peerage.** Charlemagne and his twelve knights are the heroes of the *Chanson de Roland*, which gives an account of their defeat in the pass of Roncesvalles, not far from Pontarabbia.
 163. 674. **The work of sulphur.** It was formerly believed that ores could not exist independent of sulphur.
 678. **Mammon.** God of riches.
 164. 720. **Belus, Serapis.** The first an Assyrian god, the second an Egyptian.
 728. **Cressets.** Hanging iron vessels, open at the top, containing a burning illuminant.
 737. **Orders.** The nine ranks of angels in the celestial hierarchy.
 738. **His name.** Hephæstus, the Greek god of fire; analogous to the Latin Vulcan.
 739. **Ausonian land.** Italy.
 165. 750. **Pandemonium.** "The hall of all the devils." Milton coined the word on the analogy of *Pantheon*, "the hall of all the gods."
 769. **The Sun with Taurus rides.** The sun is in the sign of Taurus, or the Bull, from the middle of April till the middle of May. Cf. Chaucer's *Prologue*, l. 7.

BOOK II

2. **Ormus.** The island of Hormuz in the Persian Gulf.
 167. 74. **That forgetful lake.** The lake of liquid fire into which the angels had fallen.
 100. **At worst on this side nothing.** In as bad a condition as we can be and still exist.
 168. 152. **Let this be good.** Granting that absolute annihilation be good.
 169. 224. **For happy.** As regards happiness.
 170. 336. **To our power.** To the extent of our power.
 173. 531. **The goal.** The turning-post in a chariot race.
 539. **Typhoean rage.** Rage like that of Typhon, who, according to the fables, was imprisoned beneath a volcano.
 542. **Alcides.** Hercules.
 174. 592. **Serbonian bog.** An Egyptian lake, near the city of Damietta and Mt. Casius.
 638. **Bengala.** Bengal.
 639. **Ternate and Tidore.** Two of the Molucca Islands.
 641. **Ethiopian.** The Indian Ocean.
 Cape. Cape of Good Hope.
 175. 660. **Vexed Scylla.** Scylla, transformed into a monster like Sin, cast herself into the sea between Italy and Sicily, and became a menace to navigation.
 709. **Ophiucus.** One of the northern constellations.
 178. 904. **Barca, Cyrene.** Cities of northern Africa.
 922. **Bellona.** The Roman goddess of war.
 179. 945. **Pursues the Arimaspan.** The legendary Arimaspians, of Scythia, fought

the gryphons for the gold which the monsters guarded.

180. 1029. **The utmost orb.** The outermost of the ten concentric spheres which, according to Ptolemaic astronomy, constituted the universe; at the center was the earth.

BOOK XII

604. **He ended.** The archangel Michael, who had been sent to drive Adam and Eve out of Paradise.

AREOPAGITICA

181. "I wrote my *Areopagitica*," said Milton in his *Defensio Secunda*, "in order to deliver the press from the restraints with which it was encumbered; that the power of determining what was true and what was false, what ought to be published and what to be suppressed, might no longer be entrusted to a few illiterate and illiberal individuals, who refused their sanction to any work which contained views or sentiments at all above the level of the vulgar superstition." The treatise appeared in November, 1644, four months after the defeat of Rupert at Marston Moor, and when Milton felt confident that the Parliamentary cause would prosper. The immediate occasion was the enactment, in June, 1643, of an order forbidding the printing or sale of any book that had not been properly licensed.

14. **Those fabulous dragon's teeth.** The dragon's teeth, sown by Jason, sprang up armed men.

46. **The thing.** The custom of requiring a license.

182. 58. **Lullius.** Raymond Lully, a scientist of the thirteenth century. **Sublimate.** extract.

67. **That unapocryphal vision.** See *Acts*, x: 9-16.

85. **Mr. Selden.** John Selden (1584-1654), a writer on law and constitutional history and member of Parliament for Oxford University.

107. **Omer.** A measure, mentioned in *Exodus*, xvi: 18. It was between half and four-fifths of a gallon.

128. **Seeds which were imposed on Psyche.** The story, told in Apuleius's *Golden Ass*, pictures Venus as punishing Psyche for winning the love of Cupid by forcing her to arrange in proper piles all the seeds of a vast heap of mixed grain. The ants, taking pity on Psyche, performed the labor for her.

164. **Scotus; Aquinas.** Duns Scotus, (1265?-1308), a famous mathematician; Thomas Aquinas (1224?-1274), the "angelic doctor" of the scholastic philosophers.

183. 166. **Guyon.** The knight of temperance, hero of Book II of the *Faerie Queene*.
181. **It.** The licensing act.

183. 187. **Pluralities.** The churchman who was the possessor of several benefices was said to hold a plurality.

219. **Ferular.** Rod. **Fescu.** Pointer.

220. **Imprimatur.** Let it be printed; the word signifying that the book had been licensed for publication.

247. **Palladian.** Pertaining to Pallas Athene, goddess of wisdom.

184. 359. **Pyrrhus.** After the battle of Heraclaea (280 B. C.) Pyrrhus declared that if he had Roman soldiers the control of the world would be easy.

185. 412. **Janus.** The two-faced god of the Romans, whose temple doors were opened only in war-time.

426. **Beyond the discipline of Geneva.** Beyond what seems proper to the Presbyterians.

459. **The old Proteus.** Proteus, the sea god, whose power of assuming many forms has given its significance to the adjective *Prolean*, prophesied when bound in chains.

464. **Micaiah before Ahab.** See *1 Kings*, xxii: 13-15.

186. 502. **Many subdichotomies.** Many minor subdivisions.

187. 613. **She is now fallen from the stars.** The Star-chamber court was abolished in 1641.

620. **These sophisms and elenchs of merchandise.** False arguments used by the bookselling trade.

PEPYS

THE DIARY

23. **The Covenant.** The Scottish Covenant, or agreement for the conduct of the church, was promulgated in 1638; in 1643 the "Solemn League and Covenant" between the Parliamentary forces and Scotland was signed, providing for the abolition in England of Popery and Prelacy. In 1662 Charles abrogated the covenants.

34. **My Lord.** Sir Edward Montagu, to whom Pepys was secretary, and who afterwards secured Pepys's appointment as Clerk of the Acts in the Navy Office.

39. **The Long Reach.** The part of the river between Erith and Gravesend.

188. 73. **Trimmed in the morning.** Thus Pepys records his visits to the barber.

108. **His escape from Worcester.** In 1651 Cromwell won what he called the "crowning mercy" at Worcester, when he defeated Charles II and his army of Scottish supporters.

143. **Wide canons.** Ornaments attached to the legs of a pair of breeches.

167. **General Monk.** Cromwell's old companion-in-arms, whose decision to welcome Charles II was largely influential in bringing about the Restoration.

190. 301. **The Three Cranes.** A tavern on upper Thames Street.

190. 379. *The Custom of the Country*. A tragi-comedy by Fletcher; printed in the 1647 edition of Beaumont and Fletcher.
191. 391. *By link*. By the light of a torch, or link.
407. *Sir Martin Mar-all*. A comedy adapted for the stage by Dryden, from a translation by the Duke of Newcastle.
445. *The Indian Emperor*. Dryden's heroic drama dealing with the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards. The play was a brilliant success. Nell. Nell Gwynn, the most popular actress of the day; a favorite of Charles II.
459. *The Black Prince*. Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery (1621-1679), won a considerable success with *Mustapha*; *The Black Prince* was a comparative failure.

LOYALIST STALL-BALLADS

The long struggle to dispossess the House of Stuart, beginning in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, was not finally ended until Prince Charles Stuart, "the Young Pretender," grandson of James II, had been defeated at Culloden, in 1746, by the Duke of Cumberland. As the fortunes of the Stuarts waned, their attacks on their opponents—Parliamentarians, Whigs, Hanoverians—became more bitter. During the Civil War, and again at the time of the Revolution of 1688, the flood of satire of which these street songs are typical examples, was of almost unbelievable magnitude. The six ballads here printed are from the time of the Civil War and the Commonwealth.

THE PROTECTING BREWER

193. The legend that Cromwell was a brewer by trade appears in many of the songs and satires of the period.

THE LAWYERS' LAMENTATION

Charing Cross had been torn down by Parliament along with many other insignia of royalty and ecclesiasticism.

DRYDEN

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL

196. The poem appeared in 1681, when the question of the successor to Charles II, in the event of the King's death, was agitating all England. The heir-apparent was the King's brother James, the Duke of York, who was generally unpopular on account of his Catholicism. James, Duke of Monmouth, the Absalom of the poem, an illegitimate son of Charles, was a Protestant, and in general favor with the Whig and anti-Catholic parties. Despite the stain on his birth his friends, led by Anthony Ashley Cooper, first earl of Shaftesbury (Achitophel) planned to set aside tradition and present Monmouth as a sort of people's candidate in opposition to the Duke of York. For many years Shaftesbury had been the virtual leader of the Whigs and Protestants. During the "Popish Plot" he had been Titus Oates's most prominent supporter; he championed the Exclusion Bill, and was accused of fomenting a rebellion in Scotland. In July, 1681, he was imprisoned in the Tower on charge of high treason; but when his case came before the grand jury at the end of November, he was released through an *ignoramus* verdict. In November, 1682, he fled to Holland, where in 1683 he died. The Duke of Monmouth made his ill-fated attempt to win the crown in 1685, but his followers were dispersed at the battle of Sedgemoor, and he himself was soon afterwards beheaded. Dryden undertook in *Absalom and Achitophel* to influence public opinion against Shaftesbury, and timed its publication so that it appeared only two weeks before the earl's trial was to begin. For the Biblical account of the revolt of Absalom see 2 *Samuel*, xiii-xviii.
7. *Israel's monarch*. Charles II, the David of the poem.
23. *In foreign fields he won renown*. Monmouth had won something of a reputation as a soldier during three campaigns on the continent.
34. *The charming Annabel*. Anne Scott, Countess of Buccleuch, whom Monmouth married in 1665.
39. *Amnon's murder*. It is uncertain just what Dryden had in mind; perhaps an assault on Sir John Coventry in which Monmouth had been involved in 1670; the Duke had also participated in a park riot in which a beadle was killed.
42. *Sion*. London.
45. *The Jews*. The English.
57. *Saul*. Oliver Cromwell.
58. *Ishbosheth*. Richard Cromwell.
59. *Hebron*. Scotland, where Charles II was first crowned.
196. 82. *The good old cause*. The cause of the Commonwealth; the phrase was generally used with this meaning, and usually with a tinge of sarcasm.
85. *Old Jerusalem*. London.
86. *Jebusites*. Roman Catholics. The chosen people (l. 88) were the Protestants.
108. *That Plot, the nation's curse*. The Popish Plot of 1678-79.
118. *The Egyptian rites*. French rites. "Where gods were recommended," etc., is an attack on the doctrine of transubstantiation.
197. 150. *Achitophel*. Shaftesbury.
175. *The triple bond*. An alliance formed in 1668 between England, Sweden, and the Dutch Republic.

197. 177. **A foreign yoke.** An alliance with France.
188. **Abbethdin.** The highest officer of the Jewish court of justice.
198. 264. **Gath.** Brussels.
270. **Jordan's sand.** Dover beach, where Charles II landed at the Restoration.
199. 352. **The collateral line.** James, Duke of York, brother of the king, stood at the head of this line of descent.
200. 529. **A numerous host of dreaming saints.** The non-conforming Protestants, sarcastically called "saints."
539. **Born to be saved.** A sarcastic reference to the doctrine of election.
544. **Zimri.** George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who in *The Rehearsal* had satirized Dryden as "John Bayes." In his *Discourse Concerning Satire* Dryden afterwards wrote: "The character of Zimri in my *Absalom* is, in my opinion, worth the whole poem: 'tis not bloody, but 'tis ridiculous enough; and he for whom it was intended was too witty to resent it as an injury."
585. **Shimei.** Slingsby Bethel, whom the Whigs had elected one of the two Sheriffs in 1680.
201. 617. **No Rechabite, etc.** "The words of Jonadab the son of Rechab, that he commanded his sons not to drink wine, are performed; for unto this day they drink none." *Jeremiah*, xxxv: 14.
202. 817. **Barzillai.** James Butler, Duke of Ormond, always a staunch loyalist.
899. **Amiel.** Edward Seymour, who from 1673 to 1679 was Speaker of the House of Commons.
902. **The Sanhedrin.** The House of Commons.
910. **Unequal ruler of the day.** Apollo's son Phaethon, who could not guide successfully his father's car of the sun.
203. 921. **The true successor.** James, Duke of York.
MAC FLECKNOE
204. After the release of Shaftesbury in 1681, his Whig friends caused a medal to be struck commemorating the event. Dryden at once published *The Medal: A Satire Against Sedition*. Among the replies was a violent one by Thomas Shadwell, *The Medal of John Bayes*. In October, 1682, Dryden answered with *Mac Flecknoe*, than which nothing illustrates more effectively the caustic nature of his satire.
3. **Flecknoe.** An inoffensive poet who had died in 1678, over whose shoulder Dryden strikes Shadwell.
29. **Heywood and Shirley.** Elizabethan dramatists, not deserving of such harsh criticism.
36. **To King John of Portugal I sung.** King John had entertained Flecknoe at Lisbon.
42. **In Epsom blankets tossed.** "Tossing in a blanket is the punishment visited upon Sir Samuel Hearty in *The Virtuoso*. There is also a reference to the title of Shadwell's play *Epsom Wells*."—(Noyes; Camb. ed., p. 959).
204. 43. **The new Arion.** Arion was a Greek musician of the eighth century B. C.
53. **St. André.** A French dancing-master.
54. **Thy own Psyche.** One of Shadwell's plays.
205. 57. **Singleton.** A contemporary singer who had taken the rôle of Villerius in Davenant's *The Siege of Rhodes*.
64. **Fair Augusta.** London, which at the time was fearful of Popish plotters.
74. **A Nursery.** A theatre given over to training young actors.
78. **Maximin.** A defiant character in Dryden's *Tyrannic Love*.
79, 80. **Buskins, socks.** See notes on *L'Allegro*, l. 132, and *Il Penseroso*, l. 102.
81. **Gentle Simkin.** A clown.
84. **Panton.** "A celebrated punster, according to Derrick." (Scott.)
105. **Herringman.** A contemporary publisher.
122. **Love's Kingdom.** A play by Flecknoe.
206. 149. **Let Virtuosos, etc.** *The Virtuoso* was a play by Shadwell.
151. **Gentle George.** Sir George Etheredge, the contemporary dramatist.
152. **Dorimant, Loveit, Cully, etc.** All characters in plays by Shadwell.
163. **Let no alien Sedley interpose.** Sir Charles Sedley, who had assisted Shadwell in his play-writing.
168. **Sir Formal.** Sir Formal Trifle appears in Shadwell's *The Virtuoso*.
172. **By arrogating Jonson's hostile name.** Shadwell was fervid in his praise of Ben Jonson.
179. **Prince Nicander.** A character in Shadwell's *Psyche*.
185. **Oil on water's flow.** Flow is a noun.
212. **Bruce and Longville had a trap prepared.** Thus the two gentlemen dispose of Sir Formal in *The Virtuoso*.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER

James II, who came to the throne in 1685, was a Roman Catholic. In 1687 Dryden published this poem, an allegory in which the Hind, "immortal and unchanged," represents the Roman, and the Panther, the English Church. The various dissenting sects are satirized much more harshly than the English Church.

9. **Her young.** Roman Catholic priests.
27. **The common hunt.** The other beasts; i. e., the other sects.
35. **The bloody Bear.** The Independents, later the Congregationalists.
37. **The quaking Hare.** The Quakers, who would not take oaths in court.
39. **The buffoon Ape.** The Freethinkers.
41. **The Lion.** The King of England.

207. 43. **The Boar.** The Anabaptists.
 49. **In German forests.** "The sect originated in Germany, where their early history is connected with a revolt of the peasantry." (Noyes.)
 208. 53. **False Reynard.** The Unitarians. Athanasius (293-373) was instrumental in having the early church embody the Trinitarian conception of God in the Nicene creed. Socinus was opposed to this orthodox Trinitarian belief.
 327. **The Panther.** The Church of England.
 338. **The Wolf.** The Presbyterians.

SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY

On this day, November 22, a London musical society annually held a festival in honor of St. Cecilia, patron saint of music. Pope and others wrote similar songs.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST

209. 29. **Spire.** Coils.

LINES UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF MILTON

211. The three poets referred to are Homer, Virgil, and Milton.

ESSAY OF DRAMATIC POESY

1. **Neander.** The essay is in dialogue form, Neander representing Dryden; Eugenius may be Charles Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset.
 2. **The Silent Woman.** A play by Ben Jonson.
 212. 36. **Clenches.** Puns.
 43. **Quantum lenta,** etc. As the cypresses rise above the low shrubs.
 45. **Mr. Hales of Eton.** John Hales (1584-1656), fellow of Eton, an English scholar and critic.
 54. **The last king.** Charles I.
 84. **Humor.** A man's particular bent, or ruling passion, was called his "humor."
 213. 156. **The greater wit.** The greater genius.

PREFACE TO THE FABLES

The *Fables*, translations of Homer, Chaucer, and others, were published in 1700.
 14. **One of our late great poets.** Abraham Cowley.

16. **Forgive.** Forego, leave alone.
 41. **Nimis poeta.** Too much a poet.
 46. **Auribus istius,** etc. Adapted to the ears of that time.
 56. **The last edition.** In 1687 there appeared a reprint, with some additions, of Thomas Speght's 1602 blackletter edition of Chaucer.
 65. **Numbers.** Metre.
 214. 72. Dryden did not understand the pronunciation of Chaucer's final *e*.
 88. **Baptista Porta.** An Italian quack and physiognomist.

DEFOE

THE TRUE-BORN ENGLISHMAN

In 1701 a satirist named Tutchin lampooned King William as a "Dutchman." Defoe, "filled with a kind of rage," replied in *The True-Born Englishman*.

215. 39. **Shibboleth.** See *Judges*, xii: 6.
 45. **The Norman bastard.** William the Conqueror.
 91. **Blue-coat Hospitals.** Charity schools. Christ's Hospital, the famous "Blue-Coat School" of which Lamb wrote so delightfully, was founded by Henry VI, and was originally intended to be a school for orphans. The scholars wore a blue gown and blue cap. The Bridewell, later a reformatory, was originally a school of the same nature.
 95. **The Counter.** A London prison.

THE SHORTEST WAY WITH THE DISSENTERS

216. The Dissenters, or Nonconformists, were members of the various anti-episcopal sects which had flourished during the Civil War, had been suppressed, sometimes by the sword, under Charles II and his brother James, and had again revived under the sympathetic government of William III. In the spring of 1702 Anne, a Stuart, succeeded to the throne; in November of the same year a Tory ministry introduced a bill against "occasional conformity." The practice thus attacked was a means whereby Dissenters, through occasional attendance at the Church of England, made themselves eligible to office. Had the bill passed,—and the Queen was ardently in favor of it,—this avenue of escape would have been closed, and the pains and penalties of the old Stuart régime, with some modifications, would have been again in force. Defoe, a Nonconformist, at once attacked the government in this pamphlet. Writing with an ironic gravity hardly surpassed by Swift in his *Modest Proposal*, he argued that at last the time had arrived for wiping the Dissenters out of existence, and proposed measures far more rigorous than Tory or High-churchman had dreamed of. At first neither party saw through the veil of irony, and the pamphlet was accepted at its face value. But when the government discovered that it had been hoaxed, Defoe was arrested, fined, exhibited three times in the pillory, and imprisoned in Newgate, and his pamphlet was burned in public by the hangman.
 1. **Sir Roger L'Estrange.** A seventeenth century pamphleteer, founder of *The Gazette*.
 13. **Some people.** The Nonconformists.
 23. **Near fourteen years.** William III took the throne, by invitation of Parliament, in 1688.

216. 56. **Act of Toleration.** Passed in 1689, abolishing the old penalties for non-conformity.
217. 72. **A Dutch government.** William III was Prince of Orange.
111. **The Huguenots in France.** The French Protestants had been persecuted more viciously than English Nonconformists; in 1685 they were expelled from the country.
143. **A sordid impostor.** Cromwell.
218. 213. **Rye House Plot.** A conspiracy, discovered in 1683, to murder Charles II and his brother James. Although certain men were executed for their complicity in the plot, many persons felt that there was little besides party jealousy at the bottom of the exposé.
232. **The late king.** James II.
219. 291. **The common enemy.** France.
351. **The act "De heretico comburendo."** For burning heretics.
374. **Delenda est Carthago.** Carthage must be destroyed.
220. 432. **The Counter.** A prison in London.
433. **A Conventicle.** Meeting of Nonconformists for worship.
221. 502. **Religious houses.** Monasteries and convents.

THE APPARITION OF MRS. VEAL

This narrative had always been considered an admirable example of Defoe's ability to write pure fiction so that it would seem simple truth, until Mr. George Aitken published in *The Nineteenth Century*, Jan., 1895, an article showing that Defoe in all probability was telling a story in which, as Aitken puts it, "nearly all the details are true, . . . the characters are real persons," and in which "Defoe invented nothing, or next to nothing, but . . . told, very skilfully, a ghost story which was attracting notice at the time."

224. 324. **Escutcheons.** Hatchments; funeral tablets bearing the arms of the deceased person.

SWIFT

A TALE OF A TUB

226. *A Tale of a Tub* was published anonymously in 1704; Swift had written it some time before, during the closing years of the seventeenth century. It consisted of eleven sections, and was introduced by four satirical prefaces. Of the eleven sections constituting the body of the work, five (II, IV, VI, VIII, XI) contain the story of the three brothers, in the course of which Swift pictures the development of Christian faith to the end of the seventeenth century. The other sections are more general in their import, and, like *Gulliver's Travels*, expose the vanity and absurdity of human nature in the large.

226. 35. **Hobbes's Leviathan.** The *Leviathan* of Thomas Hobbes (1588-1679), which appeared in 1651, was an inquiry into the nature of the State, and the theory of government.
227. 25. **My will.** The New Testament.
52. **Duchess D'Argent, etc.** Duchess of Money, My Lady of Great Titles, and the Countess of Pride.
63. **Locket's, Will's.** The first was a London inn; the second, the coffee house which Dryden and the wits of the age frequented.
70. **Sub dio.** In the open air.
228. 96. **A sort of idol.** The tailor, god of the fashionable world.
112. **Primum mobile.** In the Ptolemaic astronomy, the outermost sphere, containing and imparting motion to the other smaller spheres.
117. **Water-tabby.** Tabby was a material, such as silk, that had been watered.
152. **The coats their father had left them.** The coats represent church organization, as appears in the remainder of the satire.
186. **Totidem verbis.** In so many words.
189. **Totidem syllabis.** In so many syllables.
229. 200. **Tertio modo.** By a third method.
Totidem literis. In so many letters.
215. **Q. V. C. Quibusdam veteribus codicibus.** In some ancient manuscripts.
224. **Jure paterno.** In accord with the paternal law.
226. In the passage omitted Swift tells how as the fashions changed, and shoulder knots gave place to gold lace, and gold lace to satin linings, the brothers juggled with their father's will, and in each case gratified their desires.
232. **A certain lord.** This was Constantine the Great, from whom the popes pretended a donation of St. Peter's patrimony, which they have never been able to produce. (Swift's note.)
Section IV tells how Peter, representing the church of Rome, got the upper hand of his brothers after driving the legal heirs out and getting the "certain lord's" house for himself. His pride increased with his success; he claimed to be his father's sole heir, and assumed the titles of Father Peter, My Lord Peter, and finally Emperor Peter. When the two other brothers finally protested, Peter drove them from the house. The story is resumed in section VI.
230. 66, 68. **Martin.** Martin Luther; **Jack.** John Calvin. Martin stands for the moderate reform in the Church of England; Jack, for the more violent reform of the Dissenters.

A MODEST PROPOSAL

231. 2. **This great town.** Dublin.
232. 15. **The Pretender.** James Stuart, son of James II, who in 1715 and 1745 made

armed attempts to recover the crown of England, and intrigued with the Spaniards for assistance.

JOURNAL TO STELLA

236. "The brightest part of Swift's story, the pure star in that dark and tempestuous life of Swift's, is his love for Hester Johnson. It has been my business, professionally of course, to go through a deal of sentimental reading in my time, and to acquaint myself with love making as it has been described in various languages and at various ages of the world; and I know of nothing more manly, more tender, more exquisitely touching, than some of these brief notes, written in what Swift calls 'his little language' in his journal to Stella." (Thackeray: *Swift*, in *English Humorists*.) In the "little language" MD stands for my dears, Stella and her companion, Mrs. Dingley; or sometimes for Stella alone; *Presto* is Swift; so is *Pdfr*.
2. *Premunire*. A legal term frequently used for a penalty incurred.
20. *Harley*. Robert Harley, Chancellor of the Exchequer, afterwards Lord Treasurer and Earl of Oxford.
30. *Lord Halifax*. Statesman and writer, one of the leaders of the Whigs.
71. *Will Penn the Quaker*. The founder of Pennsylvania.
81. *St. John*. One of the ablest of the Tory ministry, created Viscount Bolingbroke in 1714.
86. *Bring me over*. I. e., to the Tory party.
98. *Fatal*. Fated.
237. 102. *Tooke*. A London bookseller, who had published Swift's *Tale of a Tub*.
100. *Tatler*, . . . late. *The Tatler* suspended publication in January, 1711.
115. *The you know what*. Sometimes interpreted as referring to *The Tale of a Tub*, never publicly acknowledged by Swift.
134. *Steele*. Steele had lost his office of Gazetteer, and Swift had been trying to save him his position as Commissioner of Stamps.
139. *Harrison*. A young fellow whom Swift befriended and established as editor of a new series of *Tatlers*, after the failure of Steele's *Tatler*.
155. *Mr. Harley . . . yesterday*. Harley had sent Swift a bank note for fifty pounds; this action Swift regarded as an insult.
186. *Patrick*. Swift's servant, whom he at length was obliged to discharge for drunkenness.
238. 251. Most of the "little language" becomes intelligible on the substitution of certain consonants in place of the ones used; Swift commonly, as in this letter, writes *l* for *r*, and *r* for *l*. *Richar* = little. *FW* is "farewell"; *ME* is Madame

Elderly, Mrs. Dingley; and *Lede* apparently means "there."

238. 256. *The Duke of Hamilton had fought with Lord Mohun*. The reader of *Henry Esmond* will recall the use Thackeray makes of this incident.
305. *Ben-box sent to Lord-Treasurer*. A band-box containing a pair of loaded pistols had been sent to Lord Oxford; the Tories saw in the affair a Whig plot to assassinate him.

ADDISON

THE CAMPAIGN

239. Addison's poem was published in 1704, celebrating the victory of Marlborough at Blenheim.

ADDISON AND STEELE

THE TATLER: PROSPECTUS

240. 55. *White's Chocolate-house*. During Queen Anne's reign the chocolate and coffee-houses served as resorts for men of letters and of fashion much as the taverns had done in the time of Elizabeth. The distinguishing characteristics of the group that frequented the various houses are indicated in Steele's paragraph.
241. 67. *Plain Spanish*. Perhaps wine; perhaps a syrup made of licorice and wine, which was a favorite throat remedy.
70. *Kidney*. One of the waiters.
81. *A figure*. A horoscope. The remaining portion of the essay, which is not here reprinted, consists of letters from the three coffee-houses and from Steele's "own apartment."

DUELLING

The section here reprinted is the first third of the essay.

10. *From hence*. From White's Coffee-house.
242. 88. *Ingenuity*. Ingenuousness.

NED SOFTLY

8. *Mr. Bickerstaff*. Steele chose this as his pseudonym in writing *The Tatler*.
243. 36. *Little Gothic ornaments*. Addison uses the term contemptuously, as equivalent to rude, barbaric.

FROZEN WORDS

244. 8. *Sir John Mandeville*. The name assumed by the author of *The Travels of Sir John Mandeville*, written c. 1360. *The Travels* are famous for their exaggerations and wonders.
12. *Ferdinand Mendez Pinto*. Portuguese adventurer (1509-1583), navigator, and missionary to Japan. His account of his travels, the *Peregrination*, was published in 1614.

244. 43. *Nova Zembla*. A Russian arctic possession, consisting of two large islands.
 45. *The author of Hudibras*. Samuel Butler (1612-1680), whose *Hudibras*, published 1663, is a brilliant satire on the Puritans.
 245. 132. *The strappado*. A brutal form of corporal punishment, formerly practiced in the English army and navy.
 137. *Wapping*. A portion of the London water-front.
 246. 200. *A kit*. A small violin.
 210. *Tuer le temps*. To kill time.

THE SPECTATOR: MR. SPECTATOR

247. 96. *Will's, Child's*, etc. All well known coffee or cocoa-houses.
 101. *The Postman*. A London weekly newspaper.
 114. *Jonathan's*. A coffee-house frequented especially by stock brokers.
 248. 202. *Little Britain*. A street in London.

THE CLUB

20. *Soho Square*. In Addison's day the most fashionable quarter of London.
 249. 26. *Rochester*. A notorious rake of Charles II's court.
Etherege. The first of the Restoration dramatists.
 28. *Bully Dawson*. A notorious sharper.
 59. *A justice of the quorum*. The phrase means "a member of the Bench."
 67. *The Inner Temple*. One of the so-called Inns of Court, where lawyers and law-students had their offices and frequently their places of residence.
 75. *Aristotle*, etc. He knows the laws of rhetoric, etc., as laid down by literary critics, better than the principles of jurisprudence.
 86. *Demosthenes and Tully*. Demosthenes and Cicero, the leading orators of Greece and Rome, respectively.
 109. *The Rose*. A tavern near Drury Lane Theatre.
 250. 206. *Humorists*. Men with a particular bent or disposition.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

252. 51. *Prebendaries*. Officers of a cathedral or collegiate church who held an ecclesiastical living or *prebend*.
 77. *The present war*. The war of the Spanish Succession.
 94. *Sir Cloudesley Shovel*. An English admiral (1650-1707), commander-in-chief of British fleets from 1704 to his death.
 122. *The repository of our English kings*. The eastern end of the Abbey contains a large number of royal tombs.

SIR ROGER AT THE ASSIZES

254. 35. *He is just within the game-act*. Until 1831 the right to kill game in England

depended upon social standing or income.

254. 43. *Shoots flying*. "On the wing."

A COQUETTE'S HEART

260. 114. *Rosamond's bower*. The bower which Henry II is said to have built for his favorite.

POPE

WINDSOR FOREST

261. 42. *A Stuart reigns*. Queen Anne, last of the Stuarts to wear the English crown.
 147. *Now Cancer glows*, etc. The sun is in the sign of Cancer, or the Crab; i. e., it is the period of the summer solstice.

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM

262. 129. *The Mantuan Muse*. Virgil; the *Maro* of l. 130.
 138. *The Stagirite*. Aristotle.
 263. 16. *The Pierian spring*. The sacred well of the Muses in Thessaly.
 89. *Conceit*. Fantastic expression.
 128. *Fungoso*. A character in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humor*.
 264. 137. *Numbers*. Metrical correctness.
 145, 147. It will be noticed that in these two lines, as in lines 157, 167-9, Pope is illustrating in his own verses the exact characteristics which he blames or praises.
 161. *Denham, Waller*. Two of the first 17th century poets to popularize the heroic couplet which Dryden and Pope afterwards perfected.
 174. *Timotheus' varied lays*. The reference is to Dryden's *Alexander's Feast*.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK: CANTO I

The poem is founded on an actual occurrence. Lord Petre, the baron of the poem, clipped a lock of Miss Arabella Fermor's hair. John Caryll, a friend of both persons, suggested to Pope that a humorous poem on the subject might relieve the unpleasantness which the theft of the lock occasioned. Miss Fermor appears in the poem as Belinda. In form, the poem is a mock epic, or "heroicomic poem," retaining many of the external characteristics of the epic, but enlivened throughout by Pope's mildly satirical view of the society he was representing.

265. 18. *The pressed watch*. A "repeater," or watch that would strike the nearest hour.
 32. *The silver token*. Fairies were supposed to put silver coins in the slippers of good house-maids.
 44. *The Ring*. A circular drive in Hyde Park.

285. 56. Ombre. A fashionable game of cards.
286. 127. The inferior priestess. The waiting maid, Betty (l. 148).

CANTO II

287. 3. The rival of his beams. Belinda.

CANTO III

289. 3. A structure of majestic frame. The royal palace of Hampton Court.
27. At ombre. The description of this game, which occupies ll. 30-100, may well be passed over in reading. Much of the terminology, perfectly familiar to Pope's audience, is to-day unintelligible unless accompanied by elaborate illustration and explanation.
270. 106. The berries crackle, and the mill turns round. Coffee berries were ground on the table.
271. 165. Atalantis. *The New Atalantis*, a romance of the day, by Mrs. Manley.

CANTO IV

20. The dreaded east. The east wind was supposed to cause spleen, or ill temper, "a fit of the blues."
23. She. Spleen.
272. 46. Angels in machines. An echo of the classical "deus ex machina," the god who appeared at the close of a play and brought affairs to an end.
273. 117. Hyde Park Circus. See note on Canto I, l. 44.
118. The sound of Bow. The least fashionable quarter of London lay within the sound of the bells of Bow church.
121. Sir Plume. Sir George Brown, one of the members of the party.
156. Bohea. A China tea much prized at the time.

CANTO V

274. 5, 6. The Trojan . . . Anna . . . Dido. Æneas was commanded by Jupiter to leave Carthage, where he had fallen in love with Queen Dido. Anna was Dido's sister. (*Æneid*, iv. 416).
275. 53. Umbriel on a scone's height. "Minerva, in like manner, during the battle of Ulysses with the suitors, perches on a beam of the roof to behold it." (Pope.)
276. 125. Rome's great founder. Romulus.
129. Not Berenice's locks. Berenice was an Egyptian queen whose hair was transformed into a constellation.
136. Rosamonda's lake. In St. James's Park, as was the Mall (l. 133).
137. Partridge. "John Partridge was a ridiculous star-gazer, who in his almanacks every year never failed to predict the downfall of the Pope and the King of France, then at war with the English." (Pope.)

276. 138. Galileo's eyes. The telescope.

AN ESSAY ON MAN

1. St. John. Henry St. John, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke, was one of Pope's intimate friends.
16. Vindicate the ways of God to man. An echo of Milton's line "Justify the ways of God to men." (*Paradise Lost*, i. 26.)
277. 42. Satellites. Pronounced with four syllables, as in Latin.

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT

278. This portrait of Addison (Atticus) represents, as well as anything that could be chosen, Pope's power of satire.
279. 209. Like Cato, give his little senate laws. Addison's drama *Cato*, though to-day neglected, was remarkably successful when first produced.

GOLDSMITH

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

- 1 Sweet Auburn. Goldsmith is picturing English country life and scenery, not any one definite village.
283. 210. Gauge. Estimate the capacity of barrels and hogsheads.
248. Mantling bliss. Foamy cups of ale.
285. 344. Altama. A river in Georgia.
286. 418. Torno's cliffs. The cliffs of the Swedish Lake Tornea. Pambamarca. A mountain in Ecuador.
427-30. The last four lines of the poem were written by Dr. Johnson.

THE RETALIATION

- The title is explained by the fact that Goldsmith wrote the poem as a reply to Garrick's famous epigram at Goldsmith's expense:
"Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll."
23. The good Dean. Thomas Barnard, Dean of Derry.
29. Edmund. Edmund Burke.
34. Tommy Townshend. A Whig member of Parliament.
287. 93. David Garrick. The famous actor and wit.
115. Kenrick, Kelly, Woodfall. The first two were playwrights; the third, the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*.
118. Be-Rosciused. Charles Churchill's poem *The Rosciad* was a satirical criticism of English actors.
124. Ben. Ben Jonson.
137. Reynolds. Sir Joshua Reynolds, the portrait painter (1723-1792).
145. Raphael, Correggio. Italian painters of the early sixteenth century.

THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD

287. The essays in this collection appeared first in John Newberry's *Public Ledger*, between January 24, 1760, and August 14, 1761. They were published as "Letters from a Chinese Philosopher, Residing in London, to his Friends in the East"; whence the generally used name, "The Chinese Letters." *Beau Tibbs at Home* is supposed to be "From Lien Chi Altangi, to Fum Hoam, first President of the Ceremonial Academy at Peking, in China"; the second of the two here reprinted bears the same superscription. The first collected edition appeared May 1, 1762.

JOHNSON

THE RAMBLER

292. 118. The great Mantuan poet. Virgil.
130. When Ulysses visited the infernal regions. *Odyssey*, XI. 543 f.
159. When Æneas is sent by Virgil to the shades. *Æneid*, VI. 450 f.
293. 249. The character of Hector. See Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*, II. ii. 163 f.

LETTER TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD

Johnson, in 1747, addressed the *Plan* of his dictionary to Chesterfield, a noted patron of arts and letters. Chesterfield paid no attention to Johnson until the work was nearing completion, when he wrote the two papers referred to in Johnson's first sentence, hoping to have the dedication of the Dictionary.
15. *Le vainqueur*, etc. The conqueror of the conqueror of the world.
39. The shepherd in Virgil. See the *Bucolics*, viii. 42 f. Love is to be found not in dalliance, but in hard work.
50. Till I am solitary. An allusion to the death of his wife.

LETTER TO JAMES MACPHERSON

294. Johnson had attacked Macpherson's *Ossian* as an imposture; Macpherson wrote a bitter and insulting letter in reply; Johnson's answer is here printed.
14. Your Homer. Macpherson published a translation of the *Iliad* in 1773.

MILTON

32. Lion, etc. "Sporting the lion ramped, and in his paw Dandled the kid." *Par. Lost*, iv. 343.
45. Rough satyrs, etc. *Lycidas*, l. 34.
62. We drove afield. *Lycidas*, l. 27 f.
296. 189. The Measure. See Milton's remarks, prefixed to Book i of *Paradise Lost*.

DRYDEN

297. 48. Tuned the numbers. Made the metre regular.
67. Every language. With the ideas in this and the two following paragraphs, should be compared Wordsworth's views, expressed in the *Preface to the Lyrical Ballads*, p. 389.

ADDISON

298. 30. Arbiter elegantiarum. Petronius, according to Tacitus, was "arbiter elegantiae" at the court of Nero.

GRAY

300. 24. O Diva, etc. O goddess, thou who rulest Antium pleasing in thy sight. The first line of Ode xxxv in Bk. I of Horace's *Odes*.
32. Wonderful Wonder of Wonders. A stock phrase, taken from the showmen's bills, etc., of the time.
33. The Two Sister Odes. *The Progress of Poesy* and *The Bard*.
76. We are affected only as we believe. It would be difficult to find a single sentence more characteristic of the exaltation of reason above the imagination, for which Johnson and his contemporaries are notable, than this.

BOSWELL

THE LIFE OF JOHNSON

301. 22. Dictionary Johnson. "As great men of antiquity such as Scipio Africanus had an epithet added to their names, in consequence of some celebrated action, so my illustrious friend was often called DICTIONARY JOHNSON, from that wonderful achievement of genius and labor, his *Dictionary of the English Language*; the merit of which I contemplate with more and more admiration." (Boswell.)
37. Mr. Thomas Sheridan. (1719-1788) Father of Richard Brinsley Sheridan; himself an actor, manager, and playwright.
303. 224. Garrick. David Garrick (1717-1779), pupil and friend of Johnson; the most popular actor of the time.
306. 556. Colley Cibber (1671-1757). Actor, dramatist, and poet-laureate 1730-1757; attacked by Pope in the *Dunciad* as the prince of dunces.
577. Whitehead. Cibber's successor in the laureateship.
589. Gray. Compare these remarks with the opinions expressed in the selections from Johnson's *Life of Gray*.
308. 776. He studied physic. Studied medicine.
789. An usher to an academy. A subordinate teacher in a private school.

309. 810. *Nihil quod tetegit*, etc. Slightly misquoted from Johnson's epitaph on Goldsmith, in Westminster Abbey. "He touched nothing that he did not adorn."
817. *The fragrant parterre*. The fragrant garden.
828. *Un étourdi*. A fellow who talks explosively.
883. *Mrs. Piozzi*. Hester Lynch Piozzi (1741-1821). Mrs. Thrall, later Mrs. Piozzi, was one of the few women whom Johnson knew intimately. Sir John Hawkins (1719-1789). A close friend of Johnson's, and one of his executors. Boswell was jealous of him.
310. 975. *Churchill*. Charles Churchill (1731-1764); a satirist, and an ardent supporter of John Wilkes and his faction.
312. 1208. *Bayle's Dictionary*. The *Dictionnaire Historique et Critique* of Pierre Bayle (1647-1706), a French philosopher and man of letters.
313. 1233. *Prospects*. "Views," scenery.
1319. *Canada is taken*. Wolfe's victory over Montcalm, on the Plains of Abraham, had taken place in 1759.
314. 1369. *His present Majesty*. Johnson's pension came from George III, against whom the Pretender, James Stuart, son of the exiled James II, had in 1745 organized an armed rebellion of Highlanders and English Jacobites. Johnson had been for a time a favorer of the Stuarts, a sort of sentimental Jacobite, though he had always been loyal to the existing government.
1399. *Victory at Culloden*, etc. Charles Stuart, son of the pretender James, was his father's personal representative in England and Scotland during the second Jacobite rebellion, "The Forty-five," which ended in 1746 at Culloden, where the Duke of Cumberland overwhelmed the Stuart forces.
315. 1455. *A negation of all principle*. "He used to tell, with great humor, from my relation to him, the following little story of my early years, which was literally true: 'Boswell, in the year 1745, was a fine boy, wore a white cockade, and prayed for King James, till one of his uncles (General Cochran) gave him a shilling on condition that he should pray for King George, which he accordingly did. So you see (says Boswell) that Whigs of all ages are made the same way.'" (Boswell.)
1483. *Hume*. David Hume (1711-1776), philosopher, historian, and, according to the judgment of his contemporaries, a sceptic.
317. 1720. *Those called Methodists*. The name was first applied contemptuously to Wesley and his friends, when, as students at Oxford, they met together for prayer and worship. By 1763 the sect had become numerous.
317. 1755. *Buchanan*. George Buchanan (1506-1582), a Scotch scholar, historian, and poet, practically all of whose work was written in Latin.
318. 1759. *Johnston*. Arthur Johnston (1587-1641), a Scotch physician and author of a large amount of Latin verse, including a metrical version of the Psalms and the complimentary epigrams to which Boswell alludes.
1769. *Formosam resonare*, etc. Thou teachest the forest to resound (with the name of) lovely Amaryllis.
322. 2233. *One of the most luminous minds*. Burke. The quotation is from Goldsmith's *Retaliation*; see p. 286.

BURKE

TO THE ELECTORS OF BRISTOL

23. *I was put in nomination after the poll was opened*. The election lasted for nearly a month.
323. 40. *The candidate*. Four persons were candidates, the two Whigs, Burke and Cruger, being elected. The defeated Tory, Brickdale, is the person here referred to. Brickdale tried unsuccessfully to have Burke's election annulled by the courts.
98. *I stood on the hustings*. "Hustings" meant both the actual platform from which nominations were made, and the entire election proceedings. "On the hustings" is not very different from the American idiom "on the stump."
324. 184. *The former part*. Brickdale had formerly urged the qualifications of the electors whom, after his defeat, he sought to have disfranchised.
237. *My colleague*. Cruger had told the electors that he would at all times vote in accordance with their desires and instructions. Burke's statement of his position on this question makes this address to the electors one of the significant documents in his history.

THE IMPEACHMENT OF HASTINGS

326. Warren Hastings (1732-1818) was the first governor-general of India, being appointed in 1773 under the newly passed Regulating Act, and holding office till 1785. He was impeached by the House of Commons in 1786; his trial before the Lords began in 1788, and dragged on till 1795, when he was acquitted. Burke was charged with the prosecution, and although the verdict went against him, the ultimate result was a victory for Burke; for as a result of the disclosures made at the trial came a new and more equitable governmental policy for India.
15. *Their Dewan*. Financial agent.
328. 4. *Our long, long labors*. Burke concluded his charge on 19 February, 1788;

the peroration did not follow until 16 June, 1794. Burke had been interested in Indian affairs for fifteen years before the trial began.

328. 53. **Moral earthquake.** The French Revolution. At the time he was speaking, the Reign of Terror was at its height.
329. 106. **The Parliament of Paris.** The chief court of the old French monarchy, abolished by the Revolution.

REFLECTIONS ON THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE

The French Revolution, during the period 1789-1792, found many supporters in England. Wordsworth and Coleridge, Charles James Fox, and liberal clergymen among whom Priestly and Price were the most prominent, openly gloried in the deeds that were being done in the name of Liberty. From these enthusiasts Burke was separated by a wide gulf. He did not comprehend the need for change in the French social and economic systems; he saw only the overthrow of an established civilization by hungry peasants and doctrinaire philosophers, and with impassioned earnestness he protested. The *Reflections* appeared in November, 1790.

330. 43. **The civil social man.** As distinguished from man in his aboriginal "state of nature," before the existence of society.
332. 233. **Liceat perire poetis.** Poets have the right to die.
236. **Ardentem frigidus,** etc. In cold blood he leaped into glowing Ætna. Empedocles, a Sicilian philosopher, is said to have died thus. A slipper, cast out in an eruption, was proof of his act.

THOMSON

THE SEASONS

334. 311. **In vain for him,** etc. Gray seems to have had the following three lines in mind when he composed the stanza of the *Elegy* beginning
"For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn."

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE

335. 35. **A coil the grasshopper did keep.** "To keep a coil" is an Elizabethan expression meaning to make a noise.

BLAIR

THE GRAVE

337. It was in part, at least, from this poem that Bryant drew the inspiration for his *Thanatopsis*.
338. 34. **Night's foul bird.** The owl.

COLLINS

SONG FROM CYMBELINE

339. See *Cymbeline*, IV. ii. Shakespeare's spelling of the proper name is *Guidarius*.

ODE WRITTEN . . . IN THE YEAR 1746

The year 1745 saw the death of many English soldiers in battle, both in the war of the Austrian Succession, and in Scotland, during the second Jacobite rising.

ODE TO EVENING

1. **If aught of oaten stop.** If anything played upon the shepherd's *oat*, or pipe.
340. 21. **Folding-star.** The star which marked the time for putting sheep into the fold.

THE PASSIONS

341. 75. **Oak-crowned sisters.** Wood nymphs. **Chaste-eyed queen.** Diana.
86. **Tempe's vale.** A beautiful valley in Greece.
114. **Cecilia's mingled world of sound.** St. Cecilia is always represented as the inventress of the organ. See Dryden's two odes.

GRAY

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE

342. The poem is characteristic of Gray's early work; conventional, and full of "poetic diction."
3. 4. **Grateful Science still adores,** etc. King Henry VI was the founder of Eton College.
5. **And ye,** etc. The towers of Windsor Castle.

ELEGY, WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

344. 57. **Some village Hampden,** etc. Professor Phelps points out, in his Athenæum Press edition of Gray, p. xxv., that this stanza originally ran as follows:
"Some Village Cato with dauntless Breast
The little Tyrant of his Fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Tully here may rest;
Some Cæsar, guiltless of his Country's Blood."

The changes are significant, in that they witness Gray's transition from the pseudo-classicism of his early poems, to the romanticism of the later.

93. **For thee.** For the poet, Gray himself.
345. 119. **Fair Science frowned not.** "The line means that Knowledge looked favorably upon him at his birth (a quasi-astrological figure)." (Phelps.)

THE PROGRESS OF POESY

- 345. A Pindaric Ode.** Gray is adopting the ode form of the Greek poet Pindar. Professor Phelps's note explains the structure of the poem succinctly: "As Hales pointed out, this Ode is really divided into 3 stanzas, with 41 lines in each stanza. Again, each stanza is divided into 3 parts—strophe, antistrophe, and epode—the turn, counter-turn, and after-song, Greek theatrical names. The three strophes, antistrophes, and epodes are similar in construction; hence the architecture of the poem is curiously symmetrical, though one could easily read it without any perception of this fact." (Athenæum Press Edition, p. 149.)
1. **Awake, Æolian lyre.** Gray is invoking the Æolian harp of Pindar.
 - 3, 4. **From Helicon's harmonious springs,** etc. The different streams of the world's poetry all have their source in the sacred fountain of the Muses on Mount Helicon.
 9. **Ceres' golden reign.** Fields of grain, in the care of Ceres, goddess of the harvest.
 15. **Enchanting shell.** The lyre, to which the first three sections of the poem are addressed. Hermes, according to the legend, made the first lyre from a tortoise shell.
 17. **On Thracia's hills the Lord of War.** Mars was supposed to spend much of his time in Thrace.
 21. **The feathered king.** Jove's eagle.
 25. **Thee.** The lyre.
 27. **Idalia.** A town in Cyprus, sacred to Venus, or Cytherea (l. 28).
- 346.**
36. **Their Queen.** Venus.
 47. **Justify the ways of Jove.** An obvious echo of Milton's "Justify the ways of God to men."
 48. **Has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?** Has poetry been of no value to mankind?
 53. **Hyperion.** The sun.
 66. **Delphi's steep.** Delphi's mountain, location of the famous oracle.
 68. **Ilissus.** A river of Attica.
 69. **Mæander.** A river of Asia Minor.
 77. **The sad Nine.** The Muses.
 - 77-82. Poetry left Greece for Rome, and from Rome sought England.
 84. **Nature's Darling.** Shakespeare.
 95. **Nor second he, that rode sublime.** Milton.
 105. **Two coursers of ethereal race.** Dryden's favorite verse form was the iambic pentameter couplet.
- 347.**
107. **His hands.** Dryden's.
 112. **What daring spirit?** Gray himself.
 115. **The Theban Eagle.** Gray's own note reads: "Pindar compares himself to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it pursues its flight, regardless of their noise."

- 347. 121-123.** Gray is here giving us an idea of his own poetical aspirations.

THE BARD

The poem as first printed was prefaced by this "ADVERTISEMENT: The following Ode is founded on a Tradition current in Wales, that EDWARD THE FIRST, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards, that fell into his hands, to be put to death." When the poem opens, the last survivor of the Bards is speaking.

8. **Cambria.** Wales.

10. **The first Edward.** Edward I invaded Wales in 1282.

13, 14. **Glo'ster, Mortimer.** Chieftains in Edward's army.

27. **Fatal day.** The day on which the bards were executed.

28. **Hoel, Llewellyn;** 29, 31. **Cadwallo, Urien.** Welsh poets.

33. **Modred.** Gray uses the name of the Arthurian knight; no such Welsh poet is known.

34. **Plinlimmon.** A Welsh mountain.

35. **Arvon's shore.** "The shores of Caernarvonshire, opposite to the isle of Anglesey." (Gray.)

49. The whole band of murdered bards joins with the survivor in prophesying the future of Edward's race.

- 348.** 54. **Severn.** A Welsh river.

56. **An agonizing king.** "Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berkley Castle." (Gray.)

59. **Who o'er thy country hangs.** "Triumphs of Edward the Third in France." (Gray.)

63. **Mighty Victor.** Edward III.

65. **No pitying heart.** "Death of that king, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress." (Gray.)

67. **The sable warrior.** Edward III's son, the Black Prince, who died before his father.

70. **The rising morn.** "Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign." (Gray.)

77-82. "Richard the Second . . . was starved to death." (Gray.)

83-86. The wars of the Roses, between the houses of York and Lancaster, 1455-1485.

87. **Towers of Julius.** According to an old legend, Julius Cæsar is supposed to have begun the Tower of London.

89. **His Consort's faith.** "Margaret of Anjou (wife of Henry VI), a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown." (Gray.)

His father. Henry V.

90. **The meek usurper.** "Henry the Sixth very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown." (Gray.)

91, 2. **The rose of snow,** etc. "The

- white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster." (Gray.)
348. 93. **The bristled Boar.** "The silver boar was the badge of Richard the Third." (Gray.) **In infant gore.** A reference to Richard's murder of the two young princes.
99. **Half of thy heart.** "Eleanor of Castile (wife of Edward I), died a few years after the conquest of Wales." (Gray.)
109. **Long-lost Arthur.** "It was the common belief of the Welsh nation, that King Arthur was still alive in Fairy-Land, and should return again to reign over Britain." (Gray.)
110. **Ye genuine Kings.** "Both Merlin and Taliessin had prophesied, that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island; which seemed to be accomplished in the House of Tudor." (Gray.)
115. **A form divine.** Queen Elizabeth.
349. 127. **Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.** The allusion is to the allegorical nature of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*.
128. **In buskined measures.** Shakespeare's tragedies.
131. **A voice.** Milton.
133. **Distant warblings.** "The succession of Poets after Milton's time." (Gray.)
135. **Impious man.** Edward I.

THE FATAL SISTERS

One of Gray's notes, the Preface to the poem as it originally appeared, makes the situation clear: "In the Eleventh Century Sigurd, Earl of the Orkney Islands, went with a fleet of ships and a considerable body of troops into Ireland, to the assistance of Sictryg with the Silken Beard, who was then making war on his father-in-law, Brian, King of Dublin: the Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and Sictryg was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loss by the death of Brian, their King, who fell in action. On Christmas day, (the day of the battle), a Native of Caithness in Scotland saw at a distance a number of persons on horseback riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow them, till looking through an opening in the rocks he saw twelve gigantic figures resembling women: they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove, they sung the following dreadful Song; which when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped six to the North and as many to the South." The "Fatal Sisters" are here represented as the goddesses of fate, and as the Valkyrie, or "choosers of the slain," who select heroes destined to die in battle, and conduct them to Valhalla.

32. **The youthful king.** Sictryg.

349. 37. **They, whom once.** The Norsemen.
41. **The Earl.** Probably Sigurd.
44. **A King.** Brian.
350. 56. **Younger King.** See note on l. 32.

SKETCH OF HIS OWN CHARACTER

The poem was found in one of Gray's pocket-books, and was not printed till after his death.

6. **Charles Townshend.** Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1767. **Squire.** Dr. Samuel Squire, Bishop of St. David's.

LETTERS

350. 1. **We set out.** Gray was making "the grand tour" with his college friend, Horace Walpole. His impressions of Alpine scenery may interestingly be compared with those of Addison, who wrote from Geneva, December 6, 1701, to Wortley Montagu: "I am just now arrived at Geneva by a very troublesome journey over the Alps, where I have been for some days together shivering among the eternal snows. My head is still giddy with mountains and precipices, and you cannot imagine how much I am pleased with the sight of a plain, that is as agreeable to me at present as a shore was about a year ago after one tempest at Genoa."
19. **St. Bruno.** The founder of the Carthusian order of monks. He located the home of the order in the mountains near Grenoble, 1084 A. D.
21. **Dodsley.** Robert Dodsley (1703-1764), English bookseller and publisher, best known for his *Select Collection of Old Plays*, which he edited and published in 1744.
352. 3. **Sack and silver.** The poet laureate was usually given a money stipend and an annual allowance of wine. Gray had been informally offered the post at the time he wrote this letter to Mason.
24. **Rowe.** Nicholas Rowe (1674-1718), a dramatist.
26. **Settle.** Elkanah Settle (1648-1723).
28. **Eusden.** Lawrence Eusden (1688-1730).

MACPHERSON

CATH-LODA

352. Macpherson's "Ossianic" poems are important because of the influence they exerted in the development of romanticism during the eighteenth century. Some ancient Celtic fragments are probably embedded in them, but for the form and tone Macpherson alone is responsible. The poems were published between 1760 and 1765. See Dr. Johnson's letter, page 294.

FERGUSSON

353. Burns was so conscious of his literary debt to Fergusson that he erected a tombstone over Fergusson's grave.

THE DAFT DAYS

353. Certain of the Christmas holidays were so called.
 354. 48. *Tullochgorum*. A famous Scotch tune and song.

CHATTERTON

In reading Chatterton's poetry, one should pay as little attention as possible to the antiquated spelling. Pronounce the words as in modern English; Chatterton seems to have composed his verse in modern English, before translating it into the pseudo-Middle English dialect in which it appeared.

BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE

356. 141. *Goddelyke Henrie*. Henry VI, whom the Lancastrians held to have been illegally succeeded by Edward IV.
 358. 276. *Bataunt*. The word is a participle meaning *hastening*; Chatterton misuses it here, and thinks of it as some sort of a musical instrument.

COWPER

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

360. The English man-of-war *Royal George* capsized and sank off Spithead, August 29, 1782, after having been heeled over intentionally in order to expose a leaky section of her bottom. Admiral Kempenfelt was at the time under orders to go to the relief of Gibraltar.

THE TASK

362. 390. To hear that ye were fallen at last. *The Task* was published in 1785, four years before the capture of the Bastille by the revolutionists.

MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

364. 97. An incorrect quotation from Garth's *Dispensary*, iii. 226.
 108. My boast is not that I deduce my birth. Cowper traced his descent from Henry III of England; the line means that although his descent is royal, he does not boast of it.

SONNET TO MRS. UNWIN

Cowper's most intimate friends were the Reverend Morley Unwin, and his wife Mary. Cowper began to live with them as a boarder in 1765; following Mr. Unwin's death in 1767 Cowper and Mrs. Unwin continued together till her death in December, 1796.

TO MARY

Written to Mrs. Mary Unwin.

THE CASTAWAY

365. 52. *Anson's tear*. Cowper based his poem on an account which he found in Anson's *Voyage Around the World*.

BURNS

LINES TO JOHN LAPRAIK

366. The selection is from the first of Burns's three poetical epistles to Lapraik, a Scottish poet whose work, in part at least, Burns admired.

THE HOLY FAIR

367. 66. *Black Bonnet*. "The elder who 'officiated' at the collecting-plate, which stood at the entrance, was accustomed to wear a black bonnet." (*Centenary Burns*, i. 331.)
 102 ff. Moodie, Smith, Peebles, Miller, and Russell, were all parish ministers of considerable local importance or notoriety.
 368. 226. *Clinkumbell*. The beadle, or bellman.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

370. The editors of the *Centenary Burns* note (i. 362): "The piece as a whole is formed on English models. It is the most artificial and the most imitative of Burns's works. . . . 'These English songs,' he wrote long afterwards (1794) to Thomson, 'gravel me to death. I have not that command of the language that I have of my native tongue. In fact, I think my ideas are more barren in English than in Scottish.' . . . As it is, *The Cotter's Saturday Night* is supposed to paint an essentially Scottish phase of life; but the Scottish element in the diction,—to say nothing of the Scottish cast of the effect—is comparatively slight throughout, and in many stanzas is altogether wanting." Robert Aiken, to whom the poem is addressed, was an old friend of the Burns family who brought the poet some fame by reading his verses in public.
 372. 111-113. *Dundee's, Martyr's, Elgin*. The names of tunes in the Scottish Presbyterian hymnal.
 373. 138. *Hope "springs exulting,"* etc. Slightly misquoted from Pope's *Windsor Forest*.
 166. "An honest man," etc. Slightly misquoted from Pope's *Essay on Man*, iv. 297.
 182. *Wallace*. William Wallace (c. 1270-1305), the Scottish patriot.

TAM O' SHANTER

375. 102. *Kirk Alloway seemed in a breeze*. The editors of the *Centenary Burns* note (i. 433): "Alloway Kirk was originally

